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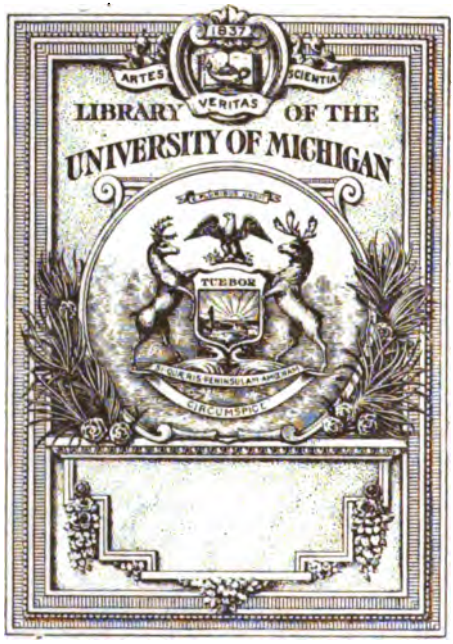
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THE

# MONTHLY PACKET

OF

# EVENING READINGS

FOR

## Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

AND

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

*NEW SERIES.—IV.*

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# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

*JULY*, 1892.


## 'TO THE DAY, THE DAY.'

IN thy hand thou hast it all,
Great and small;
Take life as not given, but lent;
Be content.
Own that thou art very blind,
And for that thou may'st not find,
Spend no longer time ill-spent;
Be content.

Little joys do daily grow,
As we go,
By one path, though it be rough;
'Tis enough
That each night will surely find
One more 'day's march' left behind.
Go the way that thou art sent;
Be content.

Then thy face, thy hands, thy heart
Shall impart
Peace to those who near thee walk.
Quiet talk
Coming from a mind at rest
Ever is, and must be, blest.
For thyself thou wast not meant;
Be content.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## I.

### 'HERE'S CATHERINE!'

SEVENTY or eighty years ago country life had a more definite meaning than belongs to the words now; it had a very definite meaning indeed in that part of Devonshire, verging on Dartmoor, to which my little story belongs. So retired were the scattered villages, dotted here and there at the foot of some steep hill, that men and women were born, lived long years and died, without ever having seen a larger place than the small market-town to which they journeyed and jolted through twisting green lanes, always green, although ankle-deep in red mud at least ten months in the year—or knowing more of what the great sea was like than they could make out of the silver streak of light visible from the top of Shaugh Beacon. Newspapers came only at intervals, brought by the Plymouth coach which paused in its rollicking career some two miles off, and left them to be picked up by the carrier, with his covered cart, his lantern and his old grey horse; while, as for fashions, they were not so changeable then as now, and the Squire's family posted once a year to London and back again, and every woman in the village—except old Betty Sanders, who was bedridden—hurried away to church on the Sunday after their return, to see for themselves what was to be expected of them in the coming twelvemonth; or to have their eyes tickled with visions of splendour to which they might never attain. Such a Sunday had come and past, and the talk on Monday ran on little else than muslins, clear or sprigged, chip hats, gores or frills. At the Parsonage the girls were turning over a heap of clothes which Anne had just unceremoniously heaped upon her bed. Anne was the second of the sisters; Mary,

the eldest, was two-and-twenty; and a long interval separated them from Charlotte, still a child. Anne was tossing this, that, and the other on one side.

'Nankeen, nankeen!' she cried, impatiently, 'I declare there's nothing else in the whole bundle; where did you get your kindness for it I wonder, Mary? Here is your old-fashioned straw bonnet which you actually insisted upon trimming with nankeen! was there ever such a fright?'

And, making a face, she twirled the offending bonnet round by its strings.

'Give it to me. It's a great deal more useful than white chip and pink roses,' said Mary, stoutly. 'You said nothing against it a month ago.'

'But then I had not seen Harriet Leslie's lovely lilac gauze with those delicate flowers,' sighed Anne, letting her hands fall disconsolately, and crushing a pile of soft muslin into a heap. Presently she started up. 'It isn't the bonnet; I could manage the bonnet somehow or other, for I would make Miss Blake send for some white gauze, and I don't see why a trail of real ivy shouldn't look very nice,' she added, gazing reflectively at Mary's brown curls. 'No, it's the scarf. A scarf is a thing complete in itself, you can't make it up anyhow out of odds and ends. Did you see Harriet's? It was pale lilac silk, embroidered at the ends with pink roses; just exactly matching her bonnet.'

'George said it made her look very sallow,' remarked Charlotte, audaciously.

'Pray who asked your opinion, Miss Pert? Mary, you should keep your child in better order.'

Charlotte only laughed, not at all abashed. 'Well, it did,' she declared, 'and George thinks that Cousin Catherine is always twenty times as well dressed.'

'George, indeed! George is a fine fellow to talk! I believe we might all come forth in trains and shawl-gowns without his being one bit the wiser. Or perhaps the curricle dress which I turned out the other day, puce-coloured velvet, lined with amber satin, and cut to the knee, with a black lace flounce hanging over the muslin petticoats! I'll wager he wouldn't know the difference.'

'Well, Catherine has a very pretty taste,' said Mary, in extenuation.

'Oh, very! Only she hasn't posted straight down from London this very moment with a lovely lilac scarf in her trunk, and

set us all breaking the tenth commandment. Mary, do put away that list petticoat, and be frivolous for once in your life. If I carry out the ivy idea, will you wear it? Will you promise to look nice in it?'

'I'll promise anything for a quiet life. Besides, you're certain to make something very tasty.'

'Well,' with another deep sigh, 'that's as much as I shall get out of you, so I'd better make the most of it, and begin at once while it's all clear in my mind's eye. Scissors, cotton—where's the ball of cotton? Charlotte, fly and look for it, and you might —oh, you would be the dearest child in the world if you'd run down to Miss Blake's, and plague her to send for some white gauze by the carrier. And, Charlotte, as you come back, tell cook that Betty Sanders wants some broth.'

'Never mind about cook, I will go to her,' Mary said, laying down her work. 'Anne, when did you hear that she wanted it?'

'I don't know—when was it? Yesterday? Oh!' Anne's bright face changed, 'I'm dreadfully afraid 'twas Saturday, and now it's Monday, and the poor soul will have been expecting all the time. What a wretch I am! 'Twas Harriet and her hateful scarf that put it out of my head. I vow I'll never, never again go to church on the Sunday after she comes back from London; at any rate I'll sit with my back turned and my eyes fast closed. I will, sister, I will indeed! No, you shan't go. I'll go myself, and make the broth if cook can't do it, and take it to Betty, and tell her 'twas all my own fault.'

And, sweeping the finery into a tumbled heap, Anne rushed tumultuously away to the kitchen.

Mary Wilmot looked after her with a smile; but the next moment she had set to work to smooth and re-arrange the crumpled materials, sorting and bringing them into order with a touch of exquisite neatness. Having accomplished this, she stood on a step under the high window, pushed open the casement, fastening it by the long perforated catch, and letting in the warm summer-scented air. A thatched cob-wall, against which were mellowing peaches, apricots, greengages, and purple plums, ran round two sides of the garden, and the gravel paths, edged by box, were also brightly bordered by clumps of scarlet lychnis, larkspurs, and York and Lancaster roses; all more or less gaily blossoming under the espaliers. Beyond the garden in a dip, ran the road; beyond the road, orchards, and seemingly out

of the orchards, rose a fine but rather low church tower; while, over all, stretched a soft blue sky, against which the swallows were darting and circling.

Highcombe was a long sprawling village, with solitary cottages straggling away until they reached the outskirts of the moor; indeed, one farm there was which was undoubtedly moorland; and Mary's bees made excellent honey from the thymy slopes easily within their reach. The air was sweet and fresh; the wild flowers were such as are no longer seen now-a-days, when all the country is ransacked and pillaged. Mr. Wilmot had been perpetual curate at Highcombe for fifteen years, George was his eldest child and only son; then came Mary, Anne, and Charlotte, at whose birth her mother died.

Mr. Wilmot was of good family and had a brother in the Engineers, by whose interest he had been able to get a commission in a foot regiment for his son; and, promotion being quick in those days, George was already a lieutenant, and at home on short leave, torn between love and war; love represented by his pretty second cousin Catherine Armstrong; and war in all men's mouths, with Lord Wellington fighting in the Peninsula, Trafalgar some seven or eight years past, and press-gangs and recruiting forced to the very limit of the nation's endurance. George was just now in a state of burning excitement over further news of our successes. He had walked to the Cross Roads Inn to meet the coach and the newspapers, and there to his joy found a letter from Colonel Wilmot, telling him he believed his regiment would be shortly sent out. As Mary leaned from the window, she saw George and his father pacing up and down the path at the farther end of the garden, where was the great bed of lilies of the valley, and the sunk wall to the road. The Parson was walking with his hand on his son's shoulder, while George was waving the paper and talking loudly, so that in the clear still air the sounds came cheerily towards Mary's window, although she could not distinguish the words.

'Glorious, isn't it, sir?' George cried, triumphantly. 'This last victory will drive the fellows in fine style; the only fear is whether 'twill not all be over too soon.'

'Oh, we'll get the General to keep back a battle or two for your special benefit,' said his father, smiling. 'Nay, George, never fear, we haven't come to the last act yet.'

'I'll go by Friday's coach. I'll not risk waiting till Monday.'

'That might be as well.'

And the young man went on to prove how wide a margin should be allowed for the possibilities of the coach sticking in the road, or breaking down. Many things might happen, but in the midst of enumerating their chances he pulled himself up short.

'What?' said his father.

'I've just remembered, sir, that it was proposed we should all go to the top of Shaugh Beacon on Saturday.'

'Well, that's hardly an engagement of importance, is it?' said Mr. Wilmot, with some surprise. 'You must know every foot of the way to the beacon.'

'The girls are going, sir, too.'

'So I imagined. And both Mary and Anne know it as well as you.'

'Mary may be all right, but Anne—Anne never looks where she's going, and is as likely as not to land Catherine in a bog. You know, sir, that there are bad bogs about.'

The Parson's smile grew a little broader over this unusual anxiety.

'Tut, tut, my dear lad! you children have tumbled in and out of bogs all your lives without being the worse, and your sisters are as little likely to run into actual danger as you are yourself. Only last week Anne brought me home a fine clump of bog asphodel.'

'Oh, Anne! Anne can take care of herself, of course, sir,' said George, impatiently.

'And of Catherine, who is no longer a stranger to the moor. Besides, if you are really uncomfortable about her, I can easily say a word to Frank Leslie, who I presume will make one of the party?'

'Frank Leslie, with his head in the air! I wonder, sir——' George was bursting out, when he suddenly checked himself before his father's look of astonishment. It was so unusual for George to be irritable, that there was some cause for the Parson's surprise, especially when he was conscious of having exerted himself to meet his son's supposed wishes, and to have given no reason for impatience. But he was sweet-tempered himself, and put it down to the last news from Spain having stirred the young soldier's blood beyond its usual flow. Besides, the next moment George was himself again. 'We'll think it over, sir,' he said, with a slight abruptness. 'Here's Catherine!'

And perhaps it was the eager light in his eyes as he stepped

forward, or perhaps the sight of Catherine herself, tall and slender, coming along the gravel path, with the sunshine flinging flickering leaf shadows on her frilled white muslin gown, which gave the Parson a sudden enlightenment. She advanced smiling, her chestnut air blown back from her forehead, and her beautiful eyes looking larger and darker for the clear ivory tints of the skin.

'I've come to hear the news,' she called out gaily. 'George, what did you mean by giving me the slip and going off to the Cross Roads all by yourself?'

'Would you have gone with me?' he asked, eagerly.

'Why, you know it's my chiefest piece of liveliness, and what most I live for! There's nothing in all the world to my mind so delightful as the twang of the guard's horn. But don't let your father hear my confession.'

George glanced back over his shoulder.

'He won't hear. He's gone off to speak to old Bradfield, whose son is going to enlist in our regiment. And you care twice as much for my father's good opinion as for mine.'

'I should think so!' said Catherine, merrily. 'If you lived to a hundred, don't flatter yourself that yours would be half as well worth having!' But she smiled so sweetly as she made this announcement that he found no sting in her words. He could not, however, forget that she had implied he had missed having her company in his walk.

'Would you really have gone if I had fetched you?' he asked. 'This morning you told me 'twas too wet.'

'And perhaps this afternoon I should have told you something else. Coz, you've much to learn!'

He was discomfited, and yet pleased.

'And the news! You wanted so much to hear it, and yet you've never asked what it is!'

'Well, and what is it? But you needn't tell me. Thank Heaven, I've eyes, and I can see by your face it's another victory.'

She was swinging a hat on her arm, and he twisting the long ribbons round his finger, with his heart in his mouth. He drew a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

'When news comes from me, Catherine, I wonder if any will see from your face whether it's bad or good?'

When George indulged in speeches such as this, Catherine was apt to tease him by her answers; to-day, however, she

was so kind and gentle, that his honest face beamed with delight.

'Why, what a wretch you must think me, George!' she said very softly; 'you may be sure that when you are at the wars we shall be talking and thinking, and running to the Cross Roads for the latest gazette. But are you going sooner?'

'I should leave on Friday, but that I hate to lose our day on the moor; so I believe I shall risk Monday, after all.'

Catherine turned her eyes anxiously upon him.

'Will not that vex your father? No, you must not be imprudent, and we need not lose our day, neither. We'll go on Thursday.'

He looked at her in some bewilderment.

'I thought you said it should be Saturday or not at all?'

'Thursday will do as well, and Thursdays are always fine,' she declared lightly. 'That's settled.'

'Why aren't you always so kind?' blundered poor George, who had not yet learned to let well alone.

'Because it would be so dull. Always the same, always smooth, always sweet, always sugar—dreadful, dreadful! I should get tired of the sun itself if it were a great staring thing, always shining! How long your father is talking to old Bradfield! I wish I could be good like him and care so much for other people's rheumatisms.'

'I don't wish you to be different.'

She held up her hands in mock affright.

'Pray, pray don't talk about my eyes just yet, George. I really think I have heard everything that you can possibly find to say about them, and when once you begin in that tone, I know you are working round to my eyes. I'll grant you, once for all, that the poor things are passable, and there's an end of it! Come, I haven't so much as heard the news, whatever it may be. I'm going to ask your father.'

'No, no, wait a moment. There's something I want you to do for me.'

'What?'

She was a little disturbed, but not unpleasantly, by the ardour of his glance.

'You couldn't have the heart to refuse, when I'm going so far away, and no one knows how long it may be before I see you again!'

Catherine blushed and looked down.

'Let me hear what it is: perhaps it's something I can't do.'

'Yes, you can. It's a small thing for you, and all the world for me: it's a lock of your hair, your beautiful hair.'

'Nonsense,' she said, looking up again, and playing with a tall spike of columbine. 'What would you do with it?'

'Wear it next my heart,' said George, promptly.

'Oh, I can't, I can't, indeed!'

'Why not?'

'Why not? Well, because—because I haven't got any scissors.'

'I'll fetch them.' And he was starting off when she called him back.

'No, no, I can't give it to you now, I—I must think about it—I must see. Perhaps——'

'Yes?'

'Perhaps, as you're going away so far, and we're cousins, you may have your way; I can't say for certain. If you're good, perhaps I'll give you a lock when we go up Shaugh Beacon. There, will that do for you?'

'You're an angel, Catherine; you make me the happiest of men. Nay, stay a little longer!'

But in spite of his imploring looks, she broke away and ran down the garden path, in her youth and beauty as brilliant an embodiment of summer as any of the flowers which bordered it, and blossomed as gaily as if wars, and rumours of wars, and the sick hearts they left in their track, were all unknown.

## II.

### THE LOCK OF HAIR.

CATHERINE ARMSTRONG and her mother had come to spend the summer in a small cottage near the Parsonage, chiefly because Mrs. Armstrong was much attached to her cousin's family, and because Plymouth had grown distasteful to her since the death of her son. Catherine had opposed the move, but, after all, had not found it so dull as she expected; for, between the families at the Hall and at the Parsonage, particularly since George had been home on leave, there had been liveliness enough to satisfy the most laughter-loving nature. The amusements were very simple, to be sure; there were neither balls nor routs, but picnics and walks, and round games for wet nights, and no lack of

admiration for Catherine. So that on the whole she scarcely regretted Plymouth; the less so, because she had all but engaged her mother shortly to return there. She liked her cousins, and had no fear of being outshone by Harriet Leslie, whose fine clothes would never out-weigh her sallow face; and with George Wilmot her slave, and Frank Leslie on the way to become so, with long days, and summer weather, and the fresh and vigorous air of the moor acting on her young limbs, the days passed briskly and merrily enough.

Wednesday was so wet that there were great fears about Thursday's picnic; and on Thursday itself in the early morning the rain was coming down with a persistence which would have alarmed any but dwellers on the moor; yet by eleven o'clock the soft clouds were drifting away, the sun was shining, and Mary was on her knees, vainly trying to shut the over-filled provision-basket. The young people were to walk up first, taking with them the pony from the Hall to carry the food, and to give a lift to any one who was tired; and Mr. Wilmot promised to walk up later, and perhaps Mrs. Armstrong.

To reach the moor it was necessary to pass through more than one narrow lane, in which the thatched and whitewashed cottages, with their great chimneys running down the outer walls, gradually became more solitary, and the apple trees more bent and twisted with the wind. At a fork in one lane they waited five minutes until Miss Leslie, her brother, and the pony made their appearance, Miss Leslie riding, in a blue riding-habit of the latest fashion, and Frank in a brown coat with large brass buttons.

'I didn't see why I should tramp through the mud,' Harriet called out; 'and it soothed poor papa a little to think I should be out of it. I feared otherwise he'd never agree to my coming.'

Frank immediately placed himself by the side of Catherine, and as they walked a little apart, it would have been hard anywhere to find a handsomer couple. He was tall and slender, with a small head and delicately formed features; and by his side, it must be owned, George looked a homely, rugged young fellow, with a soldierly bearing, indeed, but no pretence at grace. Frank was a year or two older, and down from Oxford where—partly from love of study, and partly from a pretty trick he had of turning Latin verses—he had made something of a reputation, of which he was quite conscious. But every time he saw Catherine she seemed the better to please the critical fastidiousness

on which he piqued himself; and now, in her dress of plain white muslin, made in the simplest fashion, with two little frills edging the skirt, a sash of soft indigo silk tied under the arms, and her straw bonnet trimmed with the same colour, there was a lustre in her eyes, a curve in her lips, a purity in the whole colouring, which seemed to belong to the summer and the early freshness of the day.

George and Mary walked by Harriet Leslie's pony, and she was asking questions which he answered, with now and then a backward glance at the flutter of Catherine's white muslin.

'They say in London,' she said, 'that if the Government would only be vigorous, and support Lord Wellington properly, there would soon be an end of the war.'

'I dare say,' said George. 'But they've talked like that for a long while.'

'Only now—of course I only repeat what I hear—isn't it supposed that Lord Liverpool is better disposed to strong measures than poor Mr. Perceval ever was?'

'Well; with all my heart. The first thing is to send out more men,' cried George, with a kindling eye. 'Then—it would be almost too much luck to come in for a second Vittoria!'

'Ah, you are dreadfully blood-thirsty! But you make one wish to be a man.'

'How soon would you wish yourself back again?'

'Never, never! See how much a man has in his hands; he can choose his life, and go forth into the world, and be his own master, and make a name; while we poor women have to sit over our worsted work and make preserves. I shall always say it's very unfair.'

Civility obliged him to demur.

'Nay,' he said, bluntly, 'I suppose you all like to be made much of, and have toasts and sonnets in your honour, and——'

'Stop, stop! You're talking of beauties, and I know nothing about their sensations. And there's more unfairness.'

'Ah, you're laughing!'

'I'm not. I'm *feeling*. A woman depends on her face. If a man's ugly, no one minds it.'

The bitterness in her tone made him uncomfortable, and he took refuge in a morality.

'Beauty's but skin deep.'

'That's deep enough to answer the purpose, isn't it? I'd —

give ten years of my life to have a skin like your cousin Catherine's.'

'Oh, Catherine!' cried George, with a smile which seemed to imply that he was not for a moment dreaming that any woman in the world could enter into competition with Catherine. And it was just then that her voice was heard calling to him from behind. He stopped directly.

'Look after the pony, Mary, will you? Keep away to the left or the ground won't hold.' He had been interested in his talk with Harriet Leslie; she was well acquainted with the latest news from the war, and could talk about it more intelligently than either of the other girls; moreover, when she lamented not being a man, he could not but be sorry for her, and recall with a qualm remarks which he had himself made as to her want of looks. Yet, the moment he saw Catherine's eyes and chestnut hair, all ideas went to the winds except of what he might say and do to please her.

By this time they were well out of the tangle of lanes, and on the breadth of the moor, and for those who could spare thoughts for what was about them, there was a marvellously fair outlook. The rain had washed all fog and ill-temper out of the sky, and the clouds which sailed across the blue had clear-cut edges of such vivid whiteness that they seemed to lighten the sky as cheerily as the sun itself. Before them rose the soft dun-coloured roundness of the moor, and behind stretched a broad expanse of the sweetest county in England, a country of green pastures, of hill and valley, and nestling villages, fading away into tender blue distances. Catherine had called back George on pretence of his settling some disputed point about a certain landmark, although, perhaps, it was really that she was not satisfied to see him walking by Harriet's pony, and she rewarded him by sparkling smiles for his return to his allegiance. Frank Leslie walked by silently. If he, too, was losing his heart to Catherine, the process apparently caused him no disturbance; perhaps the consciousness of his own superiority in looks and intellect gave him a security which it would require a powerful shock to shake; or perhaps nothing deeper had yet been touched than his intense and fastidious love of beauty, which afforded him equal satisfaction whether in watching the lovely swaying grace of Catherine's movements, or studying the exquisite colouring of the moor, brightened here and there by sharp flash of silvery streams. Nothing escaped him, and he could always find the word which

most rightly interpreted the charm; or a line of poetry to disclose its utmost soul. George had no such power. He could never have explained why the moor and all about it was so pleasant to him; he would have said that it was home, and there was an end of it.

As for Catherine, he loved her, and her shoe-strings, and everything she touched, without weighing the merits of each point, and she would have been just as dear to him in an unbecoming bonnet as when she sat in the position which Frank found so beautiful, with the perfect curve from her chin to her throat unbroken.

Anne and Charlotte, who had struck out an independent course, came running back.

'Don't you want some sundew, Catherine? There's a quantity over there.'

'Please!' said Catherine, eagerly. 'Who will get it for me?'

'I will,' said Frank, without much alacrity. The three went off, and Catherine turned to her cousin with a smile.

'Won't you go, too, George?'

'No,' he said, hardily. 'If you want the stuff, I can get you a basketful as we come down. I'm not going to lose the chance of having you to myself for a few minutes without that fellow.'

'That fellow!' pouted Catherine. 'Upon my word, you are civil, Mr. George! Particularly when he has just been saying very pretty things of you. He thinks you the very picture of a soldier.' She did not add that Frank had expressed a not too flattering opinion of a soldier's brains.

'Don't let us talk of him. Why does he stick here instead of doing something in the world?'

'You think there's nothing to be done except fighting.'

George did not disclaim the charge. Yet when he looked at the girl he felt the pang of leaving her so sharp that for the moment he almost wished himself Frank.

'If I could only be sure you would not forget me!' he exclaimed.

She glanced at him demurely and shook her head. 'There's no chance of forgetting.'

'No?' he cried in delight. 'Do you promise to fling a poor fellow a thought now and then?'

'Why, how can I help it? Think how much we shall hear of you! Never a letter will arrive but your father and the girls will run up wild with excitement over your glorious deeds!'

His face fell.

'That's not what I mean, Catherine. It's you, you yourself that I want to remember me. I want you to say over and over again, "There's George Wilmot who loves me with all his heart——"'

'Dear me, won't it be a little dull?'

'"—and will love me to the day of his death."'

'Oh, I couldn't make rash promises for other people. It would be bad enough to do it for oneself.'

'Then say it for yourself.'

'Say I'll love myself to the day of my death?'

'No; that you'll love me.'

'I couldn't! How bold you make me out, Cousin George! There's Harriet Leslie getting off her pony, run on and ask her. She'll do it for you.'

'Harriet Leslie!'

'Yes, Harriet Leslie!'—mimicking. 'Didn't you make her the same fine speech?'

'Oh, Catherine, you know better! You know that for me there's but one girl in the world.'

'Until you meet with some Spanish beauty to put her out of your head.'

'And that will be never. And now about the hair—the lock of your beautiful hair which you promised me.'

He touched it with his finger as he spoke, and she started on one side.

'George, don't! They will see you!' There was more disturbance in her voice than there had been as yet.

'Let them! Let the whole world see! You're the only person in it for whose opinion I care one jot,' he declared, with a fine disregard of family. Catherine had recovered herself, and made him a mock curtsey.

'The only person! what, after all your raving about Lord Wellington? Fie, fie, George!'

He would not smile. 'You know what I mean, Catherine. You are all the world to me. I love you, heart and soul, and I shall never change. Is that plain enough?'

'A great deal too plain,' she said, with a touch of vexation, walking quickly on. 'How foolish of you to think of such a thing! We are both much too young. What would every one say! You—a subaltern!'

'Never mind. It's what you say.'

'Never mind! How masterful you are!'

There was a look of grave resolution on his young face, before which she dropped her eyes.

'Catherine,' he said, quietly, 'I will take my answer in another way if it will make it easier for you. Will you give me that lock of hair?'

'Will that content you?'

'Not by itself. But if it means that I may hope some day to come back and win you, then—then it will content me very well.'

Catherine could tease and coquet, but she hated to give pain, and George's determination swept her away. Hitherto, although his admiration and devotion had pleased her, she had chosen to think of him as a boy, whose feelings need not be treated seriously, and who might be her slave, without demanding equality. This was something different. For the first time she was conscious of a new development in her young lover, something which would not be shaken off by laughter, or satisfied with the scanty crumbs she might be pleased to fling to him now and then. For the first time as she glanced at his face she recognised a strong man's nature, and the outcry of a man's heart. She was amazed, bewildered, vexed, attracted, all at once; and, for a wonder, no light words came at her bidding with which to baffle his question. She was forced to be grave even when she tried to be pettish.

'Oh,' she said, lifting her eyes to his, 'what am I to say! I have only thought of you as a boy, and you are going away, and——'

'I may have the hair?'

'Well, I suppose you must. But how am I to cut it off?'

'I'll do it. I have the scissors with me; and see here.' And he showed her a glass locket, edged with gold, ready for his prize.

'Foolish boy!' said Catherine, smiling. 'Well, you must take it yourself, only for pity's sake don't snip too large a piece, and make a fright of me! There, is it off? I don't believe I ought to have let you have it. Mind you, it is only because you are a cousin.'

'A cousin now, but some day, some day you'll try to love me?'

'I suppose I can but try.' She turned her face towards him, and her beautiful eyes had a softness in them which gave him an

intoxicating triumph. He would have caught her hand, but she put it up to keep him back. 'No, no, George, you must hear reason. You are mad to have said all this, and I suppose I am mad to have listened to you. The worst is that I don't know myself one bit better than you know me, and that's not at all. Just at present you're close to me, and everything about us is bright, and—I can't help feeling sorry that you're going; but a week hence there may be dismal mists creeping up, and I shall be wishing myself at Plymouth, and Frank Leslie may bring in his last poem, and—as likely as not, I shall have to make up my mind that 'twas all a mistake. Then, I suppose, you'll call me fickle and false to the end of the chapter?'

George, looking at her—he had never once removed his eyes—became a little pale.

'I'll risk it,' he said in a low voice.

'But why should I be blamed for what I can't help?'

'No one shall blame you. I understand what you mean. I'm bound to you, recollect, but you're as free as air.'

'So that whatever happens, you'll never reproach me?'

'Never!'

She began to smile again. 'Well then, I don't see how I'm to stop you. As for me, I'll try, but as I've said already, I don't answer for myself. And there's one other thing, please. I can't have any one told—in fact, there's nothing to tell.'

'Not a soul shall know.'

'You really wish it—hedged in with all these stipulations?

'Wish it! My dearest love, I can never thank you enough for your goodness; you have made me the happiest of men. Day and night you will be in my thoughts, day and night I shall wear this locket next my heart, and my one longing will be for the hour when I shall see you again, and hear your dear voice. Whatever happens, my Catherine, remember that you have once made me perfectly happy!'

She flung him a disturbed look, and perhaps, realising more how much her words meant to him, had a mind to call them back. But if this were so, she lacked resolution, and only shook her head.

'You're taking too much for granted, George.'

'Ah, you mustn't begrudge it to me. And, who knows? when I come back, I may have more of a name to offer the dearest, sweetest——'

'Hush, hush, let go my hand, sir! Here they come—George, don't look at me so foolishly!'

Happily it was Charlotte who raced up to report about the sundew, and her unsuspecting soul could not read the signs of emotion in their faces; for Catherine was more carried away by her cousin's vehemence than she could have conceived possible; a strong tide of feeling had for the time swept her with it; although at the very moment when she glanced at her young lover, and appreciated the forceful manhood in the lines of his honest face, she was not unconscious that Frank Leslie's eye fell upon her with admiration as he came up with the sundew in his hand.

'Here is your quest accomplished,' he said, holding it out to her with a smile. 'What more perilous labours do you intend to try our devotion with?'

'Oh,' said Catherine, blushing and confused, 'I hope no one will ever run any dangers for me. Shall we go on to the others?'

Frank, as a matter of course, again took his position by Catherine's side, and George scarcely got the chance of another word with her, but walked along, holding his locket, and quite untroubled by jealousy. Later in the day the Parson and Mrs. Armstrong, a brisk shrewd woman of fifty, walked up, and Mrs. Armstrong noticed a sort of happy irradiation in George's face which made her thoughtful. But the only one who guessed pretty correctly what had passed between two of the party was Harriet Leslie.

(*To be continued.*)

# LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.A.S.

THE question is often asked, Are the stars inhabited? To this we can confidently answer, No. The stars themselves are certainly not habitable by any forms of life with which we are familiar. That the stars are luminous incandescent bodies, similar to the sun, seems almost self-evident. That they shine by their own inherent light, and not by light reflected from another body, like the planets of the solar system, is a fact which scarcely needs demonstration. There are no bright objects near them from which they could derive their light, and they are too far from the sun to obtain any illumination from that source. But if any proofs were necessary, we have the evidence of the spectroscope, which shows unmistakably that their light emanates from incandescent bodies. Many of the stars show spectra very similar to that of the sun. The light of others, although differing somewhat in quality when analysed by the prism indicates clearly that they are at a very high temperature—in many cases, indeed, suggesting that they are actually hotter than the sun. It may be objected, however, that in the case of the binary or revolving double stars, the smaller component, when very much fainter than the other, may possibly shine by light reflected from the brighter star. Indeed, this has been suggested in the case of Sirius and its faint companion. But I have shown elsewhere * that, if the companion of Sirius shone merely by reflected light from its primary, it would be much fainter than it is, and, indeed, would be utterly invisible in our largest telescopes. Further, in some double stars, spectroscopic observations suggest that the component stars have different spectra. This is, of course, conclusive evidence against the hypothesis of borrowed light; for, were the smaller star to shine by reflected light from the larger, the spectra of both

* 'Journal of the British Astronomical Association,' March 1891.

would be identical, as in the case of the sun and moon. We may therefore conclude that all the visible stars are suns, and totally unfit for the habitation of living creatures.

But may not the stars have planets revolving round them, forming solar systems similar to our own? As they are evidently suns shining by inherent light, may they not form centres of planetary systems? In the case of those stars having spectra differing from the solar spectrum, we cannot speak with any confidence; but, for those which show spectra similar to that of our sun, and having, therefore, probably a similar chemical constitution, the existence of planets revolving round them seems, from analogy, very probable. I here refer to *single* stars, that is, stars which have no telescopic close companion; for the double stars may, perhaps, form systems differently constituted. In any case these binary systems would not be strictly comparable with ours, for the sun is certainly a single star.

Whether systems of planets really revolve round the stars referred to, is a question which cannot be decided by observation. I have shown elsewhere * that, if a planet equal in size to the 'giant planet' Jupiter were revolving round the nearest star—Alpha Centauri—at the same distance from that star that Jupiter is from the sun, it would be utterly invisible in our largest telescopes. The invisibility of planets circling round the stars is therefore no proof whatever of their non-existence. Each star of the solar type may possibly be attended by a retinue of planets which may, perhaps, remain for ever invisible in the largest telescopes which man can construct. We can, therefore, draw our conclusions only from analogy. If other suns exist resembling our own sun in chemical constitution, is it not reasonable to suppose that they also form centres of planetary systems similar to the solar system?

> 'Consult with reason, reason will reply,
> Each lucid point which glows in yonder sky,
> Informs a system in the boundless space,
> And fills with glory its appointed place;
> With beams unborrowed brighten other skies,
> And worlds to thee unknown with heat and light supplies.'

These suns which we call stars were clearly not created for our benefit. They are of very little practical use to the earth's inhabitants. They give us very little light. An additional small

* 'The Scenery of the Heavens,' p. 165.

satellite—one considerably smaller than the moon—would have been much more useful in this respect than the millions of stars revealed by the telescope. They must therefore have been formed for some other purpose.

On Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, the condensation of an original nebulous mass endowed with a motion of rotation would result not only in the formation of a sun, but also in a system of planets revolving round the central body. If, indeed, the primitive nebula had no rotation or motions of any kind, the result would be a sun without planets or satellites; but the motions with which all the stars seem to be animated lead us to suppose that this would be a case of very rare occurrence. We may therefore conclude, with a high degree of probability, that the stars—at least, those showing spectra of the solar type—form centres of planetary systems somewhat similar to our own.

This being surmised, let us consider the conditions necessary for the existence of life on these planets. There are various conditions which must be complied with before we can imagine life, as we know it, to be possible on any planet. Perhaps the most important of these is the question of temperature. We know that in the universe a great range of temperature exists, from the cold of interstellar space—estimated at about 460 degrees below the freezing-point of water—to the intense heat which rages in the solar photosphere. In this long thermal scale life is, at least on the earth, restricted within rather narrow limits. Below a certain low temperature life cannot exist. This point is, however, far above the temperature of space. On the other hand, above a certain high temperature—a low one, however, compared with the intense heat of the solar surface—life is also impossible, at least for highly organised beings like man and the larger animals. For minute microscopical organisms the scale may, perhaps, be somewhat extended; but, even in its widest limits, the range of temperature within which life is possible is, so far as we know, certainly a narrow one.

For the support of life and vegetation, light is also necessary, for without it no flowers would bloom, nor corn grow and ripen to maturity. To obtain this supply of light and heat it is necessary that a life-bearing planet should revolve at a suitable distance from, and in a nearly circular orbit round, a central sun. These conditions, it is hardly necessary to say, are fulfilled in the case of the earth. Were we nearer to the sun than we are, we should suffer from excessive heat; and were we much farther away, we

should probably perish from cold. For this reason the existence of life on the other planets of the solar system seems very doubtful. Mercury is probably too hot, and the outer planets are certainly too cold, so far as heat from the sun is concerned, unless, indeed, their internal heat is sufficient to raise the general temperature of their surface to a point sufficient for the maintenance of life. Indeed, there is good reason to suppose that in the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, this internal heat is still so great that life would be quite impossible on their surface. Venus inside the earth's orbit, and Mars outside, are the two planets which seem to approach nearest to the required conditions. We know that both these planets possess atmospheres somewhat similar to our own; and in Mars, at least, land and water most probably exist on its surface. Venus is, of course, much hotter and Mars much colder than the earth; but possibly the polar regions of Venus, and the equatorial regions of Mars, may afford suitable abodes for some forms, at least, of animal and vegetable life.

Let us proceed, however, to consider some other conditions necessary for the existence of life on a planet. A suitable temperature is of course indispensable, but this is not all. There are other conditions which must be complied with. The planet must have a rotation on its axis, so that every portion shall in turn receive its due share of light and heat. Each point on its surface must have its day and night, the day for work and the night for rest. The axis of rotation must not lie in the plane of the planet's orbit, but must have a suitable inclination, so that each hemisphere may enjoy its seasons, summer and winter—'seed-time and harvest'—in due course. Further, the velocity of rotation on its axis must not be too rapid. If the earth rotated in a period of one and a quarter hours, bodies at the equator would have no weight, and life would be impossible in those regions. The planet must also possess a mass sufficient to retain bodies on its surface by the force of gravity. In the case of very small bodies, such as the moons of Mars and some of the minor planets between Mars and Jupiter, objects thrown into the air would pass away into space never to return. The planet should also have a mean density greater than that of water, otherwise the seas would possess no stability, and destructive waves would quickly destroy all life on its surface. All these conditions are fulfilled in the case of Mars as well as on the earth. In the planets Saturn and

Neptune, however, the density is less than that of water, and in Uranus only slightly greater.

The planet must also possess a suitable atmosphere. This is an all-important condition for the support of animal life—at least, for the existence of man and the higher orders of animals. This atmosphere must, so far as we know, consist of oxygen and nitrogen gases mechanically mixed in proper proportions, and with a small quantity of carbonic acid gas. Were the oxygen in smaller quantity than it exists in the earth's atmosphere, life could not be supported. On the other hand, were it much in excess of its present amount, a fever would be produced in the blood which would very soon put an end to animal life. The presence of other gases in excessive quantities would also render the air unfit for breathing. We see, therefore, that a comparatively slight change in the composition of a planet's atmosphere would, so far as our experience goes, render the planet uninhabitable by any of the higher forms of life with which we are familiar.

For the support of life on a planet, water is also absolutely necessary. Without this useful fluid the world would soon become a desert, and life and vegetation would speedily vanish from its surface.

Geological conditions must also be considered. It is clearly necessary for the welfare of human beings, at least, that the surface-soil should be suitable for vegetation, and that the rocks of the planet's crust should contain coal, iron, lime, and other minerals, substances almost indispensable for the ordinary wants of civilised existence.

That all or any of the conditions considered would be complied with in the case of a planet revolving round a star it is, of course, impossible to say. But when we find stars showing by their spectra that they contain chemical elements identical with those which exist in the sun and the earth, analogy would lead us to suppose that very possibly a planet resembling our earth may revolve round the distant sun. I say *a* planet, for evidently there would be only *one* distance from the central luminary—a distance depending on its size—at which the temperature necessary for the support of life would exist, as in the case of the earth, over the *whole* of the planet's surface. For other planets of the stellar system, life would be, if it existed at all, most probably confined to restricted regions of the planet's surface. There would, therefore, be in each system one planet,

and only one, *especially* suitable for the support of animal life as we know it. In the case of a star larger than the sun, the planet should be placed at a greater distance than the sun is from the earth, but in this case the length of the year and the seasons would be longer than ours.

The star which most nearly resembles the sun in the character of the light which it emits is the bright star Capella. Arcturus has a somewhat similar spectrum. But these are probably suns of enormous size, if any reliance is to be placed on measures of their distance. Other bright stars with spectra of the solar type are Pollux, Aldebaran, Beta Andromedæ, Alpha Arietis, Alpha Cassiopeiæ, Alpha Cygni, and Alpha Ursæ Majoris. Another star is Eta Herculis. The magnitude of this star as measured with the photometer is about three and a half. A parallax found by Belopolsky and Wagner places it a distance of 515,660 times the sun's distance from the earth. Placed at this distance the sun would, I find, be reduced to a star of the third magnitude. This result would imply that Eta Herculis is a slightly smaller sun than ours; and a planet placed a little nearer to the star than the earth is to the sun might, perhaps, fulfil the conditions of a life-bearing world.

The number of stars visible in our largest telescopes is usually estimated at one hundred millions. Of these we may perhaps assume that ten millions have a spectrum of the solar type, and, therefore, closely resemble the sun in their chemical constitution. If we suppose that only one in ten of these is similar in size to the sun, and has a habitable planet revolving round it, we have a total of a million worlds fitted for the support of animal life.

We may, therefore, conclude with a high degree of probability that among the 'multitudinous' stellar hosts there are probably many stars having life-bearing planets revolving round them.

## GLEN CLOY.

### A FAIRY TALE.

THE Glen of Cloy is a great glen. It widens out to the sea, and it narrows back to the mountains.

The sea comes in there from very far away; a smooth and whispering sea, not like the rough Moyle. For all the wild waves sink their heads far out at the horns of the bay; and they come in softly, and glide up the shore, most beautiful in the long curves just before they break. They fall on the beach with a little sound of laughter—they die gladly.

The sides of the glen are mountains. Their slopes are rocky, their heads are green; and on one mountain there stood a castle long ago. It was the castle of the Chief of Cloy. His name was Lara, and he was young; but a strong chief, nevertheless, was the Chief of Cloy, ages and ages ago.

One thing men remarked of him—that his luck was unbroken. For this young men envied Lara, and old men pitied him. For luck is good, said they; but it is better to have no luck than to have it unbroken.

Some thought that Lara's luck came of the friendship he held with the Fairy King of Tievara. That was a strange friendship between a fairy and the mortal; and none knew how it had begun. Only they said it was certain that Lara had rendered some service unwittingly to the fairy kingdom, and for this the Fairy King had made himself known, and offered friendship. The young Chief of Cloy was rash, and he accepted all. He believed in luck, and he feared neither fiend nor fairy.

When he spent long times away from his castle, and came back some day on a sudden, pale of face, and gay of speech, and weary, his men knew that he had been hunting with the Fairy King, and they asked him no questions. They thought that he had the charm of the fern-seed, by which he could walk at certain seasons invisible. They were sure he could hear the

fairy speech ; for he would listen intently, and sometimes smile, when other men heard only the wind rustling in dry leaves, or water dropping from a rock.

Of one thing they were not sure, and that was whether the Fairy King had ever told his name to Lara—the name that no one knows.

In another glen there lived a poor and brave maiden, Ailish, the daughter of Oisin. She lived alone, and her beauty was a guard to her; as it happened in the days of old in Erin. The Chief of Cloy loved Ailish, and asked her to marry him. Three times she refused, and told him reasons. But he made light of them ; and once again he asked her, and she consented. So they were betrothed. When the next moon was full, they would be married ; and the heart of Lara was glad within him, while the heart of Ailish was thoughtful.

It happened then one summer evening that Lara was alone with the Fairy King, and all the fairy court had trooped away down the glen. They two sat by a deep pool, and the light was fading out of the sky. The silver birches made a flickering with their thin leaves in the air about them ; but the alder kept its black shadow, and in the shadow of the alder they sat. Then Lara, in the openness of his heart, told his fairy friend that it wanted but three days to his wedding, and told him the name of his bride ; for he put faith in him.

The Fairy King said little. And Lara told him of the beauty of Ailish ; for his heart was true to her, and he had no suspicion. But he had better have kept silence.

'Is she as white as may on the thorn ?' asked the Fairy. For he began to wonder about this bride.

'Not so white as may,' said Lara ; 'but sweeter.'

'Are her eyes as blue as bluebells ?' said the Fairy, wondering still.

'Not so blue,' said Lara again ; 'but deeper.'

'Then she is not so fair as a flower ?' cried the Fairy.

'Not so fair,' said Lara slowly ; 'but dearer.'

After a while he explained. 'When mortals love each other, it is not as fairies choose flowers by moonlight. For we love, and leave not. Henceforth, though we have two lives, we have but one soul between us. This is what you will never understand, Fairy ! You cannot, because you have no soul.'

The Fairy King sat silent, and swayed on his alder branch till his feet touched the water. He cast himself along it, and

gazed downwards with his glittering eyes. Below all the shadows he could see the little brown fish sleeping under the stones, and he could count the sand at the bottom if he chose. But now he had a new desire. He wanted that beautiful bride who would soon belong to Lara. And he sat in the alder shadow, and thought of it; long after Lara had left him, and was riding homewards down the Glen of Cloy.

The sun rose, and the sun set, and now it wanted but one night more before the wedding-day. Ailish, to-morrow's bride, stood alone in the door of her house; and the days that were past and the days that were to come seemed alike strange to her. But there was no one to whom she could tell how strange they were, for she lived alone.

No house was in sight of her low brown house. But two trees stood over it, one on the east side, and one on the west. The western tree was a great larch, which gathered darkness and shadows under the fringes of his long arms, and stretched them out like a wide web, dusky and grim. The eastern tree was a splendid willow, that waved about in the sun, and caught all the light that shone into the silver edges of his leaves, till they grew to have a glimmer of their own, and a life, and a dance, when the wind came to blow them over.

Ailish stood under the willow-tree. The little stream ran by in the sound of its own soft voice, which grew louder as the dusk grew deeper; and she listened with love to the voice of the stream, and went down to stand by the water. To-morrow she would not hear the stream run by in the dusk; to-morrow she would feel the stillness in the great Glen of Cloy.

Her little brown kid had wandered away from the place where he was tethered. Ailish followed him, and called, and could not find him. She called again, and heard him bleat, as it seemed, far away. Following the sound, she heard him again, and hastened on; but still the cry came back from a distance, and still it drew her on. At last she stayed, and said—

'I cannot.'

For now she stood at the foot of the Fairies' Mound, the round hill of Tievara. And all the Glen's folk knew that whoever should wander on Tievara after sunset might fall into the power of the fairies. Ailish was brave, but bravery is for men and women; she wanted no dealings with fairy folk. Yet Ailish was pitiful too, and when she heard a sad little cry up the hill side, she feared the brown kid was hurt; so hastening over the

boundary to help him, she stood on Tievara before she was aware.

The round hill was green and dark and silent. Its outer line swelled up against the sky in a smooth curve; and the sky was a primrose colour behind it. No little brown kid was there, to bite the short thick grass. Ailish moved on, hearing nothing now. Only the stiff and pricking whin grew round about the hill. She saw no flowers there, though there were many flowers on the Fairies' Mound. She heard no fairy laughter, and counted no fairy lights. Climbing on, she stood a moment on the round top, and gazed at the primrose sky. Then she began to descend —softly, silently. And Ailish was seen no more on this side afterwards.

* * * * *

It was the wedding-day of the Chief of Cloy. His kinsmen, and his friends, and his people all gathered together to greet him; and when he rode out of his castle gates so early, they joined after in a long procession, winding down the Glen of Cloy, and followed him to the house of the bride, to bring her home with honour.

No bride came out to meet them from the low brown house. The door stood open, the hearth was cold.

Lara entered—he only—and called on her name. She might be near or might be far, but she was not there. He came out again, and stood before his kinsmen with a troubled heart.

'The bride is lost,' he said. 'Give your counsel, for my mind is dark.'

And Lara leaned his head against the neck of his gallant dark horse. The willow-tree waved over them standing there. His leaves all whispered to each other, and shivered. There was no other voice. The kinsmen stood round; and all hearts were sorry for Lara, so beautiful was the bride he had lost.

He mounted his dark horse again and rode away, pale and determined. He vowed to seek through all Erin for his love Ailish, and to return to his castle no more for a year unless he found her. Then he began the search.

Kings were his friends, and lent their aid to further him. Poor men were his friends, and showed him the way through Erin, from coast to coast. Women were his best friends, for constancy is what they honour most. They taught him many things, but they could not teach him to find Ailish.

The year wore through, the year and a month, and Lara set

his face homewards. His hope was weak now, but his courage was strong, and his love was strongest. He entered the Glen of Cloy from the north, and rode downwards towards the sea, through a great field of bracken fern, green and tall on the glen side. Weary, he lay down in that place and slept. The green bracken closed over his head and hid him from the sun. His dark horse waited patiently.

When Lara opened his eyes he thought for a moment that he was lying in some strange forest, so tall had the bracken grown, so dim and green the light came down, straight along the straight stems and slipping from the tips of the branches. There seemed a scarlet sun lying on the ground, and it was only a tiny pimpernel. Then he heard voices, and instantly he was wide awake and motionless.

They were only fairy voices, and they came from two little fern-fairies—small, nimble men, with brown faces and crumpled green caps.

'The Chief of Cloy has spent a year and a month now searching for his lost love Ailish,' said one. 'He is coming home to-day. Is his luck broken at last?'

'What hope for him?' replied the other. 'Who is to tell him that the Fairy King has carried her off on Tievara, and hidden her in his palace, deep in the heart of the Fairy Mound? Lara will not look for her so near home.' And they laughed.

But the Chief of Cloy leapt to his feet above the bracken. He sprang on his horse and galloped down the Glen.

When he reached his own castle again, he gathered every man to whom his voice was law and every friend to whom his name was dear. He led them up to Tievara, and commanded them to level it from the top downwards; and they began. They worked till sunset, and then they all went home in a body; for they could not stay in that spot at night for fear of the fairy power.

In the morning they returned—but *wirra!*—the Fairy folk had worked in the night, and piled up the mound again to its full height, so that it stood all round and green as before. Then Lara and his people fell to work fiercely; and that day they toiled so that they cut a great gap deep into the centre of the hill. But when night came they marched back to the Glen of Cloy; and when they returned to Tievara in the morning, the fairies had played them the same trick. Their labour was wasted.

So it went on for a month, the mortals demolishing by day and the fairies restoring by night, till the mortals lost heart—all except the Chief of Cloy.

To him there came a thought once, on a sudden, which gave him hope. He remembered how, in the old days of his friendship with the false Fairy King, he had received the charm of the fern-seed, by which to walk invisible. To this he resorted, and under the power of the charm he went one night to a fairy-haunted spot that he had visited of old.

There fir trees stood up darkly in their ranks against the sky. Grey rocks were strewn about below, their shadows under them stretching over the trembling grass. And everywhere between them foxgloves grew; red and white foxgloves, with spires of bells in hundreds. The bells were smooth without and spotted within, and the foxglove-fairies lived in them. These fairies generally sleep all day, for the softness and closeness of the bells makes them very sleepily inclined; only, if a bee, as often happens, tries to get in, the foxglove-fairy has to wake up, and then there is a tussle. A fairy can generally keep the door against a brown bee if he wakes in time. This is why a bee may often be seen creeping backwards out of a foxglove bell and going away in a hurry, with nothing to carry. But the foxglove-fairies come out at night and enjoy themselves greatly.

Lara, who knew their ways of old, came to the place, but kept himself from sight, for he wanted to hear their talk.

Most of them were dancing or carrying on in various fashions; but two of them were swinging quietly together on the strand of a wood-spider's web, which shone with dew as if he had strung it with little pearls in the spinning. It disturbed the wood-spider, but that they did not mind, and the spider said nothing, for it is never of the least use to argue with a fairy.

Said one to the other, 'Is the Chief of Cloy not tired yet of digging on the Fairy Mound?'

And the other replied, 'What hope for him? Who is to tell him that the Fairy King can always undo his work at night, unless he sows it all over with salt before leaving it?' Then they laughed.

And Lara was not angry that they made a mock of his misfortunes, for he knew that a fairy, having no heart, cannot pity anything. Presently this mocking pair let themselves drop from the swinging strand and sped away to a bed of rushes down the hill. They were going to race each other up a green rush and

down again ; and this is far from easy, because of the chance of being pricked at the top.

But Lara did not wait to see the race ; he had heard enough, and he went home through the dew and the starlight with a glad heart.

Next day he led his men up Tievara to begin their work with strength renewed ; and when they had finished they strewed the whole ground over with salt and left it. The morning after, on their return, they found the fairies had not been able to touch the place, and it lay all white in the sun. So they shouted ; and, for Lara's sake, they worked again, double as fast, and dug down so deep towards the root of the hill that they came very near the roof of the fairy palace.

But at that moment the Chief of Cloy heard the voice of the Fairy King calling up to him—

'Come no nearer. I will bring back the bride.'

'Bring her quickly,' Lara shouted, 'or I will wreck your city.'

He was beside himself at the thought of his bride stolen away ; but he remembered the place and the fairy power, and he held back his men from striking even once more into the ground.

Then the false Fairy King came up and carried Ailish, the bride, with him, back to the light of day. And Lara caught her in his arms. He forgot to speak the word of scorn, which the fairy would little have heeded. He turned and carried her in a deep slumber as she was, down the green side of Tievara and back to her home in the low brown house. The great willow-tree by the door rustled and bent as Lara passed beneath it. He carried her in and laid her gently down ; then he tried to waken her.

But Ailish would not wake, neither that day nor the next. She was not changed at all after her long year with the fairies under the hill. The red was in her lips and the darkness in her hair, as Lara remembered them of old. She wore her own white robe that he knew, with but one earth stain wet on the hem of it. And he watched with longing for her eyes to open, but they never opened. So at last they knew that she was charmed.

And some told Lara that she would never wake again ; but this he refused to believe, and day by day he would come to see her. In his eyes she grew more beautiful than ever, but more deeply, deeply asleep. And now he never spoke to her, because

the silence in her presence hurt him less than the sound of his own voice without her answer. He left a guard of his men to watch the house where she lived, both day and night. And still he hoped each day that she would waken before he came back on the next; but he hoped in vain.

Then there came many to Lara, from all parts of the kingdom, with their counsel; for the fame of the Chief of Cloy, and of his bride who was fairy-charmed, had gone abroad. And many were the counsels given him by the wise and the unwise; yet none were of any avail.

So the time wore on to another autumn, and there was gold falling from the trees, and the dews were heavy in the morning, and the skies were pure at night.

In vain did Lara wander through all fairy-haunted places on those autumn nights—through woods where the wind whispered up and down, and the starlight could not fall; between the pale, feathering ashes, and the hollies stiff and dark. But all the wood-fairies kept at home. Then he climbed up the glensides, and waded to his knee through the rusty-coloured bracken, and followed the courses of mountain streams where birches grew along them, bending one way and another their round stems of silver and thin leaves of gold, and everywhere the bracken fern grew round their feet; but all the fern-fairies kept at home. Then he visited that hollow that lay in the shadow of pines. When he passed by the beds of rushes they were all sere and broken, and the grey rocks strewn about were bare now and cold; the foxgloves stood up stripped of all their spires of bells; and the little foxglove-fairies had gone away.

Lara was left at a loss. For once his hopes fell, and he could think of no more devices. It was plain that the Fairy King had warned his people everywhere to keep their secrets safe, and to find new places for playing in at night. There was no more hope from them.

He looked at his bride, who lay so beautiful and still, and he wondered if she would sleep so for ever, until he died, and after. A sudden fear seized him that she might indeed be dead. Quickly he lit a little silver lamp with three horns, and held it before her face. But when he saw the weak, daylight flame moved backwards by her breath he was satisfied, and laid it down. It was the lamp he had himself caused to be left by the head of her couch and lit every evening, lest some night Ailish might waken alone in the darkness.

Those were black days for the Chief of Cloy. His luck was broken and his love was lost.

By day he pondered, silent and heavy-eyed, asking no counsel now of any. For what good to set a man's wit against a fairy's? By night he still wandered abroad, for the habit had grown on him, and now he never slept under a roof.

One night he strayed up a narrow, narrow glen, a cleft for a mountain stream. The stream fell and foamed over the rock ledges, and deepened in the rock basins under the trees, and hushed itself in the darkness, and almost slept; then, at the broken edge, it stirred awake, and poured over, breaking on the wet, shining rocks in the moonlight. This was autumn, and the golden moon of October had risen out of the sea and was sailing softly and swiftly through the blue spaces of the sky; the soft, thin clouds gathered after in flocks and sailed yet swifter. To Lara, when he lifted his eyes, from under the tangle of trees that waved out of their shadowy places into the moonshine, it seemed as if the tender little clouds might almost touch and tear, so low they sailed, so high was the wood overhead.

He walked in the darkness, and the sound of the great waterfall grew louder and louder through the trees by the head of the glen. He stood beneath it at last, and it poured down white and glistening in the moonlight; a strong flood, with a voice like soft thunder. Then Lara desired to stand behind the wall of falling water; and he climbed over the slippery black rocks, and leapt a chasm that opened at his feet, and felt his way into the hollow of the cliff, holding with bare fingers by a sharp ledge over his head. And at last he stood behind the waterfall.

He had stepped into the dark hollow cliff, and it was full of water-weeds and dripping ferns and long grasses, that grew away from the light, and waved from the weight of the falling water. And the falling water looked like a glowing veil, so clear and shining it fell, in a great curve that the moonlight pierced, and lit, and floated through and through.

Then Lara saw in the middle of the water smoke, as it rose and wreathed in the moonshine, a hundred rainbows faint and small, and bubbles of light that sailed up and down, and little water-fairies sitting in them, with folded wings; a whole fleet of fairies sailing. When the bubbles broke, they fell out, spread their little wings and sailed higher. In the foam they looked whiter than foam, and in the rainbows they looked like mother-o'-pearl, and through the water they dived like moonbeams.

Lara knew them, of course. They were water-fairies, no subjects to the Fairy King at Tievara; so they came out to play by their own sweet will, at the full of the moon. And they played till they were tired and drooping, and the moon went under a cloud. Then they all sank down softly to rest, and talked to each other in faint whispers, so that Lara had much ado to hear anything they said; and all the time the waterfall hummed in his ears.

Said one to another, in the merest breath of a voice—

'The Chief of Cloy has won but little—only a bride that never wakes!'

And the other replied—

'What hope for him? Who is to tell him that she will sleep for ever unless he lays the sprig of white heather in her hand, and draws out the golden pin that is hidden in her hair, and unties the seven knots that are tied in her silken girdle?—who is to tell him?' And they laughed airily and dived below.

But the Chief of Cloy sprang out from the hollow cavern, and shouted with a voice louder than the plunging waterfall. He dashed across the rocks; a dark shape vanished through the white water smoke and the rainbows, and a man rushed up the glen. There was a crashing sound among the trees, and then silence. Lara had swung himself up the last step by a roan tree, that grew with its foot in a rock; and as he sprang out of it the roan tree swayed and sighed, and all its crowns of red berries dipped down, shaking, and swung back again—and Lara was gone.

One whole day he ranged the moor and the mountain, and searched for the rare white heather.

The month was October, and the heather bloom was dead and brown; the soft bog-cotton had blown away, the mountain mosses were soaked and grey. In the water of the black, cold tarn the reeds stood up dry and rustling; and the strong, low grass turned red before it withered, and shivered on the edges of the pools. Lara wandered and searched.

One whole day he searched for it. The hour was late and the sun was sinking when he stood at last within the door of the low brown house, and at last at the feet of Ailish. Fairer than ever she lay, more fast asleep, white-robed and still. The light of the sunset was on her face. A great red sunset burned in the sky, and flamed out wide and wild. The old larch that grew before the western window hung its head in the light, and

stretched out heavy arms, fringed with darkness, to bar the burning out. But the red sky looked through the bars. And to Ailish, in a fairy sleep, the dark and the light were one.

Then the Chief of Cloy drew from his breast one sprig of white heather—a little sprig, and withered, for the flowers were closed and brown at the tips. He took one hand of Ailish in his own; and before he touched he did obeisance, for Lara was her true knight and noble of heart. He shut the white heather up within her cool, smooth fingers, and laying down her hand, he thought he heard her sigh.

Then Lara knelt by her side, and searched in the dark, soft folds of her hair, till he had found a long, golden pin hidden among them. He drew it out, and her dark hair fell thickly to the ground, and the golden pin slid from his fingers. He thought that in her sleep she smiled a very little. But the white lids lay over her eyes.

Then, breathless, he began to untie the knots in her twisted girdle of silk; and that was very difficult. There were seven knots, and as fast as he untied them they slipped through his fingers and coiled back into the same knots as before. But when the seventh knot was untied at last, he lifted his head and saw Ailish open her sweet grey eyes, that had been shut so long —and she looked at him.

Then Lara kissed her, and she remembered.

* * * * *

So the luck of the Chief of Cloy was broken; but his love was blest.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

N.B.—The first idea of this story was something told me by a friend, who had read and forgotten it, from some book on Irish folk-lore with which I am not acquainted.

# HOW THE STORIES COME.

## FIFTEEN STATEMENTS OF FACT BY WRITERS OF FICTION.

'They evidently concluded that she was composing her story, for they stared at her with all their might, as if to discover how she did it.'—'Aunt Judy's Tales,' by Mrs. GATTY.

'WHEN you want to write a story, how do you begin?' is a question with which most authors are familiar. How you *ought* to begin, has been laid down in black and white by various novelists, whose own success in the trade gives them a right to advise their less fortunate brethren. Mr. Besant has laid down rules for young lady writers in the early pages of *Atalanta*. Anthony Trollope, we believe, made an intending contributor to his magazine work out a sketch of his proposed story chapter by chapter, beforehand, and has recorded his own belief in 'cobbler's wax,' the resolution to stick to his chair until his stipulated ten pages had been written. The journals of Sir Walter Scott also give some interesting details of the way in which some of his great works were produced, and, in the *Author* this spring, Mr. Cresswell gives extracts from the prefaces to his novels, being on the same point.*

It is characteristic of Sir Walter that he claims nothing for himself but laborious research. But, one cannot but think that the 'germs' of his masterpieces were among the unconsidered thoughts and dreams of boyhood, and sprang from his native hills and rivers.

In the life of Mrs. Ewing, we see the delicate skill with which she produced her perfect results. We have read how Charles Dickens could only compose in the rush and hurry of life in London, and the correspondence between Wilkie Collins and himself, lately published in *Harper's Magazine*, drops many hints of the way in which he was in the habit of working.

In *The Finest Story in the World*, Mr. Rudyard Kipling

* Mr. Marion Crawford's 'The Three Fates' is an interesting contribution to this problem.

describes how a young city clerk once had a vision of a possible story, which, if he had ever written it, would have been 'the finest story in the world.' He saw in his mind's eye a galley of Greek slaves, complete in every detail, even to the *sparkle of the sunlight through a hole in the ship's side, falling on the hands of the slave chained to the oar.* Every one will remember the brilliant use made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling of this distinctness of visionary detail. But it occurred to the compiler of this article that, allowing for the probably superior intensity of Mr. Kipling's inspirations to those of one of the harmless ladies, who, as Mr. Besant says in the *Author*, produce harmless fiction for the benefit of harmless members of their own sex, the *kind* of experience was not unique. That sunlight, glittering through a definite hole, on a definite spot, while the author of the story did not know how it got there, recalled other visions, not perhaps so dissimilar to this one as the result, which their 'percipient' was afterwards enabled to produce, unfortunately must be to Mr. Kipling's workmanship. In fact, it seemed that an experience of the author's own had probably suggested the phenomenon, to which he gives a theoretical explanation, and that this phenomenon was not so uncommon as the genius which so made use of it. We therefore sent to a considerable number of well-known authors a set of questions, begging them to answer them in accordance with their own consciousness, and not asking them to settle metaphysical points as to previous incarnations, double personalities, or 'sub-liminal consciousness.'

The answers received have come from writers of varied degrees of success, some being much higher on the ladder of fame than others, of very different styles and of different generations, but all may fairly say that they have made public use of the inspirations accorded to them. Fifteen sets of answers lie before us, in every variety of hand-writing and of very different length. They have been numbered at hap-hazard, which numbers do *not* correspond with the alphabetical list of names at the close.*

We do not wish to 'give ourselves away' to the public to the extent of owning to our several experiences, but the following account of them may be of general interest.

The first question set was:—

'What is the "bacillus" or germ of a story? Does it come to you in the form of a picture, situation, problem, or in any other way?'

* See end of Church History Comment.

Five of the fourteen authors state that their first conscious thought is of a character or characters in situations of difficulty, suggesting a problem to be worked out—four or five others begin with the problem which suggests the characters, some add that this character or problem is itself suggested by a face or a chance remark, a scrap of poetry or proverb. Three state definitely that their stories are always suggested by a real place or scene, familiar or otherwise. They see the place, and the story comes into their minds. In one case, the germ is said to be a spontaneous vision, detached and definite, of an imaginary place or scene which rises in the mind unexplained, until, perhaps years afterwards, the explanation is discovered. One or two specimen answers, or parts of answers, are given.

7. 'When I go to stay in a new place, I am apt to see a story. I see something that happened in one of the rooms. But the lasting kind of idea invariably comes to me out-of-doors, and is directly suggested by some aspect of nature. . . Till I begin to write I only see the people—I don't hear them speak.'

4. 'The germ of a story with me is always a mental picture, a *vision* which I see without knowing what it means.' . . . Visions 'exist unexplained for a long time; by-and-by, perhaps, some intellectual idea explains them, they give it form, and it gives them meaning. . .'

1. 'Sometimes as a situation, but more often as a quotation, a line of a ballad, or a scrap of philosophy, which drifts about in one's mind till scenes and illustrations begin to gather round it.'

5. 'As a vivid picture of a character of some special type in a difficulty. In one case the germ was a game I used to play as a child of nine.'

8. states, 'I used to act my stories with a sister.'

4. 'At one time worked them out by a sort of acting, but they did not spring from this.'

2. 'The slightest suggestion. . . Even a *sound*, for instance—the wind in a certain chimney.'

6. 'Most often character and circumstances. Only one story was the outcome of a dream, to which I fitted characters and circumstances.'

We see that in these answers we come to many ancient dividing-lines, between those people who think in pictures and those who think in words, between those whose ideas are plainly suggested from without, and those whose ideas appear to spring from within.

The second question put was, whether this first start was *spontaneous* or could be produced by effort, and this is answered in the affirmative by nearly all; but several add that the means of making use of the idea has to be sought for.

6. says, 'That depends.'

The third question was as follows:—

'Do you work the story out all through before you begin, or does it appear to develop itself as it goes on?'

Here, in many cases, successful work appears to have been produced in total defiance of the good advice quoted at the beginning of this article.

Four, however, of the fifteen, state that they plan the story out fully beforehand.

15. 'My favourite plan is to create a sketch or a short story, and work it out carefully beforehand.'

4. 'The characters solve the problem. Sometimes the story is revealed by a series of "visions," sometimes simply thought out.'

7. 'How it is going to end I never know, which is a great nuisance.'

2. 'My idea is to know the characters. I live with them for some time in secret, as it were, then set them on the stage and watch them.'

11. 'The story brings its own laws of destiny with it.'

6. 'The tale works out like a rule-of-three sum, of which the answer is known. Given characters, conditions and conclusion, how will the intermediate figures develop themselves?'

The fourth question was:—

'Do you perceive a great difference in merit between work which you grind out on purpose, and work that is done without effort? (This question is not intended to apply to corrections of style and method.)'

On the whole the answers go to show that there is less difference than might have been anticipated. We subjoin a few.

3. 'I do, but I do not think the public find it out.'

15. 'I have no belief in work done without mental *grind*.'

14. 'I cannot write at all if it has to be *ground* out.'

5. 'I think disinclination tells very decidedly on quantity though not on quality.

6. 'The work done for my own pleasure is the most popular.'

12. 'An angel sometimes takes the pen out of one's hand and writes a sentence one does not recognise.'

13. 'I could quite believe that sometimes some influence

outside oneself helps one to write the story, using one's brain and imagination, and that at other times one wrote it unaided.'

7. 'I never write without effort. All trouble is an effort to me, and writing is more trouble than anything else.'

9. 'No.'

5. 'Does your story appear to you as a separate and distinct work of art, complete in itself, or do you appear to select what to say of a set of people well-known to you outside the boards of the book?'

This is the only question to which the answers are obviously *characteristic*, the only one which the writer of the article could have answered beforehand in almost every case.

4. 'The *art* of story-telling is to me to select what to tell from a mass of material, and from what point of view.'

6. 'Never as a work of art, always as a company of friends.'

9. 'It appears separate and distinct.'

14. 'Separate and distinct.'

5. 'Though one may, for love of one's characters as friends, introduce them in later books, I have never any desire to do more than to let them influence the other characters.'

7. 'I can never contemplate my story as a distinct whole. . . . The characters have an annoying way of saying and doing things inconsistent with themselves as I understand them. . . . Of course I suppress most of their sayings.'

8. 'I seem to see the whole story, and to select what will make it intelligible to others.'

3. 'I never select. The people move before me in a mental vision, and I set it down.'

2. 'I feel as if they were all living somewhere, and that it has fallen to me to relate some of the things they said and did.'

The sixth question was not clearly put, and has been variously interpreted by the writers. It ran as follows:—'It has been said that in every novel our character is "a peephole for the novelist." Is this so?'

4. 'No. They seem to me a company of people whom I know, and sometimes love, not forms of self-expression.'

6. 'I believe it is true that a character written from the heart and sympathy, is a possibility of the writer's own character. Also when I have worked out an historical novel, I feel as if I had taken a microscope to that period.'

11. 'As a rule, I think a story runs best where you see through the eyes of one particular character.'

13. 'Only when one is young and in bondage to morality over-riding art.'

7. 'Do you draw directly from life?'

No one admits this charge without qualification.

1. 'As regards *looks*, acquaintances are often useful.'

4. 'Never. A character taken out of real circumstances and put into fictitious ones can never be natural, as it is "the joint product of nature and nurture."'

7. 'I think the way most true to life is to see a person as a type, not to be copied but to be reproduced.'

14. 'Not as a photograph. To draw characters one needs to get them at a distance to see them clearly.'

6. 'Two mediæval characters I have interpreted by living men.'

Some of the 'General Remarks' at the end have much interest in reference to the love of the work.

2. 'I always love a story at the beginning, hate and despise it half-way through, and at the end begin to think it pretty decent after all.'

4. 'In the most beloved characters lies the greatest danger of artistic mistakes.'

Others fall foul of it half-way through, and some think it is charming till it is in proof, and then give it up as a failure.

6. 'The yearning to dwell on and pourtray the excellent, heroic, lovable, or pathetic, has always been a strong personal motive and delight. Also to protest against existing abuses.'

4. adds, 'Whatever use I may choose to make of the faculty, the original impulse of story-telling is with me as "non-moral" as humming a tune. It is entirely instinctive.'

Some 'general remarks' are suggested by the whole set of answers.

The sense of inspiration appears to bear no relation to the success of the writer, and would appear to be rather a question of personal temperament than of degree of power. Nevertheless it is plain that there are two apparent factors in the production of fiction—involuntary suggestions, and the talent, critical and executive, which makes artistic use of them. And also that the sense of *livingness* as apart from life-*like*ness in the impression made by characters on the reader, has some relation to the same sense in the author.

It also appears incidentally that the amount of re-copying and

altering of the MSS. varies immensely, also in no distinct ratio to the final finish.

Every one is evidently a law to him or herself. There are no general rules to be derived from the fifteen sets of answers before us, not even the need of *conscious* painstaking.

It is impossible to say, So-and-so succeeds—copy him, for some one else succeeds equally well, on an opposite method. It is not even easy to see what the mystic faculty is that makes the story-maker. What is the gift that answers to an ear for music, an eye for colour or form? What have we, in our most varying measures, that others have not? Literary faculty, judgment of character, dramatic instinct, what Lucas Malet calls 'the inherited desire to preach,' 'the wish to express the ideal'? None of these cover all the ground. Whence come the beings in whom we have lived so much of our conscious lives?

There is no name even for our calling. 'Novelist' is too narrow; 'Story-teller' carries other ideas. We dare not call ourselves 'Makers'—Poets: but what else are our great ones but poets with a difference?

Which of us can remember beginning? Who could tell their first story?—no more than they could their first thought? Though, perhaps, in different forms, it is that first story which we tell to our life's end, and no other.

It was well to prefix to the questions that the answers were not expected to settle metaphysical points, for certainly they rather raise them.

One thing is certain—story-writing and story-printing bring satisfaction to some and disappointment to others, either or both, for all these things are relative, and the 'eagle of one house is the goose of another.' But the joy of story-*thinking* is not confined only to the bright, particular stars. We will give thanks for our ideal world, whether we share it with many or with few. It is the best gift that has been given us. And, however it may be with other forms of art—and we suspect all artists are belied in popular estimation—the outside public will never enjoy us half so much as we enjoy each other. There are no kinder critics of the failures and the half-failures than the great successes, no warmer admirers of the successes than the comparative failures. For we share our world with each other. We all have eyes.

ONE OF THE FIFTEEN.

# WORK AND WORKERS.

## BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

## X.—WOMEN AS LIBRARIANS.

BY ONE OF THE LIBRARIANS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

WHEN the library of the People's Palace was opened, and Mr. Walter Besant suggested ladies as librarians, no one knowing his views about women and women's work was surprised, though perhaps but few realised at the time that he was opening out a wide field for women in the future. With the existing demand for public libraries and educational institutions with their reading-rooms, there are many posts that must soon be open, and for which many women will find themselves peculiarly qualified.

In the first place, the duties are not severe; they are simple and easily acquired; even if the work is monotonous, it certainly entails no great strain, and the hours are not necessarily long. It is difficult to state what are the exact qualifications for a librarian, and it may be better to glance at the work itself, and see what is expected day by day.

To be a librarian means, to the uninitiated, to hold much the same sort of position as the bookstall boy holds at the railway-station, or perhaps the more exalted office of the clerk at an ordinary circulating library. I doubt if the former ever opens a book, or if the latter knows anything much beyond the titles of the volumes most in demand. A familiarity with the titles, of course, is indispensable; but the librarian may hope to go beyond this. The ideal library embraces all literature, the thoughts and imaginations of the best minds of all ages; and well-selected libraries, such as are opened now to the public, should be as fair a representation of literature as can be procured. One of the first duties of a newly-appointed librarian is to draw up, within certain limits, a list of fiction, poetry, history, and all the

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

branches of art and science, so that as the number of volumes is necessarily limited, it will be seen at once how carefully each must be selected from among its fellows.

The books bought and arranged in their shelves according to the plan of classification best suited to the room or to the fancies of the librarian, the work of cataloguing begins, and, should the library be a success, never ends.

It is astonishing how one's knowledge of books and authors is widened by the comparatively simple fact of knowing the titles, and names, and pseudonyms correctly.

The cataloguing mind is not only accurate, but is possessed of a nicety of distinction that is, perhaps, born with the possessor, and never wholly acquired. It is one of the difficulties of the average librarian, and never realised by any one who has not attempted so much as a catalogue for reference of his own books, to classify correctly under their subject technical and scientific works, to know where fanciful history becomes historical fiction, to draw the line between devotional and religious books, and theology. I have seen Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* arranged under theology, and I have heard of the *Crown of Wild Olives* under the subject botany ; but there are traditions among librarians ! Of course no library is complete without standard foreign works, and it is not always easy to foresee what books of this kind are most likely to prove useful. Good dictionaries and grammars are indispensable. Every month, or oftener, a careful analysis should be made of all the books that have been given out in the reading-room, or sent out from the lending department, so that it can be seen at a glance what authors or subjects are most in demand. This plan was diligently followed at the People's Palace library, and was found to be very interesting, and a fair guess of the needs of the readers. A book should be kept where readers may enter the names of any works they think should be added to the library.

In addition to the cataloguing there is a certain amount of correspondence every day. Books have to be written for, periodicals and newspapers added as occasion demands, and small accounts kept of all that passes through the librarian's hands. Of manual or heavy work there need be none. There are always attached to the libraries men and boys, who carry about the books ; the librarian simply keeping order and attending to any grievances ; and this is nothing more than a woman can manage quietly and comfortably. The reading-room at the

People's Palace, with its numbers of readers, is more difficult to keep under control, owing to the fact of the newspapers being kept in the same room with the books, which causes a perpetual stream of loafers, and the presence of some rather rough characters; but there is never any real trouble in maintaining order; the habit of silence in the room being more impressive than any remonstrances or notices. Public libraries are generally open all day—from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with an interval of an hour, about 5 o'clock, for ventilating the room and tidying up the papers and magazines. The hours of attendance can be divided between the librarian and assistants, giving a day's work of about six or seven hours either in the early part of the day or in the evening, when there is more pressure, especially during the winter months. There are many minor points in the work that will suggest themselves, such as getting papers and reviews that are likely to be useful; shorthand magazines, and pamphlets on emigration; and it is a good thing to have plenty of clear, reliable maps. It is really no easy task to define the duties of a librarian, and I am aware that this sketch must appear somewhat vague, and the qualifications for such a post sound almost as indefinite. First of all among the qualifications I might, I think, unhesitatingly place that acquaintance with general literature that is probably gained by the pernicious habit of desultory reading. Of course it is impossible to be an authority on all books, but by grazing among good libraries a very fair comprehension of what is written, and what is to be read, may be acquired. A certain knowledge of languages is almost indispensable for a good librarian, even if only the titles of the books can be mastered; and add to these qualifications a sense of method, punctuality, good temper, and all the work-a-day virtues that make every sort of work run more smoothly.

The salaries offered to women librarians have not hitherto been high. Men have, in addition to a good salary, a house, firing and light, so that their position is really very comfortable. Perhaps the post in all its responsibility is not yet fully recognised for women, but it is to be hoped that better arrangements will be made, and a higher scale of salaries adopted. The work, if not heavy, is, as I have before mentioned, at least monotonous and sedentary, and holidays necessarily short where the work goes on all the year round. I have before me now a letter from a lady librarian who is just starting a newly-organised library, and she speaks with some despair of the rush and

confusion of the first few days when the demand for books is very great, and before the catalogues are really compiled. In a little while the disorder disappears and the work goes on easily, but there is no little organization and patience required at first, and in poor localities where the people have been more or less mentally starved, the eagerness with which books are claimed shows something of the need of them. It is impossible with the impetus now given to education, and the appetites that have been created by it, not to meet the demand for literature, and it is equally impossible to expect that readers will at once ask only for improving and scientific books. One of the saddest features in the lives of the poorer classes is the monotony, and it is a wholesome sign that they can turn to works of imagination and fancy for refreshment. Their experience is limited, their view of humanity narrow, and it is well that their horizon should be widened, and that they should know something of the hopes and fears that sway the impulses of nature beyond their immediate circle. Often and often they come hungry, and go away gorged with matter they cannot digest. I am speaking more particularly of those poorer neighbourhoods where libraries have been opened, and of the class that cannot yet be called a student class. In these days we are nothing if not philanthropic, and when our work runs a chance of failure—not through want of zeal, but through self-consciousness and priggishness—it is helpful to find natural channels through which we can come into contact with the more ignorant and struggling masses. The relation of the librarian with the readers might be very useful and happy. Their souls are but half awake to higher needs, but it is something if they can be made to feel that their needs are common to all, and that books represent the same human nature with its joys and woes that is ours to-day, and that through them we are in touch with all ages.

The types of human nature to be met with in libraries are as varied as elsewhere. Here you have the hard-working clerk bent on self-improvement, and setting for himself, night after night, tasks that, after his day's work, do not seem to be light. Often it is French and German that he is bent on acquiring for foreign correspondence, and he gets the dictionary and grammar and spends two or three hours struggling with idioms and irregular conjugations. Sometimes it is Political Economy, or some other science with which he wrestles, and at 10 o'clock goes out reluctantly with a white tired face, having spent the

greater part of his day in a close and heated atmosphere, forfeiting air and exercise for a better chance in the *lutte pour la vie.* And then there is the older man, a hard-headed thinker often, who goes night after night through some heavy work like the *Decline and Fall* or Guizot's *Civilization,* or attacks the grave social questions of the day with a doggedness that shows the vital interest he takes in them. Lads of about fourteen to seventeen have a thirst for adventure, and Kingston's and Marryatt's books are worn out under the close treatment they receive. Few women come to read. The working woman is without leisure, and the young 'misses' who frequent the libraries do not get beyond the 'sweetly pretty' Ouida or the 'lovely tales' of Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne* which seems to be a standard work among a certain class. It was the only novel in one library of which there was more than one copy, and even with two or three copies there were sure to be disappointments, owing to the demand for them. The most inveterate novel-reader in one reading-room was a man who, to judge from his appearance, had to do with building. In bad weather and in the evening, this man always came to the library and read steadily through all the sensational novels. If he had finished one book, and there was only half an hour before closing-time, he would have out another and go straight on till the bell for closing sounded. It is pleasant to see postmen come in between their rounds and snatch a quiet hour's reading, with their bags slung over their backs. The dinner hour is always crowded with such men, especially during the winter when there is no temptation to be out in the air, and when the library ensures comfort and warmth. It is to be hoped that, now that this field is open to women, they will find scope for their powers there. It seems suitable for them in every way, and if a woman must lead a semi-public life, it is as well she should be placed where she is not over-taxed, and where her sympathies are called into wholesome play.

I may add, in conclusion, that there is a Librarian's Association, with its own magazine where the doings of libraries only are recorded. This association meets once a month to read papers and discuss questions of interest in connection with public libraries.

L. M. H. C.

## XI.—ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHING.

SINCE education has been made compulsory by the Government, many girls who would otherwise have become teachers in High Schools, or private governesses, have availed themselves of the increased facilities opened to them, and have gained the certificate necessary to qualify them for the charge of an Elementary School.

Some have succeeded admirably, but others have so signally failed, that many people have an impression that no one can be a good teacher in a National School who was not educated in one. Nearly all head-teachers, however, prefer taking for pupil-teachers, girls who have been educated in a High School when they can get them, and some of the most successful mistresses the writer has known were the well-educated daughters of professional men who had been to a Training College for two years.

Failure is generally caused either by personal unfitness, or lack of enthusiasm. The Compulsory Education Act of 1870 created such a great demand for elementary school teachers, that certificates were granted to untrained ones on very easy terms, and unfortunately a number of incompetent persons entered the profession, to the great injury of education.

These terms have been altered, and no one should now attempt to become a schoolmistress, who feels that her natural talents would not enable her to pass the Higher Cambridge Examination, if she had no other hindrance.

Before showing how the profession may be entered, it may be well to consider whether it is worth the consideration of well-educated, able women, who could obtain good salaries as governesses in private families, or ladies' colleges. As the salary of a schoolmistress ranges from £60 to £230 or £250 per annum, it may be less or more than what would be received by a private governess, but the lower salaries often have many compensating advantages. Respectable inexpensive lodgings are generally provided, and a schoolmistress is not *obliged* to dress expensively, while there seems good reason to believe that a national system of superannuation will soon be in force.

The position of a schoolmistress is generally a more perma-

nent one than that of a private governess. The pupils of the latter grow out of the school-room, and she is obliged to seek another post, but a schoolmistress may, if she desires, remain in the same school until she gives up teaching entirely; and if she seeks to improve in efficiency, the longer she remains, the more she will be valued. If she is thoroughly in earnest, her influence will extend not only to almost every detail of her scholars' lives, but to every person in the district. The importance of the religious instruction she is privileged to give is recognised by everybody, but this is but a small part of her work. The songs taught, the books introduced, the sports encouraged, are as seeds bearing fruit on all sides. She is bound to insist upon cleanliness and neatness among her scholars, and now that the teaching of elementary science, laundry work, and cooking, is encouraged in schools, she can speak plainly and with authority upon subjects, that the clergyman or district visitor can hardly mention without giving offence. If she feels that she has the requisite time and physical strength, it is not difficult for her to find many ways of helping in parish work by means of guilds, sewing-meetings, etc., for she can generally have the use of the school-room, and has unequalled opportunities of reaching every home; but care must be taken not to undertake extraneous work that interferes with her school duties. She must secure sufficient time for recreation, study, and reading educational periodicals. Unless she does this, she will find herself unable to keep pace with the requirements of the time, and her school will suffer, as well as her own mental and bodily powers.

If a schoolmistress takes an interest in the individual welfare of her children, she may almost invariably depend upon the support and co-operation of others, and a recommendation from her will generally secure a girl a fair start in life either as a servant or an apprentice.

A woman possessing great force of character and originality, who is anxious to do her utmost for her pupils, and experiences a difficulty in adapting herself to all the arrangements of the family as a private governess, would probably make an excellent schoolmistress, and be a very happy one.

Any one who thinks of entering the profession should first obtain a copy of the 'Code of Regulations,' and also the 'Instructions to Inspectors.' These may be obtained through any bookseller for a few pence, and their contents should be carefully studied before any decisive step is taken. If any

difficulty is experienced in understanding the various articles, an annotated edition of the Code had better be obtained. The one by Heller, price one shilling, is perhaps the most widely circulated, but care must be taken to get the latest edition.

It will be found on studying the Code, that pupil-teachers may serve for two, three, or four years, and that certificates are granted after certain specified examinations, either to assistant-teachers or students in a training college. If suitable arrangements can be made, it is undoubtedly the best plan to become a pupil-teacher, if only for the shortened period of two years, and then to go to a training college. Many readers of the 'Monthly Packet,' however, either from age or other reasons, would prefer being qualified without either becoming a pupil-teacher or entering a training college, and their first step must be to get recognised as assistant-teachers. This can be done by passing the Queen's Scholarship examination, or any examination mentioned in the Code as recognised by the Education Department. Persons entirely unaccustomed to elementary schools will probably find the Scholarship examination the most difficult, as almost every paper contains questions bearing on school management. They had perhaps better, therefore, seek to pass one of the alternative ones, if they have not already done so; but an estimate of the relative difficulty can be formed by obtaining copies of the questions set during recent years.

After being recognised, the next step is to get an appointment as an assistant in a school, in order to obtain permission to attend the certificate examinations. As assistants are in great request, there is no difficulty in doing this, but the candidate should seek a post where she may have opportunities of thoroughly mastering the technicalities of the profession, even though the salary be small. The largest schools, though they may have a high reputation, are not always the best training places for teachers, as, too often, an assistant is put to work in a class-room, where she sees very little of the general routine and organisation the school. One of where the head-teacher exercises a vigilant supervision over every detail, and where the classes must be arranged so that the work of one does not interfere with that of another, affords the best training. The teacher should carefully study how to arrange a time-table, so that the most work may be done with the least exhaustion both to teachers and scholars; how to keep school registers and other school accounts; how to maintain good discipline, and how to

secure the intelligent interest of children. These points are of almost equal importance. She must study school management, not merely as a science by itself, but whatever she learns, be it history, arithmetic, or any other subject, she must notice what methods make it interesting and intelligible to herself, and seek to reproduce them in her own teaching.

Registration is really very simple, but it is the matter above all others, in which mistakes are made by those who enter the profession when grown up. If they implicitly follow the printed instructions, they will find that a few minutes daily, an extra hour at the end of each week, and two or three hours at the end of each quarter, will generally be amply sufficient to prevent any strain or confusion in this respect at the Government examination; but if they are careless or procrastinating, they are sure to find the registration a difficulty.

The Code of each year should be studied very carefully directly it is published, as well as the Instructions to Inspectors.

After being qualified as an assistant, two examinations must be passed in order to obtain a certificate, the first after being employed as an assistant for at least twelve months, during which time a favourable report from an inspector must be obtained for skill in teaching, reading, and recitation; the second after an interval of at least twelve months, and a second favourable report from an inspector.

When these examinations have been successfully passed, the candidate will be a teacher on probation, and may have charge of a school, but she will not receive a parchment certificate until she has obtained two favourable reports from an inspector at two consecutive annual visits.

While engaged as an assistant, it is advisable, if possible, to join one of the classes formed for the purpose of preparing candidates for the examination. If none are within reach, instruction by correspondence will be helpful, and full particulars may be obtained by studying the advertisement columns of the 'Schoolmistress,' a weekly newspaper which affords many useful hints respecting all the secular work of teachers in elementary schools.

There is in some minds an impression that the work in elementary schools is exceptionally hard, and that many teachers fail in health. When this is the case it is generally found that the teachers are naturally delicate, that the ordinary laws of health are violated, or that much extraneous work is undertaken. No

one who has fairly good health, and is prepared to apply her knowledge of hygiene to the practical preservation of it, need fear the work of an Elementary School.

Some regard the position as a peculiarly isolated one, but it is probably less lonely than that of a private governess, for a schoolmistress is more free to make her own arrangements, and among the school managers there are generally found some who are anxious to show her kindness. In fact, practically her social position depends very much upon herself, and she may, if she wishes it, have friends among all classes.

The profession has been chiefly spoken of as a means of doing useful work and earning a livelihood, but to readers of the 'Monthly Packet' it will scarcely be out of place to remark that the Church seems to need the services of her educated daughters. During the last ten years the large School Boards have paid great attention to the training of their pupil-teachers, while the managers of the Voluntary Schools have somewhat overlooked it. As a consequence the great majority of the present students in the Training Colleges are from Board Schools. However excellent they may be as women and teachers, they cannot be expected to sympathise with the traditions of Church schools, even if they should care to go into them. The common bond of interest which often unites the clergy, parents, and teachers of a parish almost as if they were one family, would not be understood by them. It is already a difficulty to get a well-trained mistress in a Church school, and this difficulty is increasing. Out of the first fifty candidates on the Scholarship List (females) this last year, only one comes from a Church school. Unless something is done to counteract the effects of this, the loss to the Church must be great.

C. H.

## THOUGHTS ON 'THE CREED.'

(*Written in Lent*, 1870.)

*I BELIEVE in God.*—Do we believe? I suspect unbelief on that one most awful and infinitely important subject, is a great deal more common, and lies deeper down in our hearts, than any of us think. Our notions of God are so vague, and we make them more so by talking of Nature, Providence—any impersonal term—to avoid what seems to us, and what no doubt may really be, the irreverence of introducing the actual Personality of the Divine Being into our conversation. Yet there must be a danger in this; in fact, it is evident there is. As a young cousin of mine once said to me, speaking of the wonderful mechanism of the human frame: 'We (meaning young physicians and surgeons) see such astonishing order in the works of God, that we begin at length to think of order itself as Divine.' Belief in God is really a fact learnt by slow degrees, and it is likely every minute to be checked by the visible force, beauty, and apparent power of His works. By living with God, turning to Him as a Friend, we no doubt learn to believe in Him; but a difficulty lies in the commencement of such a belief. To go to God as a Person, when we really only regard Him as a Force or Power, is impossible. But we may go beyond this; we may make Him a moral Force—a moral Power, like Justice, Mercy, Love, and still He will be to us only a quality, impersonated. Even in that lowest grasp of His Being we may, however, make our first approach to Him; we may ask Him to teach us to know Him; and in the act of prayer He becomes to us a Person. The moment we have attained to that perception, so that it becomes a living reality, we have begun to say in truth, 'I believe in God,' but only begun. The experience of a long life just leads us to the threshold of the great mystery of the Being and nature of Him Whom we worship; and Eternity will employ all our faculties, spiritualised and intensified, in discovering more and more of His wondrous nature.

*The Father Almighty.*—We should pass through life very differently if we could only recognise at the beginning the meaning of these words; but it is really not learnt till the end, and then only very imperfectly. We form our own idea of what (if one may venture to use the words) God, the Almighty Father, *ought* to do for us, and because He does not do it we distrust His power. It is strange to watch oneself and find how very unreasonable one is in one's secret thoughts and misgivings. Rationally we *know* God can do all. Rationally, too, we know that He as our Father is willing, But still there is the doubt and fear. Sight is so much stronger than Faith, till Faith begins to work; then, by degrees, as it springs up and increases, and deepens, it becomes the true, Christian, victorious Faith which conquers sight. But its growth is so slow, so very slow. One all but despairs of its ever attaining to real strength.

*Maker of Heaven and Earth.*—'Maker.' We consider that word to imply a fresh exertion of will for every individual thing made. But perhaps it is not so. In fact, it can scarcely be so, because in one sense God cannot *will* ugliness, deformity, and imperfection. It would seem that in these cases His Will is only passive. He has made all things according to certain laws, which laws may be said to be laws even to Himself. In the working of these laws, present imperfection results in future perfection; but still it is imperfection, not because God willed actively to create that which was faulty, but because His law could not otherwise be carried out. So it would seem to be in the case of moral evil or suffering. God does not create evil or ordain suffering simply because He *wills* it; but evil and suffering are involved in certain laws necessary for the good of the universe. When God interposes actively it is for the correction of evil, the relief of suffering. I think we might bear our trials more patiently, or at least, they would not be quite such a perplexity to us, if we could recognise this distinction between passive and active Will. It is quite true that God orders every event of our lives, because He might have interposed to prevent and alter them; but He does not so order them as that they may be said to be caused and arranged directly by Him, apart from the general laws by which the universe is governed. Law, not Will, is the rule of the universe. The great mistake—and (it seems to me) absurdity—of the Rationalists is to believe that law is unchangeable, that, in fact, instead of being the work of God, it *is* God. We pray, but our prayers are not answered; that is

because God does not see fit to interfere with His general laws. We pray and are answered; that is because God interposes the action of His Will, or perhaps (more strictly) uses another law to mitigate the rigour of that from which we are suffering. Thus the laws of benevolent sympathy mitigate the consequences of imprudence or sin. We see this same double action of Will and Law working in all government, whether domestic, social, or political. We recognise it even in the common saying: 'The exception proves the rule.'

*And in Jesus Christ.*—Our blessed Lord is the Bridge spanning the gulf between man and God, earth and heaven. Without Him, what and where should we be? But we live without Him—for the most part. He is given to us, to walk by our side, to share our interests, griefs, joys; but we too often prefer to walk alone. We put ourselves back to the time when man hid himself in the garden from the Face of his Maker, knowing that he was sinful, and God holy, and that between sin and holiness there could be no communion. We shall never be truly Christian until we have learned to make Jesus Christ a part of our daily life; to share our work with Him, to go to Him in our hopes and disappointments, to remind ourselves constantly that it is His work we are doing, His world in which we are living, that He is human and understands the trials and the labours of humanity. The human name, the earthly epithet, makes Him one with us, Jesus Christ—the deepest of all mysteries, the intensest of all consolations. How we repeat the name almost without a thought, or, at the utmost, with nothing but a vague reverence!

*His only Son.*—A deeper mystery even than the Incarnation, as it concerns the abstract Being of God. And yet earthly feelings and relationships must surely be intended to shadow forth the great reality. It cannot be irreverent to think of the great God as giving up, sacrificing His own deep bliss, in some wonderful way, when He gave His only Son to a life of poverty and humiliation and a death of agony.

God Himself puts this before us, we might otherwise shrink from the very idea. Indeed, we do too often shrink from it. We do not allow ourselves to take the words of Scripture in their simple meaning, and to accept the fact, that God gave His Son—parted with Him, loved and lost Him—for us. So we feel cold and hard, or at the utmost only reverent and awe-struck in our devotion to our Almighty Father. We think of Him as our

Creator, Who made us, and Who might (we do not say it, but we think it) have prevented our being exposed to sin and suffering; and never dare to remember that He shared the suffering. The Love of the Father for the Son must be a real thing, deeper than we can possibly imagine. It would be very useful to us to meditate upon the wonderful idea, to bring it before ourselves, to try to recognise, though we cannot understand, its happiness, its vast unspeakable bliss. If we did this, the parting, the sacrifice might become to us more than a doctrine or opinion, it would have an abiding influence upon us. Are we permitted to sympathise with God? It sounds like presumption—but perhaps it is not so?

*Our Lord.*—It is well to remark the appeals which Christianity makes to every part of our nature. There are those who are more touched by the word 'Lord' even than by that of 'Father.' It awakens the chivalrous feelings, if one may venture so to speak. Here, on earth, men fight and die for a Leader—a Lord. The thought of him arouses them to energy. They forget self in his glory. Victory is welcome because it is his. All this is to be found in Christianity—in the great struggle, the awful conflict between Christ and Satan.

One wonders why one's heart is so stirred by those Scottish Jacobite songs which really have no echo in reason. But the feeling is true, though not so the object to which it is addressed. Devotion to a King and Lord is inherent in us. It is part of our nobler nature, it cannot be eradicated. Chivalry, glory, victory, subjection to a great Chief—we shall know what it all means when we have passed beyond the veil, and can read aright the lesson of this mortal life.

*Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost.*—The recognition of the Personality of the blessed Spirit is, I imagine, more rare and more difficult that we allow to ourselves. We so confuse His action with our own. We think that in some way the better movements of our heart originate in ourselves, although God directs them; we do not even distinctly own that this modified good is the work of God, the Holy Spirit. In fact, one's whole life often seems to have been passed in the tacit ignoring of the agency of the Holy Ghost. We can scarcely dream of estimating what that neglect and forgetfulness must have been in the way of sin and ingratitude, much less in the way of loss. To have leaned always upon the felt aid of a perfect Being, what comfort and strength it would have given! How firm one should have stood

with the support (actually realised) of the Holy Ghost! How one should have laboured! With what hope and joy! Now, the habit of ignoring this aid, of trusting to self, has to be overcome before one can really feel any true support from the knowledge that the Holy Spirit is one's Guide. And then, in one's prayers—when they have been dead and cold—how it would have cheered us to turn in faith to the Blessed Spirit, asking Him to enkindle them. It is a thought for a lifelong heartache what one has lost by not at the very beginning of one's Christian life fully recognising the Holy Ghost as a Person. May He, in His Almighty love, pardon, and still help and support, and guide to the end of the short future, one who has forgotten Him in the long past.

*Born of the Virgin Mary.*—We see in this fact the mysteriousness of obscurity, the mighty working of secret, silent influence; the greatest of all earthly events having its rise under circumstances which would render them entirely unnoticeable by the common eye. Who could have been less remarkable than the Blessed Virgin?—at least, using the word remarkable in its ordinary worldly signification. But all appertaining to her is essentially unworldly. It tells of a depth and height and breadth, of which the world has no cognizance. So it is now—so will it be to the end; all that is most powerful works under the veil of humbleness and nothingness. All the great forces of the scientific world are unseen—many unknown. We wonder at effects, and take effects for causes; but it is the Invisible which is the parent of the visible. So it is in moral worth, the strength of any character which is really strong, lies in the hidden self-discipline, the secret prayer. The great efforts which we see and admire are really of no value comparatively. People will *own* all this, but if it were once *realised* it would make quiet, humble, obscure life wonderfully great and interesting.

*Suffered under Pontius Pilate.*—Suffered! After that was crucified! The suffering was long. It was not limited to the hours of mortal agony. It was an enduring, a passive suffering. We cannot dare to compare the small lingering pains and trials of our lives to the keen agony of our Lord's death; and so at times we do not find the consolation we might, from the consideration that He has shared our cup of bitterness.

But we might remember that He had experience of both kinds. He knew the weariness as well as the pangs of suffering, and He knew also its aggravations; the sense of injustice, the natural

revulsion, which the Jew would feel for the sentence passed by a foreign judge, the just contempt for the despicable character of the Governor who could in words acknowledge innocence, but dared not carry out his conviction in deed. The whole of our Lord's ministerial life must indeed have been a long wrestling (if one may so say) with the feeling of being misjudged, doubted,—and the climax must have been when He stood before the Roman judge, having at last found one who did recognise in Him something more than human (for this Pilate evidently did), and yet had the miserable meanness to give Him up to His enemies.

*Crucified.*—That is the sharper, more terrible agony, sent but to the few. One almost trembles to *think* of what it must have been, when one has had no experience of any fierce trial of pain oneself. But if it should come, there will be the thought of Him to give strength;—His few words, His overwhelming sense of desolation, the crushing power of that horrible torture, all aggravated beyond aught that we can imagine by His mental agony, by the weight of sin! So, when we can scarcely pray, or think, or speak, He will understand our helplessness better than any human friend; far, far better. It will surely recall to Him His own hour of exceeding suffering; and the ministering angel—He, Himself—will come to aid us.

*Dead.*—The word marks the end of all human suffering, trial, pain, anxiety. As far as this world is concerned, it brings one to a blank wall, beyond which it is impossible to pass. We are so accustomed now to carry our thoughts beyond death, to look upon it as the portal of a new life, which in fact it is, that we are in danger of forgetting the other side of the future, and the lessons taught by it. The human side of death, if one may so call it, is the test of the value of all things human; it shows their nothingness. And it would not only warn, but soothe us to think of it. We should take our little cares and troubles more patiently if we could remember how soon death must put an end to them. To our Blessed Lord that human side of death must, one would think, have been very comforting, yet very sorrowful; comforting for Himself, sorrowful for those whom He had come to save. It was the end of His work amongst His own nation especially. He would have no more toil, anguish, agony; but those whom He so loved would have no more warning, example, exhortation. The Jews had had their day, and they had rejected Him. Dead! gone for ever, finished for

ever! If that were the motto of life, how differently for the most part would life be spent.

*Buried.*—There is not only an end of the earthly past so that there shall be no continuance, but it is also buried and forgotten, it will never rise again. It is very difficult to realise this, and yet we experience it continually. By far the larger portion of all that we have enjoyed, or possessed, or thought of, or cared for, is buried, absolutely gone. True there is a seed either of good or evil in all, which must appear again at the resurrection and in the judgment; but apart from this seed, all which surrounded, enclosed it, as it were, has been buried, and will no more come forth again than the diseased, decayed flesh, buried in the grave, will come forth. That which has not the stamp of Heaven upon it, has no germ of immortality within it. Life, true life on earth, resolves itself into a very small compass, when we think of this. The old man who has lived eighty years without God, who has done nothing for God, who has had affections, interests, possessions, unhallowed by the thought of God, will have had no life in the strict sense of the word; no life, that is, to rise with him from his grave; whilst the young man who may have spent but fifteen or twenty years in the service of his Maker, will have a long life to show when summoned before the judgment-seat. This question of the length of our lives, and the value of our possessions, is a very important one. It is strange that the constant death and burial of the things we most prize does not force it upon us more strongly.

There was *that* even in the burial of Christ which had no resurrection; human weakness, infirmity, the natural flesh and blood which could not inherit the kingdom of Heaven, the corruption which could not inherit incorruption, the circumstances of His earthly position, His human needs, all things which surrounded Him but which were not of Him; but whatever belonged essentially to Himself could not but have in it the seed of Immortality.

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

## 'CALLER HERRING.'

IT is frequently said that there is no prettier sight than a fleet of herring-boats putting out to sea. A pretty sight truly this is, yet surely all interested parties would declare with one voice that there is one which surpasses it—that, namely, of the boats coming in again well laden with fish—a sight, unfortunately, too seldom seen this season at the chief centres of the 'late fishing' on the east coast of Scotland, hardly one of which has done an average business, while not one has had a really good 'feshin'.'

But after three clear weeks at Peterhead, chiefly memorable for mutual condolences upon the lateness of the season, the winds, the tides, etc., etc., one bright breezy morning saw the boats returning one after another, most of them well filled with shining silvery herring. The whole town was astir as if by magic. Instead of the few silent quiet groups of lookers-on—fishermen who had not been out, wives watching for their 'men's' boats, girls and women from various parts of the country in their short serge skirts, bright-coloured bodices, and little shawls, knitting busily as they sadly answered, 'No much' to any enquiry concerning that which was 'daily bread' to them all—the groups were multiplied manifold. Every harbour, every quay saw them looking eagerly into the holds of the boats as they lay alongside, while their crews quietly but busily folded nets gleaming with silvery scales, picked out here and there the few fish still clinging to them, throwing them as they did so to swell the glittering heap below, which, meanwhile, was with all speed conveyed into baskets by means of wooden shovels, and thence emptied into carts, to be carried straight to the yard of the curer who had just bought the boat's cargo by sample in one of the sale-rooms whose bells had been tinkling at short intervals ever since the boats began to come in.

But where are our trim, tidy, picturesque fisher-lassies, with their half-knit stockings or jerseys in their hands? Promptly

transformed into women of business, in their working suits, i.e. their oldest clothes, wearing overskirts of black or occasionally yellow oilskin with square bibs, each with a clasp-knife or flat tin dish in her hand, hurrying off to the yards in groups or 'crews' of three, bright, eager, and happy in the prospect of a good day's work.

Let us follow some of them for a few moments to the yard where their work awaits them. Soon we come to a long, rough, wooden building presenting to the road a row of openings closed at pleasure by wooden shutters, which, however, are all raised now. There is one of the fish-carts with its precious freight slipping and sliding backwards and forwards with each jolt of the vehicle. See, it backs against one of these openings, and, in less time than it takes to describe it, the contents are tilted through the aperture into the long, deep wooden trough which runs down nearly the whole side of the building. Men with wooden shovels distribute the fish in layers of equal thickness in the trough, each layer being instantly well scattered with a thick sprinkling of coarse salt. Another and another cart-load of fish speedily make a good show in the trough, on the other side of which a row of women and girls are already at work. With incredible speed and with one dexterous slash of the knife, the throat of a fish is cut, and the gills, etc., twisted out, while, with the same movement as it were, the fish itself is thrown behind the worker into one of the three baskets or tubs which stand ready, thus 'gipping' and sorting in one process. Before long these baskets, albeit good-sized ones, are filled; then the women snatch them up, two between three, and run with them to the part of the yard where the packing is done. Back fly the two 'gippers' to their work, leaving the packer to fill the barrels, which stand open and on end before her, with the three qualities of fish—viz. 'fulls' (pronounced 'fools'), 'small fulls' (technically 'matties'), and 'spents.' More and more salt is sprinkled on the fish during the process of packing, for which some women have a wonderful aptitude. Very hard work it is; for while the barrel is almost empty, not only both arms, but the whole head and shoulders of the packer completely disappear inside, and the labours of the two 'gippers' keep her constantly employed. After a day or two the fish 'settle' in the barrels, which are then filled up, and the process is completed by the pouring in of as much strong brine as can find its way between the interstices of the layers of herring.

Much of the fish prepared in this way is sent to our various colonies, but the chief markets are Germany and Russia.

Many yards are arranged to contain several long troughs or 'farlins,' on all four sides of which the gippers stand; and here and there we find some with no shelter at all—not even a rough roof over them. To be sure 'the feshin'' is summer work, but summer is not invariably warm or dry in Scotland; and many an hour—nay, many a day—must these hardy lassies stand at their work, a Scotch mist, i.e. fine rain, overhead and their feet in a puddle of salt and water.

One would think that a steady day's work of this kind must exhaust the energies of the strongest, and that the weary lassies, on the instant of release from toil, would creep away to a meal and a rest, with scarcely a word to say for themselves. However, the writer saw one evening a whole party of girls at one end of the gipping-shed, work being just over, but the farlins not yet cleaned, intently watching the intricacies of a Scotch reel danced by three of their number with the utmost spirit and precision, the music being chanted by themselves.

The whole picture was unique and quaint in the extreme—the figures of the foreground in the half-light caused by the roof of the shed, with the yard and a hundred or two of barrels behind them; the dancers still wearing (and occasionally extending) their soiled and shabby oilskin petticoats; the Gaelic tune sung with a slightly nasal intonation irresistibly suggestive of bagpipes; the crossing, the setting, etc., performed with almost mechanical regularity; the proceedings diversified now and again by the fall into the midst of the group of a worthless herring or a stray small mackerel, launched by one of the lads who were hovering about the party. Dancing must indeed be an instinct of nature, to be so performed, or indeed performed at all under such circumstances.

One peculiarity of the fish-curing work is the uncertainty of the hours. Boats may come in loaded with herring at any moment of the day or night. Thus, after an utterly idle day, work may begin late in the evening, and continue without intermission until the 'small hours'; and it is no uncommon thing to hear of girls leaving the yards about three, and being recalled to them at five or six A.M., it being absolutely necessary that the fish should be preserved as soon as possible after being taken out of the water.

A walk among the yards at ten or eleven o'clock at night after

a heavy haul of herring is not a thing to be easily forgotten. With heads wrapped turban-fashion in many-coloured handkerchiefs to protect the wearers from the evening chill, the women work on busily by the fierce and flickering light of naphtha, contained in vessels something like watering-pots with two spouts, from each of which protrudes a wick of oakum, and which can be carried about or set down at the convenience of the workers. These blazing lights seem to make the spaces of darkness the deeper; and when fish-carts as well as fishermen are moving in numbers about the streets, a midnight walk is not without its perils.

The amount of money which changes hands at any one station during the season is well-nigh incredible. A single boat will occasionally bring in 100 'crans' of fish, and as one curer now and then completes 500 barrels in a day, having just purchased the herring at the rate of from 25*s.* to 30*s.* a cran (a measure holding rather more than a barrel), it will readily be believed that a considerable amount of capital is necessary for successful trading. Besides the gipping, kippering—i.e. smoking the herring—a much longer process, is also going on merrily during the first month or five weeks of the fishing, and in a bad season the kipperers have the best of things. They are engaged for a given time, at a fixed rate of wages per week, which they therefore receive 'herrin' or no herrin',' and those who come from a distance are franked both ways by their employers, while the gippers, beyond the 'arles' or earnest-money paid to each crew, come at their own risk, and are dependent upon what they earn. In a good season it is possible for a girl to make £1 15*s.* 0*d.*, or even more in a week, while in a bad one many a crew will not do a single whole day's work in three weeks. Then those are best off who can earn an honest penny by mending nets. Many of the girls from the southern towns and villages can do this, while, as a rule, the Highlanders cannot. Poor lassies! There they sit, when work is slack, in the wretched room which they rent for the season, and where they muddle, six and sometimes nine or ten together, sleeping three in a bed, often on straw, knitting, crocheting, or mending their clothes, giving the invariable answer 'No much,' or 'Vara bad,' when asked about their work. They generally hire these rooms unfurnished, except perhaps for a bedstead or two, and bring their own bedding, such as it is, with them. Each girl has a 'kist' or chest, a strong, painted wooden box, generally with a division in it for the

convenience of packing, and this serves for cupboard, chair, table, and all. A rapid count of kists reveals at once to the initiated the number of the inhabitants of a room. It may easily be believed that a complete transformation is effected in any quiet little seaside town by the arrival of say 500 fishing-boats, with a crew of six men to each, who, in many cases, bring their wives and families with them for the season, besides the advent of several 'foreign' curers, with a sufficient number of kipperers and gippers to preserve as quickly as possible whatever herring may be brought in by these 500 boats. Such a town simply lives by the fishing-season. Tenants of two rooms crowd into one that they may sublet the other. Servants, laundresses, even dressmakers, often recklessly throw up their regular work on the chance of the large earnings of a good season, and tradesmen of all kinds prepare for a brisk business.

It by no means always follows that the largest town is the largest fishing centre, and where this is not the case the capacity of the place is by no means equal to the requirements in the matter of lodgings. Thus at Fraserburgh, several of the curers lodge their imported hands in *barracks*, large, rough, wooden buildings, sometimes lofts over the work-sheds, which are approached by step-ladders rather than staircases, running up the middle of the building, which will probably be partitioned by a hoarding into four long rooms. Of these rooms the women and girls are, of course, the only inhabitants, and they are therefore without even the slight amount of check or supervision necessarily exercised upon those who lodge in ordinary houses.

Barracks are universally allowed to be objectionable, and one feels instinctively that every such building would be the better for a good homely motherly matron, who should be empowered to see doors locked at some reasonable hour each night, when the girls are not working late, and thus obviate all chance of the noisy revels which frequently cause one of these rooms to be a nightly nuisance to the rest, besides the scandal and the slur which they cast on the womanhood of its inhabitants.

But the remedy for this kind of evil is not so simple as it sounds. The connection between employers and employed is merely temporary. The girls are engaged solely according to their capacities as kipperers or gippers, and it is much to be feared that any so-called interference on the part of the masters with that licence which is, alas, so often confounded with the liberty of the subject, would result in the filling of many a barrel

with herring which would, when opened, cause the whole order to be speedily returned on the hands of the unfortunate curer.

No, there is no royal road to morality or modesty at a Scotch fishing-station any more than anywhere else. Patient work and loving teaching must foster these where they already exist, and, by God's help, gradually implant them where they do not.

A good deal is already done among the girls at every station by the diligent visiting of 'delegates' from the various Presbyterian bodies, to one of which most of them belong, though there are also some 'Church girls,' and at most places a sprinkling of Roman Catholics from some of the Western Highlands, and especially from the island of Barra, besides a few English, chiefly kipperers, from the East coast-towns of England—Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Scarborough, Hull, Grimsby, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, etc.

A large number of the girls who are employed at the Scotch fishing-towns on the East coast during the late fishing, have been already working during the earlier part of the summer at Stornoway, which is the chief centre of the early fishing. Here, for the last two years, a lady, who is working as a deaconess in the Argyll Diocese, has been doing a most excellent and successful work among them, and many of the girls with whom the writer of this paper came in contact at Peterhead spoke most warmly and gratefully of the unfailing kindness and valuable help which they had received from Sister Minna at Stornoway. Now direct personal influence such as this, if brought to bear upon a girl for a consecutive period of four months, more or less, ought to, and in many cases surely will leave a lasting impression for good, and it is very important that such girls should not be allowed to run wild in riot and ignorance for want of a loving and experiencd friend to carry on the good work that has been begun. This is what the Scottish Church aims at, to have in each of the principal centres of the fishing, both in the islands and along the coast, a duly-qualified and devoted Church worker, who shall, for the time being, give herself and her time to be entirely at the disposal of the girls, according as they shall need her. Nursing, visiting, counsel, comfort, teaching and intercession —all are needed. Something has already been done, some experience gained. But more, far more remains to be done. The Scottish Church is true to her character as a Missionary Church in determining to take this matter in hand; but surely she ought not to bear the whole expense of what is done for

*English* girls. All honour to her for her loving care of these, her temporary immigrants; but are those not at the same time our temporary emigrants also? And shall we not endeavour to strengthen the hands of our sister Church by providing, at least in part, the funds necessary for the undertaking? An annual gift of a few pounds from every town from which English girls go year by year to the Scotch fishing, would do much towards enabling the Scottish Church to send a lady, well qualified to help and befriend those girls, both in body and soul, to all the chief centres of the fishing throughout the country.

A. M. McKENZIE,
Travelling Secretary of the Women's Help Society.

NOTE.—It may be interesting to readers of the above Paper to know that the Committee of the 'Missions to Fisherfolk' has made arrangements for much more widely developed work during the season now commencing, which will, however, involve considerable outlay. Two Sisters from St. Margaret's, Aberdeen, are to assist Sister Minna in her work at Stornoway during May and June, after which they will accompany the two largest contingents of girls to the Shetland and East Coast fishings, continuing their mission work among them. Besides this, it has been found imperatively necessary to build a hut for a mission-worker on the shore of Loch Gruinnard, in the island of Islay, where last summer several hundred fisher-people were assembled with no provision for them, either medical or spiritual. Subscriptions for either of these objects should be marked '*Missions to Fisherfolk*,' and will be received and acknowledged by the Treasurer of the Home Mission Board,

W. W. FARQUHARSON, Esq.,
122, George Street, Edinburgh.

Gifts of knitted helmets, steering-gloves, mufflers, etc., are also much needed for the fishermen, who suffer much from cold during the night-fishing, as well as the terrible 'sea-blister.' These will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Secretary of the Knitting Branch,

MISS DOUGLAS,
Bishopscourt, Aberdeen,

who will also supply any information as to patterns.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## JULY.

THE glory of the year has left the meadows and the woods. The meadow grass is all cut down, and before the end of the month is reduced to stubble, if it may so be called. Or if rain have hindered, the fields are a woful sight, the tanned hay cocks, a great deal too much tanned, in the midst of grass a great deal too green, or else the old burrs, waving brown and uncut, hindering the second growth. Clover, with its purple or white heads, is slowly following, and so is the most brilliant of the kind, saintfoin, with its striped and shaded blossoms, and the beauteous *Trifolium incarnatum*, which makes such rich patches of deep red. It figures in Curtis's 'Botanical Magazine,' about a century old, as a plant advisable to be introduced into gardens; and when it made its way into agriculture about fifty years ago, the name was a sore puzzle to the labourers. 'Some calls it Polium and some Napoleon,' we were told; and once came the startling announcement, as it might be from the Valley of Humiliation, 'If you please, sir, there's a man a treading down your Apollyon.'

These early haytimes belong to our southern counties. In the north the Otterburn ballad is most descriptive in its opening:

> 'It fell about the Lammas tide,
> When Moormen win their hay.'

The woods are so overgrown with their young shoots and trailers, that the bye-paths, not yet trimmed for sportsmen, are nearly impassable; and there are few flowers left in them except the little *Lysimachia nemorum*, whose English name of yellow pimpernel is confusing. It is one of the many golden stars with which the ground is spangled all spring and summer long.

The beech woods alone keep a curious peculiar vegetation of their own, and allow nothing to grow upon their russet pavement except the lovely lily-like orchid *Epipactis grandiflora*, and the queer brown *Listera nidus avis*, or bird's-nest orchis; not that it is much like a bird's nest, except that it is brown and withered looking, the colour of the beech leaves among which it grows—a parasite, like the only other plants the tyrant beech tree endures beneath its lordly shade: the two very strange-looking plants, *Monotropa hypopithys*, yellow bird's nest, and *Lathræa squamaria*, or toothwort. In spite of this likeness to a 'bloated tyrant' it is impossible not to delight in the beech tree, with its smooth silvery bole and widespread canopy. Some single trees are perfectly magnificent in bulk and shade, especially some favoured ones in the New Forest; and an extensive beech wood, with long arcades, is a place to dream of. Mr. Keble used to call the Ampfield beeches Hursley Cathedral; and verily they are like the long drawn aisle and fretted vault. However, in the walk I am thinking of, there is only one big beech to be passed before crossing the road and going through a slip rail into a farm road across a wide space of heathery moorland. I believe, from the appearance of the ground, that William the Conqueror had little to ride through save this kind of land after the downs were once passed between him and Winchester; for from their edge to the coast, all is of the same sort of soil, with gravelly slopes here and there, but for the most part peaty ground, a good deal like the side of a mountain, minus the part of the mountain itself.

Plantation and cultivation have done a good deal, but there is much of primitive ground, and the walk I propose shows some old scenes, such as Alfred may have looked upon, and much more altered by semi-cultivation. This road leads between low hedges of gorse, as much out of blossom now as gorse ever can be, indeed its perpetuity is beginning to be kept up by its dwarf brother *Ulex nanus*. Stand still a moment and you will hear an odd popping like fairy artillery. It is the bursting open of the pods of the gorse, which is firing off its little black seeds. We never call it gorse here, nor even furze; the villagers would not know what was meant unless we said 'fuzz.'

In the silence we may detect a movement in the deep ruts which border our path. It may prove to be a delicate little brown striped lizard, a creature which our poor people call an evvet (corrupted from eft, its handsome water brother), and

regard with horror. 'I saw an evvet once,' the children will say with bated breath, as if they had seen a tiger. 'She brought home a bundle of grass from the wood,' said the mother of a girl who had a gathering in her hand, 'and I think an evvet may have bitten her.' Poor little harmless striped creature!

The margin of our path between the ruts and the furze is full of heath of all the three sorts, though only here and there a spike of the rich crimsoned purple of the *Erica vulgaris* has begun to ring its bells, and the choice blushing clusters of the bell heather are coming out amid soft cushions of bent grass; stars of four-petalled Tormentilla, loosely stemmed spangles of lesser stitch wort; while small ringlet butterflies, just emerged, sit drying themselves on the stalks, all grey, and yellow rings on the outer wing when closed, but sky blue when opened. The dark shining green wings with a red spot on them, belong to the Burnet moth. When he opens them, they are bright red, edged with green. Or here may be seen, hawking and darting about, the very large dragon fly, banded with green, yellow and blue divided by black lines, and with large shining eyes. Sometimes his wife appears, very unlike him, and much more resembling an overgrown hornet.

A little farther on, and we look over the gorse into green spaces full of bracken (*Pteris aquilegia*), undulating like the waves of the sea. We slice a stem in two, and dispute whether the dark marking is most like or most unlike a spread eagle, or King Charles in the oak.

Here is a splendid bush close to the path of wild honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*). It climbs up the holly bushes, the stem getting incorporated with the bark, and finally killing the holly; but never mind, holly there is enough and to spare, and who would grudge the support to those fragrant streamers of crimson buds and creamy blossoms of that peculiar trumpet shape, the petal four cleft above, with one long lip below? There is another sort of honeysuckle, plentiful enough here but called rare by the books, with less red in the blossom, and with leaves, not like this one, distinct and in opposite pairs, but grown together and forming a cup round the stem. This is the *Lonicera caprifolium*, goats being supposed to devour it, so that in French it is *chèvrefeuille.*

Lonicera is so well sounding a name, that it is surprising to find that it is only after Lonica, a German botanist.

Lonicera was the infant's name in a poem of Crabbe's, and she

was better off than one I have been told of who was christened 'Sarsaparilla,' because the parents had seen it in a book!

Farther on we come out on really open heath, where it is not always easy to find a path, or to steer clear of prickles of gorse. The little *Stellaria minor* and the tormentilla give a spangling of white and yellow, and what is this strange brown spike—like a large bird's nest orchis? No, only in colouring and absence of branches. This has not the queer orchid structure, but is a regular labiate plant with two long and two short stamens within its brownish yellow or yellowish brown petal. It is likewise a parasite, but on the roots of the gorse. Go down to the bottom and you will find an odd scaly thing a good deal like a lily bulb, only all brown. It is the greater broom rape (*Orobanche major*), and it has a lesser brother (*Orobanche minor*) with a little attempt at pale purple in its flowers, for which you must look in clover fields, where it is welcome to nobody save the botanist. For parasites are too tempting to Mrs. Malaprop, being too often 'parricides.' Farmers are always taking the Englishman's resource of writing to the newspaper against that other clover parasite, the greater dodder (*Cuscuta Europæa*), which spreads a fatal network of red threads over the young clover plants. Though called greater, its heads of blossom are much smaller and not half so pretty as those of the other species, *Cuscuta epithymum*, which you may see here, not doing any harm, but straggling about like a tangle of crimson threads, with white balls at intervals, upon the gorse and heather, balls composed of tiny star-like blossoms and their blushing buds.

Then comes a dip in the ground, with a little stream that has to be crossed on very variable stepping-stones, or else by striding across between the bushy banks a little lower down. Then turn to the right into a wood of scanty small oaks. But beneath them behold a mass of purple spires, a glorious forest of foxgloves, small and great, each lifting its mace of bells, purple outside, white within, but there ornamented with dark rings close together, and with four stamens, two long and two short, curiously bent, and their anthers with dark spots. Foxgloves may be of any size, from the splendid plant as tall as a man, whose lowermost flowers hang in rows of six, down to the poor half-starved stem with scarcely a dozen blossoms. Poppies they are sometimes called, because the flower when inflated can be made to pop between the hands. I confess to a sense of indignation when I see this senseless sport used towards one of the most beautiful

ornaments of the year, in wanton disregard of its loveliness. They are biennial, so that where they are in large numbers one year, they will probably not show their flowers, but only their grey downy leaves the next. There is little doubt that they are properly folks' gloves, the gloves of the 'good people,' to answer to the 'Irish lusmore,' or fairy cup. On the mountains of Ireland and Scotland, they are finer and more luxuriant. By Loch Katrine, in the 'Lady of the Lake,' grew—

> 'Nightshade and foxglove, side by side,
> Emblems of punishment and pride.'

When one of Mrs. Hemans's sons asked Sir Walter what this meant, he made the characteristic answer that poets were apt to write a good many things which had no particular meaning (or something to that effect). The pure white ones are more common in Scotland than here. I had five in my garden last year, in each one of which the marks within the throat were different.

The trees grow scantier, and there is a stretch of regular moorland, chiefly of bent grass, with nothing remarkable about the plants, as it is too late for the cream-coloured violet (*Viola lactea*), which ought to be called the milk-and-water violet, and gives something of that effect as it grows in large quantities along the ditches by the roadsides in the New Forest. It has long narrow leaves, unlike those of other violets.

Here the ground sinks, and there is a region of bog below with a sluggish stream in the middle of it. Long ago, there was an attempt to form a lake in the park above, but the water declined to stay in it and rushed away, forming this stream and marsh, dearer to the botanist than to the passenger. Long ago, standing on this high ground, we saw far away a white sheet which excited our curiosity, but we had walked a good way, there was no particular path, and time and courage failed us for the investigation. So we remained content in the belief that it was really a mass of the white crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis* or *R. hederaceus*) covering the pool after the example of many more.

We never did contrive to reach the spot till the dry summer of the Jubilee enabled us to walk up the quaking bank of the streamlet; and then we found no water, no crowfoot, only a piteous sight—in the hollow where the last water had been, a whole mass of dead eels, and as I think, carp, whose grandparents had probably been intended to stock the lake!

The bog is a famous study, when it is possible to walk about

from one of its tufts of rushes to another. There may be found the delicate bog pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), white with pink streaks, the lovely blue skull-cap (*Scutellaria major*), the two less rare kinds of *Drosera*, or sun-dew, that queer carnivorous plant, which only opens its white blossoms at sunrise and soon closes them, while it waits with viscid drops on the red hairs of its battledore shaped leaves to entrap the runaway insects which yield it nourishment.

I have found in these parts meads of yellow asphodel. If the blest dwelt in them they must have had a taste for bogs, but the plant is a delightful one with its stiff orange-coloured stem, its six-pointed star blossoms, and six hairy stamens with red anthers. I am afraid that draining has banished it from hence as well as its companions, marsh pennywort, butterwort, and the beauteous little ivy-leaved bell-flower (*Campanula hederacea*). They all may be found in the New Forest, but the high farming of the prosperous days of agriculture made havoc of many a rare plant.

We have explored the bog, and cross it by a quaking path, after which we get into a great plantation of firs, old enough now to whisper as we stand still among them. It is almost the only sound, though broken now and then by the harsh squeak of that bird of beautiful plumage, but unrefined form and nature, the jay. Now and then, too, a graceful little squirrel races across, but these are as much persecuted as are the jays by the keepers, on the plea that they injure the young trees by biting off the bark, and I am afraid this is a true indictment.

The shade here is very delightful, and I will not tease you to look at any more flowers, except the grand pillars of viper's bugloss (*Echium vulgare*), kings of their family, with their deep blue flowers backed by red buds, both like the tints of a mediæval illumination. One straight stalk they shoot up, with their curving axils of flowers, one on each all the way up, always open and blue, above the bristly stems.

Our walk has been so long that there is hardly time to look at the garden, in all the glory of roses, old and new, the old, despised of gardeners, by far the sweetest, and the prettiest in growth. The buds of the moss rose are really unequalled. Tea roses are exquisite in form, but there is nothing to be said for their scent, and to keep pace with the new kinds is quite beyond me. La Marque and Gloire de Dijon seem recent to me, though the younger race think them as ancient as the Rose

de Meaux, the fairy-like creature of my childhood, now I fear extinct.

The big white lilies are looking magnificent in every cottage garden, and the little thorny Scotch roses, the red china ones, and many another are creeping over the cottages, though alas! the flame-coloured Austrian briar, which used to be the glory of the village, is dead. A tramp was overheard saying to his mate, 'Now what is a rose like?' He must have enlarged his experience before he had passed through the place!

Long ago, in that still pretty, well-gardened cottage, which stands sideways to the road and looks up the hill, we had an enthusiastic gardener, an amateur in that as in other things, but so good, so remarkably good—poor dear man!—that I must tell his history, since there is no one left who can be pained by it. He was a baker by profession, and made excellent bread, besides certain fair-complexioned plain buns, which swelled to a huge size in a cup of tea, and had a fame of their own in the neighbouring town where in later times I have seen spurious articles sold by their names. All he produced had that delicate nicety which belongs to the work of a conscientious man, who does everything with his own hands and on a small scale, a perfection never attained by machinery, which may prevent the very bad, but never attains to the very good. His was genuine 'home-made' bread, made with real yeast of beer. Ordinary baker's bread had, he said, a 'vinosity taste.'

His delight was however in his plants. He had ingeniously contrived to glaze over the great excrescence made by his oven at the back of his cottage, and put shelves over it, and in this primitive greenhouse he nursed geraniums and myrtle, and occasionally sold an extra one. He was also a real old-fashioned herbalist, and had one or two curious old books which I wish I could see with eyes better able to judge than I had in his time. He compounded drugs and gave his attendance and his medicines freely out of pure charity. It was really valuable doctoring in many simple cases. Union doctors were not. Parishes were supposed to be attended by busy surgeons, but this came to nothing. The lady in each parish had to be doctor, and make the best of the remarkable complaints she heard of. I remember a great white jug, where 'Jesuits' bark' was soaked before quinine in powder was cheaply attainable for the ague, which was then common in the parish. But the cure my mother thought the greatest was of a man of whom it was reported that

the doctor said his liver was no bigger than a pigeon's egg, and he might take what he pleased, so would she send an 'imposing draught?' My father really knew a good deal about medicine and sent a dose of calomel, and the man recovered. For ague one prescription in the next village was, among many others, to have a bandage round the wrists, lined with gunpowder and set on fire. Or to be led to the top of a mound, and violently pushed down! As a remedy for fits, to wear a ring of beaten sixpences given by six young women who had married without changing their surname; or to wear suspended from the neck 'a hair from the cross on the back of a he donkey.' Moreover, a gentleman's butler, feeling a lump or rising in his throat, swallowed shot to 'keep down his lights;' and chaney—crushed porcelain—was a favourite remedy.

But our little baker's was real herbalist treatment with simples, and as far as we knew, not empiric. By-and-by, during the illness of the good man who united the offices of clerk and schoolmaster, he fulfilled them *con amore*, and was appointed. 'My Lords' had not risen on the horizon, he could read, write, and cypher better than most men in the parish, and he was deeply in earnest. I believe there was no complaint of his discipline, though it was peculiar, and a row of naughty boys were set down to kneel at a bench with books before them, and hands tied behind. His copies too were remarkable. One was, 'A blind man's wife needs no paint.' 'Proverbs, sir, Proverbs,' he answered, when asked where it came from.

He kept a pair of felt shoes for the church, and it was a sight to see him, only wanting a frock to look a perfect lay brother, gliding about with a soft brush to the carving, which has never been so well kept since his time; and still more wonderful it was to see him when a dramatic passage of Scripture was being read, unconsciously acting it. To this hour, the Gospel for the Sunday in Lent recalls him, raising his chin as in the Syro-Phenician woman's entreaty, stretching out his hand to repel her—finally looking satisfied, all unconsciously, in intense attention; but resolution not to look at him was needful.

Alas! it was an excitable brain, and overtasked. He had two sisters, who lived with him, both partially insane though harmless; but he was often up half the night with one or other of them. Each, too, had a son (perhaps one was a stepson), and one of these was to assist in the business, but was pronounced 'Never to get beyond the A B C book of baking.' The other

was a cobbler, but both preyed upon him; his affairs became entangled, and things grew worse and worse. The village shopkeeper, the maker of the 'vinosity' bread, actually came in private to beg the clergyman to convey secretly from him means for the household, saying he had often known bad debtors, whom he himself had refused, go and get their bread from the good man's unfailing charity.

While the authorities were considering what could be done for the dear little man, came the first note of school inspection, very mild, entirely religious, by Archdeacon Allen. But the very idea was fatal. The good man told the Curate that he could not stand it; and knowing the distress he was in, he was assured that his school should not be examined; but the very notion, coming on all the rest, had developed the latent insanity. He was missed, and finally found in the river, to the lasting grief of those who had always loved and honoured him, through all his quaintness.

# CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXCVIII.

### 1745.

### THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

THE threatened attempt at invasion had forced George II. to remain in England with 12,000 soldiers, while Marshal Wade, in the Low Countries, had neither rank nor character sufficient to overawe the Austrian and Dutch generals, who, moreover, had brought so much smaller contingents than had been promised, that he could not make his intended advance into the French territory. However, Charles of Lorraine came up with a considerable army.

Then Louis XV. began to stir. 'If my country is to be devoured,' he said, 'it will be hard for me to see it gobbled up (*croqué*) without stirring to prevent it.'

When money enough had been collected, he set off for the army at Valenciennes, in unusually high spirits. He visited the hospitals and forts and tasted the patients' soup and the soldiers' bread, and when an envoy came from Holland to sue for an armistice, he replied, 'I know what you are come about. I will answer you in Flanders'—speaking with such animation and fire that he seemed at thirty-four years old to be awakening, and people asked one another, 'Have we got a king?'

Marshal Saxe took various small forts, and the French army seemed triumphant, till Prince Charles being joined by a far better general, Marshal Traun, crossed the Rhine at Philipsburg, and began to ravage that perpetual bone of contention—unhappy Alsace.

Louis was at Dunkirk when the tidings reached him, but he hastened at once to Metz, and all was in preparation for a great battle. 'A crisis is imminent,' he himself had written when on the night of the 4th of August he fell ill of a fever, and in a few days was in great danger. The Duchess of Châteauroux lodged in a neighbouring abbey (! !), but a gallery had been made by

which she could visit the king, and she, with her supporter, the Duke of Richelieu, at first excluded every one, and chiefly, the king's almoner, Fitz James, the Bishop of Soissons, a son of the Duke of Berwick, a Jansenist, good, upright, and with all his father's courage.

But on the 12th of August the king was so ill that the Count of Clermont, a prince of the Condé line, but in Holy Orders, forced his way in and then followed Fitz James. On preparing to say mass, the latter asked if the king would confess. 'Not yet,' said Louis; but he was uneasy, and two days later, when he had a fainting fit, he was filled with terror, and shrieked out for his confessor. The bishop came to him, and as soon as the interview was over, the king sent for the Duke of Bouillon. 'You can serve me now,' he said, 'I have sacrificed my favourites to what the Church requires from the most Christian king and the eldest son of the Church.' The bishop proceeded to the room where the Duchess of Châteauroux was waiting with her sister and the Duke of Richelieu, and told them that the king's orders were that the ladies should retire.

Richelieu had the insolence to declare that, in the name of the king, he opposed commands extorted at a moment of feverish excitement.

Then the bishop commanded that the tabernacles of the Host should be closed till the ladies were gone; and he won the day, so far as to expel them, even from the city, before he would administer to the king the last sacraments; and though he must have felt how little real repentance there was all the time, extreme unction was given, and all France was in a passionate transport of grief. 'He is dying for having tried to save us!' was the cry, and there were fervent prayers and bitter lamentations.

The queen was on her way to Metz, and so was the dauphin, his only son. The regular physician had entirely given up the patient, and a chance practitioner was allowed to come in, who gave him a violent emetic, the effect of which saved his life, so that the Paris doctor arriving at last, declared him on the way to recovery.

Thus, the poor queen was very coldly received; and to the dauphin his father would scarcely speak, supposing that the poor boy of thirteen had only come out of eagerness for the succession; and, indeed, he was never entirely forgiven, but was always an object of jealousy.

Richelieu was recalled. He was the king's evil genius, and he privately advised Madame de Châteauroux not to return without compensation for the humiliation she had suffered. Meanwhile the nation was in an ecstasy of thankfulness and joy, returning thanks in every church, writing addresses and poems without end to Louis *le Bien Aimé*, as he was termed, even apostrophising the dose which brought about his cure. Thenceforth, though the faithful Bishop of Soissons could not be punished, he was never allowed to come to court. Yet Louis never came within his diocese without receiving a strong letter of rebuke and exhortation.

His illness had slackened the proceedings of his generals, and though Charles of Lorraine was not forced to give battle, his retreat from Alsace was not hindered. Moreover, the King of Prussia, who had made up his mind to win Bohemia, had laid siege to Prague, which was surrendered in a fortnight's time. However, here his success ended. All Bohemia declared against him, either out of affection for their queen, or from dread of his troops, and the peasants fled to the hills, carrying off their cattle and provisions. Not a messenger, a guide, nor a spy could be procured; the Prussian envoys were seized, the communications cut off, the army began to suffer from hunger, and the French sent no troops to pursue the campaign, so that Frederick was obliged to retreat, and quit Bohemia altogether.

Louis, though quite recovered, did not endeavour to assist him, but spent his time in taking the towns of Lorraine and Alsace until the end of the campaign. When he returned to Paris for the winter, the people received him with ecstasy, and he was so much affected as to exclaim with tears, 'How sweet it is to be so much loved! What have I done to deserve it?'

Even then a wise counsellor or a good wife might have turned this touch of feeling to good account; but poor Marie Lecsinska was not only dull but stiff, cold, and unforgiving, and continued, if not to repel him, at any rate to make no effort for his recall; and though he was in a way fond of his daughters, to whom he gave the pet names of Loque, Chiffe, and Coche, he let them lead the dullest of lives, and left them almost uneducated till their brother the dauphin took them in hand, and actually taught them himself.

Louis soon summoned Madame de Châteauroux to return to him; but she exacted the banishment of all concerned in her expulsion. Louis did not consent in all cases, some being too

useful to him; but her plans were cut short in the midst, for she died after eleven days of illness, fancying herself poisoned.

The king did not mourn long. Jeanne Poisson, daughter of a rich tradesman, and wife of Monsieur Normand d'Etioles, a farmer of the taxes, was already laying herself out to become the prime power in the kingdom. When the king was hunting in the forest of Senart, near her château, she joined the chase, sometimes in the supposed costume of Diana, sometimes in a blue robe, in a rose-coloured phaeton. She was really beautiful, and very clever, and soon attracted the king. At a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, she contrived to drop her handkerchief. The king picked it up and restored it, and there was a general whisper, 'He has thrown the handkerchief.'

She pretended to be afraid of her husband, and thus made the king give her apartments at Versailles. To give her rank, she was created Marquise de Pompadour, and by that name ruled Louis and France for the rest of her days.

Under old Cardinal Fleury the finances had been well managed, and in spite of all their regular burthens, the peasantry looked well fed and cheerful; but the war brought them additional taxes, and the exactions, peculations, and mismanagement were frightful. Even when there was a tolerable harvest, people died like flies, of sheer hunger. One day the good Duke of Orleans brought in a loaf of bread made of powdered fern to the Council, threw it down, and said, 'Sire, this is the food of your subjects!'

Unfortunately he was a man of abrupt, shy, awkward manners, besides being a Jansenist, and no one heeded or cared for what he said. It is told of him that once when Mademoiselle de Clermont, daughter to the Duke of Bourbon, asked him to lead her to her stall in church, he blundered out, 'I know my place, I do not know yours.' The king, who at least was polite, handed her to a stall, and said, with great displeasure, 'It is only sons and grandsons of France who are privileged to be rude to ladies.' The Duke was always kept at a distance, and was much disappointed that he could not obtain the hand of one of the king's daughters for his son. It had been a year of disaster to the French, and finally Marshal de Belleisle and his brother, on their way home from Prussia, were arrested in Hanover and carried as prisoners to England.

Louis protested that the person of an ambassador was violated; but George II. coolly replied that he only knew of a hostile

general travelling in a country at war with France, and refused to surrender him.

Frederick was defending Silesia against Maria Theresa, who was endeavouring to retake it, trusting to the words of George, '*Ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre.*' And in the midst, worn out with illness and disappointment, died in his forty-eighth year the unfortunate puppet Emperor, Charles VII., on the 20th of January, 1745, his election having brought him nothing but misery.

It was in that same spring that Lord Orford died, after a long and painful illness. His last advice was full of characteristic shrewdness. The Duke of Cumberland sent to ask advice confidentially as to the means of avoiding being forced into a marriage with a Danish princess reported to be deformed. Lord Orford reflected a few minutes, and then recommended that the Duke should couple his consent to the union with a demand for a suitably handsome establishment, 'And believe me,' said the old statesman, 'the marriage will be no longer pressed'—a prognostic which was verified. Two noted sayings are attributed to Walpole. One was when history was to be read to him, 'I know that must be false;' the other, 'All men have their price.' But this was really, as he looked at a group of members of Parliament, 'All these men have their price,' a very different matter.

The king was unwillingly kept at home by reports of Jacobite restlessness; but the Duke of Cumberland was sent to take the command in Flanders, sharing his authority with the Austrian general Konigsegg, and the Dutch prince Van Waldeck. Among them they had 50,000 men of three nations, while Marshal Saxe had 72,000. He was, however, in a terrible condition—the effect of his dissipated life. He was dropsical, and had been tapped before joining the army, and he travelled on a wicker couch, which, however, he quitted, and mounted his horse on any token of battle, and his troops had the utmost reliance on him.

With these he invested Tournay, and the relief of this important fortress became the object of the allied forces. Louis XV. and the dauphin both joined the French army, which Saxe drew up on some low heights, with the village of Anhalt and the river Scheldt on their right, and in front Fontenoy, memorable already for a dearly-bought victory of the Prince of Condé. On the left was the small wood of Barré, and the passage of the Scheldt in the rear was secured by the bridge of Calonne.

It was an extremely strong position, but the allied generals had gained so many victories that they were undaunted, and the battle began at 6 A.M. on the morning of the 11th of May, 1745. The Dutch under the Prince of Waldeck were to assault Antoin and Fontenoy, while the Duke of Cumberland, with the British and Hanoverians, advanced on the left, detaching General Ingoldsby through the wood of Barré to storm the redoubt beyond it. Ingoldsby, however, found the wood full of sharp-shooters, and thinking them a larger body, went back to the Duke for orders, thus wasting much time. However, the Duke pressed on, in spite of a murderous fire, the compact mass of infantry gradually by its weight and firmness breaking through the French regiment, pushing onwards in spite of charges of cavalry, so as to threaten to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

If they had been properly supported by the Dutch, the victory would have been complete, and the king and dauphin taken. Marshal Saxe tried to persuade them to quit the field, but Louis would not hear of doing so, though he would not suffer his son to lead a charge against the enemy.

But the Dutch, after a first ineffectual onset, hung back and did not move, leaving Marshal Saxe at liberty to concentrate his full strength on the British. There was desperate fighting; but at last the column was forced to draw back, step by step, without confusion, the Duke at the last shouting to them to remember Blenheim and Ramillies, and thus they retreated to Ath, after a terrible battle, lost through Dutch cowardice or sluggishness. The French had lost above 7000 men, including Marshal de Noailles and his nephew, the Duke de Grammont. The English loss was 4041, Hanoverian 1762, Dutch 1544, also a few pieces of artillery, but no colours. The French could not attempt to follow up their victory by pursuit, but Tournay was forced by the treachery of the officers to surrender, and Ghent and Ostend were also taken by Marshal Saxe. Dettingen and Fontenoy were memorable as the last battles in which either a king of England or a king of France was engaged, and it is notable that in each case the royal firmness had its part in retrieving the day.

# STROLLING PLAYERS

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

### CHAPTER XV.

### ALLEN-A-DALE.

CLARENCE underwent some chaff from Alaric as to the 'sisters, the cousins, and the aunts' to whom he was to be introduced at Ousehaven. He took it soberly, and managed to conceal how intensely eager he was to go. He had no time to wonder what impression he might make himself; his whole mind was absorbed in the thought that he should see Juliet again, hear her eager talk, and have a right—yes, a right—to teach her and to advise her, and to protect her from every annoyance that might lie in her chosen path.

He arrived at the Wharf House in the afternoon, when they were all at tea in the garden; and there was a chorus of cordial welcome, a sense, delightful to him, of being received as their fellow-worker, as Lewis took him up to Miss Dorset, saying, 'Here, my dear aunt, is a candle that won't flicker quite as much as the Wills of the Wisp.'

'I hope you will all throw your beams as far as you can wish,' said Miss Dorset. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Burnet, and to know something of the young people's friends.'

'You are very kind,' said Clarence, gravely; 'but I ought to thank Sir Lewis for giving me a candlestick for the present.'

'Mr. Burnet,' said Juliet, with her eager appeal, 'you will persuade them all that a theatre is much nicer than a private house, won't you?'

'Hush, Jetty!' said Selva. 'As Mr. Pettifer used to say,

"Give us all time to eat and drink." I believe you and Lewis would be content with stage meals and pretence banquets.'

'We are not going to have much respite,' said Lewis, 'for we do "Midsummer Night's Dream" at a friend's house next week, and we have been planning and rehearsing for Clarebridge.'

'I have been quite idle,' said Clarence; 'my cousin likes to make me so. He enlarges my mind with novels and newspapers.'

'But don't you miss the acting?' said Juliet. 'I always feel as if I wanted to begin again.'

'I should miss it in a little while, no doubt,' said Clarence; 'but my holidays are few and far between. That I am at liberty now is because an engagement fell through, and because the redecorating of my uncle's theatre has taken longer than he expected.'

'Well, it's been very good luck for us,' said Lewis.

'But,' said Miss Dorset—and the quick-eyed visitor perceived that she was trying to make discoveries in this unknown 'stage-land'—'do you not get very tired of the public life night after night?'

'No,' said Clarence; 'that is our life—we like it.'

'There!' cried Juliet. 'They all say that caring for anything but the actual acting, the actual impersonating, is vanity and frivolity. Now is there not something besides? The—the sense of moving people—no, more than that—contact—a sort of magnetism. Even a poor little part is better than none, if you are in touch with an audience. It is not vanity; but they don't understand.'

'I should have thought,' said Agnes, as Clarence did not reply for a moment, 'that, if you were a true artist, you would think of nothing but your part.'

'No,' said Clarence; 'I think Miss Juliet is right. Perhaps it is the alloy of the gold; but where it does not exist, where the health and nerves make it impossible, the gold won't stand the strain. An actor must love his audience as well as his part. Besides,' he added, with a sudden flash of his black eyes, 'the material of our art is not only our own personality; it is the hearts and the souls of others.'

Clarence was generally a quiet person in private life; but he was capable of looks and sometimes of words which were memorable, and just now he was full of life to the finger-tips—more than himself.

Miss Dorset experienced a sense of extreme surprise. She gave Clarence a polite little bend of the head, and said, 'I can believe you, Mr. Burnet.' But 'the scheme' began to assume in her mind another aspect. She looked at Agnes' lovely face, at Juliet's glowing eagerness, and began to rake up in her mind the particulars of the romantic story of the Lambourne *mésalliance.*

'Well,' said Lewis, 'I'm a practical man—a manager should be—so if you have finished tea, and will walk round the garden with me, Burnet, we can discuss matters. Armytage dines with us to-night.'

'Is he included in the Clarebridge scheme, and Buckley also?' asked Clarence, as he complied.

'Armytage, of course. But old Mr. Buckley objects, and I won't encourage George against his desire. What do you think of his acting? Is it worth a stir? He suits us in many ways.'

'If he would work hard and take what he could get, he might make a living by it. But I shouldn't advise him to throw up any berth he may have already.'

'I'm afraid it's the alloy without the gold,' said Lewis; 'he thinks it's all beer and skittles, and fine society.'

Clarence laughed.

'Is that the result of Hildon Castle?' he said. 'But what are the Clarebridge prospects?'

'Well,' said Lewis, 'a man who has a place near there, spoke to me on the day we left Hildon. It seems that the theatre has been carried on hitherto on very old-fashioned lines, with a stock company and occasional stars, and that it has been the habit of the neighbourhood to patronise it, especially in October, when there are some local races and a ball, and the magnates come in from the country to the hotels. The tradespeople want to keep it up. It seems that they have been in the habit of producing old comedies and melodramas, and now and then Shakespere. However, it hasn't answered very well, and changes are impending. But Colonel Lincoln says that he thinks something might be made of it for October—that our names would attract, to say nothing of yours. I've had some correspondence, and I think of taking the responsibility and engaging as many of the old company as we want to fill up with. Here are the names and particulars. What do you say?'

'Farquharson? Oh! I know that old fellow,' said Clarence; 'he is a contemporary of my uncle's—very much of the old school. He doesn't go down now-a-days in London, but he has

the old training, can wear a costume as if it belonged to him, and fence, and so on. He's a very respectable man, and I think you would find him useful. I don't know much of the other names—but we could see. Those lingering stock companies sometimes get gentlemen who are trying their hands, and sometimes broken-down old stagers, who can get in nowhere else. The men are usually better than the ladies. There's a Miss Farquharson—a nice little girl enough.'

'We should only need one lady occasionally,' said Lewis. 'There's no question that my cousin must play the leading parts. It is my sister's wish that she should do so; but Agnes will play Lady Capulet and Celia, and take any part, not comic, that is vacant. We must arrange all that by-and-by.'

'Well, Sir Lewis,' said Clarence, 'of course the decision rests with you; but the time will suit me well, and if you decide on taking the theatre, I shall be happy to help you to the best of my power, on the terms I proposed. If you all intend to keep together, it seems the best plan.'

If Clarence had known better the exact state of Sir Lewis Willingham's finances, he might have been more slow to advise the risk; but, though the Wills talked of earning their living, it did not occur to him that they had no capital to back them up.

They discussed the details of the scheme a little more closely, and then Lewis was called off to speak to the gardener, and Clarence went back to the house alone. On the lawn he met Agnes, gathering flowers. The two halves of her life seemed to her so far apart, that the connection between 'the professional actor,' whom she had so dreaded, and the curate whom she had seen at Coalham, had never struck her till to-day, when she had leisure to realise Clarence in his own person, and the family likeness struck her for the first time.

She was so shy of the Coalham subject that she would not hazard a remark before her family; but now she asked, with the sort of distant gentleness that often marked her manner, if there was any relationship between them.

'Oh, yes,' said Clarence; 'he is my younger brother. He always had a strong bent in that direction; and my cousin Alaric sent him to a theological college. He is at home, at Monk's Warren, now.'

'I suppose,' said Agnes, 'that you did not hear him say if one of the other curates, young Mr. Merrifield, was better. I heard that he was very ill.'

'I did hear something about a Mr. Merrifield coming to preach at Monk's Warren. Mrs. Lambourne spoke of it one day.'

'Oh! that must be his cousin. How strange! Does he know Mr. and Mrs. Lambourne?'

'I don't know,' said Clarence. 'I never heard them mention him before. I believe Dick is very happy at Coalham and likes his work there. What lovely carnations you have! They have not got nearly so many different colours at Monk's Warren.'

'My aunts have had these old-fashioned sorts for a long time. They have quaint names, some of them. This is Ruffling Robin of Westminster, and this the Fair Maid of Kent.'

'I could remember those names,' said Clarence; 'but the Duke of Devonshire or the Princess something, as Mrs. Lambourne calls them, mean nothing.'

'You don't think, then, that a rose by any other name *does* smell as sweet?'

'No,' said Clarence, 'really I don't think it does.'

He had thought Agnes the stiffest of people, and had wondered at the admiration she excited, and was quite surprised to hear her talk pleasantly.

'Mr. Burnet,' she said, timidly, 'I hope you won't think I am rude; but we have all taken a great interest in Dolph. Do you think that he would be safe if he went on the stage? Wouldn't it be better if he went into a shop? You know he is just a working boy.'

Clarence smiled, but answered her seriously, 'You know I can't think that an objection. I am quite sure that Dolph could earn his living on the stage, and I think he has real talent. As for the safety, it has one advantage—if a boy is alone in a town, it occupies his evenings. Of course, it's easy enough to find bad company in a theatre; but if a fellow's a fool, he'll do that anywhere.'

'I suppose some managers are more careful than others?'

'Yes; my uncle will be extremely strict. I could get Dolph looked after.'

'I have often thought,' said Agnes, expressing her difficulties to the person she would have supposed most unlikely, 'if one was asked to act in a bad play——'

'I should leave that to the Lord Chamberlain myself,' said Clarence. 'But, for the matter of that, I have seen the same play so acted as to leave a very different moral impression in different hands.'

'Surely the drama is the greatest of educators!' exclaimed Juliet, who had come up while they were talking. 'Everyone must be the better for being moved by noble emotions, "purified by terror and pity," as the Greeks said.'

'There are a great many different emotions stirred up on the stage,' said Clarence. 'My cousin says that the beautiful art-angel trails his wings in the dust. But——'

'But *you* don't agree with him?'

'No,' said Clarence, after a moment. 'I shouldn't think much of the angel if he couldn't fight it out under the conditions of real life. His wings must be seen, even if they do get dirty.'

'Ah,' said Agnes; 'but I understand! It is not that I do not care for the characters in Shakespere; but I see them better in my mind when I read the play. Every attempt to express them jars and spoils them. Something goes wrong. No one can be like, for instance, Portia.'

'Agnes!' exclaimed Juliet, indignantly. 'Shakespere didn't think so himself. He wrote them to be acted. Why, one never half understands them till one begins to think through them—to *be* them. Mr. Lambourne couldn't mean that. Mr. Burnet, how *can* she think so?'

'Why, she is right,' said Clarence, with a thrill in his voice, 'and so are you. As we are artists, we are bound to try to copy the vision; but of course we cannot. The more we try, the more we see it to be hopeless; yet try we must, whatever sort of art it is; and we learn by trying.'

For once Agnes understood him the best, and understood also the saying, which she had always thought rather wicked, that art is a kind of religion. She saw an analogy. Juliet was a little awed. She was but a girl, and her special talent was much more developed than her general powers. She wanted to act parts, not to express passion or beauty.

'Thank you,' said Agnes, simply. 'I don't think I shall mind quite so much now.'

'Alaric made me see it so,' said Clarence; 'but the ideal does get pushed into the background. Oh, there is Dolph! What is he doing with that carving knife—rehearsing something at the window?'

'No,' said Agnes, laughing; 'he is laying the table and looking at you. He is supposed to help my aunt's butler; but the ideal is too strong for him.'

'May I go and speak to him?'

'Oh, yes! Would you like a Ruffling Robin for a button-hole? They are very sweet.'

'Thank you very much,' said Clarence, taking the flower and sticking it in his coat as he went to greet Dolph, who beamed with delight.

'Jetty,' said Agnes, with some hesitation, 'I have been unfair. I can't see my own way at all; but I ought to confess that Mr. Burnet is not trifling or frivolous.'

'I shouldn't think it mattered about confessing,' said Juliet. 'But anyone with eyes can see *that*.'

After dinner, Lewis, with an apology, asked Clarence if he would allow his Aunt Marion to hear him recite.

'That she may know the best as well as the worst of us,' he said.

'My cousin Alaric recites far better than I do,' said Clarence. 'I find it hard to recollect that I mustn't act the pieces. But what does Miss Dorset like?'

'Something blood-curdling,' said Lewis. 'She never goes to popular entertainments, so "Eugene Aram" would be a novelty to her.'

Clarence shook his head. He leaned a little forward over the table by which he was sitting, and began to repeat, as if he were relating a real experience, Hood's 'Haunted House.' It did not seem to Miss Dorset as if he took any trouble about it; his very slight gestures and the changes of his face and voice seemed to her accidental and spontaneous; but even Ernley Armytage (who did not regard him as altogether a welcome addition to the Wills of the Wisp) listened spell-bound as he gradually worked up their feelings to the shadowy and suggestive climax of horror.

Miss Dorset asked for another piece, and, after a moment or two, he moved a little more into the light, and gave them Sir Lancelot's account of his search for the San Grail, from Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' In the first piece he had only allowed them to think of the haunted house; but now they felt as if Lancelot himself, with his passionate yearning, his sin and his repentance, were telling the tale of the search that was almost successful.

'Oh,' said Agnes, 'that did not spoil it!'

'It is a piece of Alaric's,' said Clarence. 'He has a set of extracts from the "Idylls" which make a very pretty entertainment, with appropriate music in between. He is very fond of the

poem; but I don't take much to the rest of it. Lancelot is the only person I can quite realise.'

There was a little demur and discussion at this; and Miss Dorset, who was not sure that she liked anything quite so 'intense,' said—

'I suppose Sir Walter is out of fashion.'

'Oh, no!' said Clarence.

He started up and came forward and, with much more action, recited, first, 'Young Lochinvar,' and then 'Allen-a-Dale,' so as to delight the aunts and recall their early youth.

It had been a most successful evening; but Juliet went to bed with the discontent and dissatisfaction of the artist overpowering her pleasure and delight. Oh, she was a long way from skill o this sort! Would she ever be so sure of her effects as he? She could have been jealous of the skill and the power. Surely he must think her as little worth acting with as Miss Pettifer!

Juliet herself was growing, and her conceptions of her art must needs grow too.

'Well, Minnie,' said Aunt Anne, triumphantly, when the sisters were left alone, 'and what do you think of him?'

'I think that you are none of you as yet in danger of being mistaken for professionals; and I think, Nancy, that there are other bonny black eyes besides Allen-a-Dale's which might be put to a similar use. That's a *very* remarkable young man.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

### OBERON'S SPELL.

THE house of Lady Henry Grey, Lady Merrifield's elder sister, was by no means undesirable as a place of rest for a convalescent. She was the widow of a canon, very well off, and just invalid enough herself to feel absolved from everything that did not keep her comfortable and amused; but she was also very kind-hearted, and ready to do anything for anyone that did not cost her too much trouble; and likewise intelligent and sympathetic enough to make her a general confidante, especially of young ladies.

Sympathy, except from his mother, was, however, the last thing that Harry Merrifield desired, and he had exacted a promise from his mother that she would say nothing about his

troubles, a promise perhaps needful, for parents never quite get over the feeling that the affairs of their children are a sort of nursery concern, which they can discuss with their own contemporaries; and his aunt Emily was his mother's old companion-sister, with whom each heart always overflowed.

Lady Henry needed no ulterior cause for her nephew's illness; she was always ready to believe that curates were worked to death, and that the lungs of all her family required special care. Her sister had something of the like misgiving, for though the Merrifield side of the house was tough and healthy, it was undeniable that her son Harry 'took after' in appearance those of her own kindred who had been early cut off; and while he insisted on hurrying back to Coalham as soon as he was strong enough to walk a quarter of a mile, she had obtained an opinion from her sister's pet doctor that he ought to be carefully watched all the winter, or else sent for a few years to a warmer climate. It was true that Harry denounced the doctor as an old woman, and she was not far removed from the same notion; but she intended to meet her husband in London and get a first-rate opinion before making any more arrangements.

And whatever were Harry's schemes for the future, he was very languid for the present, and not able for more than a short turn on the esplanade and a drive with his aunt; and thus it was that, while his mother was gone to afternoon tea with some old friends of her military life, he was sitting in one of the easiest of chairs, dreaming over one of his aunt's Mudie books, and half-listening to the talk going on between her and one of the middle-aged young ladies who were always hovering about the house. When he began to attend, the visitor was reading aloud a letter from a sister, who, it seemed, was staying away from home.

'We had such a delightful entertainment at Ouseford Hall. I must tell you about it. Theatricals in the open air by the Wills o' the Wisp. I daresay you have heard of them—the Willinghams of Ousehaven. It seems that they were all ruined, as so many people are now-a-days; and so they have made their talents available and really act in earnest, in a semi-public way; so Mr. Marsden had them over for his *fête*, to perform "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was the loveliest thing I ever saw! Out in the park, you know, with splendid trees shutting in a green, mossy glade; and there were two tents in the rear to serve for dressing in. Lady Willingham was Titania: she is the sweetest little darling of a woman you ever saw—all in green

and silvery gauze over it; and she did look so saucy and yet loving when she swept off from Oberon, and so very pretty as she lay asleep. Oberon was very handsome—her young brother-in-law—but he was a little too stiff and proud in his bearing to her and to Puck, for he evidently was disgusted at his fairy costume. Puck was very clever, but not ethereal enough for the other fairies, and was somehow more like a naughty boy than a sprite, though everyone said his acting was wonderful, but it wanted the delicate edge that most of the others had; above all, Hermia and Helena, who were the two cousins, the Misses Willingham. Little Hermia was all fire and spirit, and some people admired her most; but to my mind, Helena was the more interesting. She is very lovely; not only a stage-beauty. There was something most pathetic in her pleading with that naughty Hermia, and she was so dignified when Lysander began to pursue her. In point of fact, Lysander is her own real lover, you must know: he is a Mr. Armytage, a naval officer and an Egyptian hero, just recovered from his wound. He is engaged to her, and they are only waiting to be married till these theatrical engagements are fulfilled. He is a fine, tall young man, and looked as big as Hercules in his Greek dress. He is well-off; and he was apparently not delighted to have the spell removed from his eyes. I forgot to say that a jolly old Irish major was Bully Bottom, and made himself additionally comical by speaking in a brogue, especially when he addressed the fairies. Most likely it is the last out-of-door performance this season, as the days are closing in. I wish we could get them to act for our Orphan Fund.'

'It must be very trying for those poor girls to act in the open air,' was Lady Henry Grey's comment; 'and the grass is always damp in September. It makes me shiver to think of it; I wonder Mrs. Marsden could think of such a thing.'

'Oh! no doubt she had the dew swept off beforehand.'

There was another arrival of visitors; and when presently Lady Merrifield came home, she found Harry close to the open window in the chill of sunset, with lips firm set and hands clasped over the arms of the chair, in a kind of congealed state.

He said nothing, however, and allowed her to suppose he had been half asleep, while his aunt apologised for not having perceived that the hot day had become cold. There was renewed cough—quite enough to show how needful care was; and he was ordered to bed immediately after dinner. When he had

gone upstairs, his aunt maundered about her regrets at having let him sit under the open window, but she had been taken up with the letter that Minnie Polwarth was reading from her sister, all about some theatricals acted by real ladies and gentlemen—so interesting—a baronet who had been ruined. Perhaps the company might be invited here. Lady Merrifield pricked up her ears, and thought that Harry's collapse might be accounted for.

It was a collapse. Harry was much less well, and was now seized with a desire to leave Brighton and go home, much to his mother's relief, though she did not fully understand the motive, nor his evident improvement in spirits, till one evening when she was sitting with him in the twilight, he suddenly exclaimed, 'I understand better now! If only she had told me so at once! She was engaged all the time!'

It had certainly done much to take out the sting of the rejection. Though convinced that her Lysander must be a good-for-nothing vain young puppy who wished to show himself off, or else would never have consented to the appearance of his ladylove, and though still auguring a descent like that of the heroine of Locksley Hall, Harry felt far less personally wounded than before.

Still, however, he hankered for extra and vehement work, though his lungs were pronounced to be in no state to bear any strain in an English climate. So, as his married sister in Ceylon had been writing of her clergyman needing a holiday in England, it was decided to send him out to her care.

The voyage was rendered less alarming to his mother's anxiety, since a friend of another aunt, Miss Mohun, was going out to rejoin the Zenana Mission after a rest in England, taking with her a young niece who had just qualified herself for the medical part of the mission. Harry was to regard himself as their escort, while the elder lady undertook to watch over his health.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A PETTY TYRANT OF THE FIELDS?

WHEN Clarence came back from Ousehaven, he found all the world of Monk's Warren in a state of excitement. A party of young workmen had torn down the gates erected by Sir James

Manningham, had been surprised in the process by his keepers, a row had been the natural result, the head keeper had been hurt severely, and two of the aggressors—Joshua Randall, the Coalham lad of whom Alaric had spoken, and a Monk's Warren boy called Tom Furlonger—had disappeared. Clarence was distressed at his cousin's trouble, but just now he found it hard to think about the question, the programme for the Clarebridge theatre and the plans of the Wills of the Wisp filling his mind. He had to meet Sir Lewis to arrange matters once or twice, and the staging of the Clarebridge plays seemed to him of the highest importance. After all, he had undertaken to play Orlando, because the old actor Farquharson fancied himself as Jacques, and it was a rare chance in these days, he said, to gain varied experience.

'Experience be hanged!' Mr. Belville, the actor-uncle, when Clarence went up to see him on business, said. 'You had a great deal better give your mind to *Raymond Rivers* in "One Soul and Two Faces." Two *minds* 'll never do. You and the author have evolved your conception, as you call it, together, and I hope you'll find it pay. I have my doubts: the public like their heroes all white, and their villains all black, not such infernally "subtle conceptions" as you young men go in for. And now you're not giving your mind to working it out——'

Clarence interposed in a hurry, and vowed that *Raymond Rivers* was never out of his mind, and Clarebridge made no difference at all. Had not he arranged the bills there on purpose to have three days free before the Clarebridge race week to come up for the final reading and first rehearsing of 'One Soul'? Wasn't it all the world to him?

'It is to me, Clarence—it is to me,' said his uncle, nervously. 'A new management, a new play, and a new leading actor, my boy, may well make a man shake in his shoes.'

'It is ten thousand times more to me,' said Clarence, passionately. 'Failure would be utter despair!'

Mr. Belville looked at him, and said nothing; while Clarence flushed all over and thought bitterly to himself that, though failure might be despair, he could hardly say that success was hope. But he did hope, or the life-blood could not have beat so hotly within him, he could not have felt so certain of his own powers. He was roused to greater interest in the local politics by a visit from his brother Dick, who joined him as he sat on

the terrace, studying, it must be confessed, Orlando, while Alaric was holding one of many vexatious interviews with Sir James Manningham.

The Rev. Richard Burnet possessed in full that delightful independence of family tradition which is congenial to the conscience or to the contradictiousness of youth, and to which those of his name were specially addicted. Clarence, however, let his relations, as his mother was wont to say, 'enjoy their own opinions,' knowing that successful sons reconcile parents to much; but Dick liked to instruct and convert them. He was a very good fellow in his way; but he was not made of nearly such fine stuff as his elder brother, and did not get on so well with his squire-cousin, of whose doings he often disapproved, and he had now come up to the Park with a letter in his pocket, as to which he felt it his duty to call Alaric to account.

'I'll give it to him, if you like,' said Clarence. 'Old Manningham's there now.'

'Ah,' said Dick, 'about the same matter, I suppose! You can see it if you like. It's a bad business.'

Clarence took the letter and read:—

'St. Cuthbert's Vicarage,
'Coalham, Sept. ——

'DEAR BURNET,—

'I have been greatly concerned to find that the police have been making enquiries here after Joshua Randall, a lad who used to be in my Bible Class, but who went, some months ago, to Monk's Warren, being employed there on building contract. It seems that he has got into some trouble as to trespassing, and that there is a warrant out against him. His friends heard a month or two ago, from some connections in the place, that he had not been going on well, and that he had joined some club, where he picked up theories of a Socialistic tendency. I wrote to the lad, but received no answer. As you probably know, I am coming to Monk's Warren on the 17th, to preach the evening sermon at the opening of Mr. Walton's Mission Church; but now my cousin is ill, I cannot spare the time to get there before the afternoon of that day. If you could find out a little how the land lies, I might perhaps do something to soften matters for the poor fellow. Is your cousin, Mr. Lambourne, likely to take a very severe view? Sincerely yours,

'DAVID MERRIFIELD.'

'Severe view!' said Clarence. 'Why, Alaric has been breaking his heart over that fellow ever since he went off.'

'Yes,' said Dick. 'But this is the point, don't you see, that it is at Alaric's club that he has picked up these dangerous notions, after Mr. Merrifield had taken such pains with him?'

'I'll be bound his notions would have been a good deal worse if Alaric hadn't got hold of him. Has this parson—he's not your boss, is he?—the wit to understand that, do you suppose?'

'Mr. David Merrifield is a most devoted worker,' said Dick. 'I shouldn't call him an eloquent man, but the Canon thinks highly of him. He doesn't, in my opinion, think quite enough of attracting the young and ignorant, and some of his workers find him unsympathetic. His services want style. A lady worker of his told me that he refused a banner of St.——

'Oh! hang up the banner on the outward wall—or anywhere else,' interrupted Clarence, impatiently. 'People shouldn't gossip about their own company and managers to outsiders. That has nothing to do with it. But Alaric has been worried enough about that young fool already, and I hope no one else is coming to be down upon him. Hush! there he is—looking bothered to death. He's a long way too nervous and sensitive for this sort of work.'

Alaric came out at the open library window, and nodding to Dick, looked over Clarence's shoulder at the book still open in his hand.

'How are you getting on with Orlando?' he said. 'And why have you got Rosalind all marked up in your book?'

'Oh, I have to look up the staging of the whole affair, you know!' said Clarence; but Dick broke in with some importance in his manner.

'Here's a message for you, Alaric, from Mr. Merrifield,' he said, as he gave him the letter.

'Yes,' said Alaric, briefly; 'I know Randall came from those parts. I have written already to Mr. Merrifield. Do you stay over the seventeenth, Dick?'

'Yes; I go back the day after. I am to read the second lesson.'

'Oh, yes; quite right,' said Alaric, rather dreamily; and, though Dick would have liked to hear him defend himself, somehow he was a little bit afraid of his gentle, soft-voiced cousin and presently took his departure. Then Alaric said—

'I shall never rest till I know what has become of those young idiots.'

'What did that old sinner want with you to-day?'

'Well,' said Alaric, with a half smile, 'he wanted to impress on me that, if I had not let people think my woods and my park were public property, no one would have thought it a hardship to be shut out of his. That's true, you know. Then he said that, as the men had shown themselves unfit for the privilege, the least I could do was to lock them out now, as otherwise it would be impossible to protect his property. There's something in that.'

'What did you say?' asked Clarence, curiously.

'I said that I knew tearing down the gates had only been the act of a few, and I thought that, if I made a path and a stile down by the old ice-house, they could get out into the road without crossing Oakfield.'

'Wasn't he content then?'

'Not at all. He said I was making it impossible for gentlemen to live in the country; and that he would have stood by me, shoulder to shoulder, in any such difficulty. So he would. He said—oh, well, he thinks I am a traitor!'

Alaric took the book out of Clarence's hand, and, half mechanically, began to pencil emphasis marks and annotations against Orlando's lines while he spoke. 'I wonder,' he went on, 'from what depths of human nature class-feeling springs. It's about the strongest thing out.'

'Quite insuperable, I suppose,' said Clarence, gloomily.

'It dies very hard,' said Alaric, 'even if passion ignores it for a time. Of course its action is modified by religion; but the instinct is never rooted out.'

'Classes had better avoid each other then, or swallow each other, like the crocodile and the catawampus.'

'No!' said Alaric, with sudden force. 'It's the devil's own work, and we've got to resist it both ways,' he added, with a laugh. 'You see, I get blows from both parties. Sir James is a good old fellow in his way; and Randall was a fine lad, with more stuff in him than we often find in the south. How he did enjoy Shakespere, and read it too, in his northern Doric! And here he goes and smashes other people's gate-posts for an argument.'

'It's rather a telling one,' said Clarence; 'and besides, no doubt it was a considerable lark.'

'Ah! The British squire can't see that point of view. No, no; that's beyond even me. Well, art is free. Orlando was a very bad match for Rosalind.'

'Orlando was a gentleman,' said Clarence; 'I suppose he had heaps of quarterings. It's not a case in point.'

'You must touch all the scenes with Ganymede very lightly,' said Alaric. 'It's very hard to feel that he didn't know the boy was Rosalind. Don't be too serious.'

'Most likely I shall.'

'Ah! wish I'd the chance!' He mused for a moment or two and then said, with a sudden change—

'I'm going to the club to-night. Nobody will be in tune for Shakespere. I shall try and talk the matter right out.'

'Do,' said Clarence; 'but don't worry yourself to death over it first.'

'Oh, no!' answered his cousin. 'When a man has such personal good luck as I have, the difficulty is to worry enough about other people.'

'Well, I have never known you find it difficult to worry yourself yet,' said Clarence. 'Come, now, coach me up in Orlando. I've no original ideas about him.'

Alaric sat down by his side, and the wistful look went out of his eyes, as he recalled his conception of the part, and soon springing to his feet, began to show Clarence how he thought it should be given. Like many nervous and excitable people, he got through life by his power of forgetting himself in the interest of the moment.

Clarence gave his whole mind to his business; but he never forgot for one moment that, in undertaking it, he was laying up future misery for himself.

(*To be continued.*)

# STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.

## IV.

THE first of the Greeks whom we see performing great exploits on the field of battle is Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, who came from Argos with Sthenelus and Euryalus at the head of eighty ships. Each of the Homeric heroes, though they all have the main characteristics in common, is yet made to stand out clear and distinct from the rest; and when once the lineaments of any one of them are firmly fixed in the reader's imagination it is impossible ever to confuse him with another. Diomedes is the youngest of the Greek leaders, and he shows it in several ways. He talks more of his father than do any of the others, and he has still some of the awe with which a youthful soldier may look up to a more tried and skilful captain (IV. 400). Withal he is of a furious and undaunted temper, a reckless fighter, meeting the gods face to face without awe or shrinking, wounding both Aphrodite and Ares, and daring even to level his spear at Apollo himself (V.). In the council his spirit is no less bold and careless. When Odysseus and Ajax return from their fruitless mission to Achilles (IX. *ad fin.*) and the chiefs in Agamemnon's tent listen to their report in speechless dismay, it is Diomedes who breaks the silence, and, frankly upbraiding Agamemnon for having condescended to entreaties, bids them let Achilles be, whether he choose to fight or no, and meanwhile take food and rest and be ready on the morrow to defend the ships and fight among the foremost. That same night he shares with Odysseus the peril of a night incursion into the hostile camp (X.). In the twenty-third book we see him taking part in the funeral games, winning the first prize for the chariot-racing, and pressing Ajax so hard in the single combat that the spectators think it wise to stop the contests.

In spite of this Ajax is a far greater man than Diomedes; he deserves, indeed, much more space than we can afford him here. If Diomedes presents to us a type of the heroism of youth, Ajax is the hero in his full manhood. Next to Achilles he is the best of the Greeks. As Achilles has his ships drawn up at one extremity of the encampment, Ajax has his at the other; these two can trust to their bravery and strength of hand to defend them (XI. 7 *ff.*). Of gigantic figure (III. 225 *ff.*), mighty

of limb, though not so swift of foot, he moves about the battle bearing his huge shield like a tower, and on him, in the absence of Achilles, all eyes are turned whenever there is extraordinary danger to encounter. He is a man of plain, simple speech, with little to say in the council, passed over more or less by the assembled kings—in no way a brilliant or showy character. When he and Odysseus, being the two chiefs whom Achilles loved most, go on their embassy to his hut, it is Odysseus who plies his eloquence. Ajax sits silent till Achilles has repulsed both the arguments of Odysseus and the pleading of Phœnix, then with a few grave words of disappointment, which, however, draw a more courteous response from Achilles than he had deigned to the others, he leads the way out of the hut (IX. 622 *ff.*).

His true place is in the field of action. We see him in the front when the Greeks are victorious; but he is at his best and greatest when the day is against them, when the ships are nearly lost and defeat and panic make the men of slighter mould fall away. If Achilles is the hero of Greek victory, Ajax is the hero of their defeat. His quiet, dogged strength and courage have to bear the brunt of the most terrible disasters. No one who has read the fifteenth and sixteenth books ever forgets how, when all the rest were cowering in the background, 'it pleased not the soul of great-hearted Ajax any longer to stand where the other sons of the Greeks stood apart' (XV. 674). Striding up and down the decks, he holds the ships almost single-handed; forced to yield, but yielding only inch by inch, and giving over at last because he recognises in it all the irresistible will of Zeus (XVI. 101 *ff.*).

It is chiefly due to him that Patroclus is recovered out of the hands of Hector (XVII.), and it is in the fighting over his body, when they are all in a desperate case, and Zeus has wrapt the conflict in black cloud, that Ajax shouts his prayer for light: 'Zeus, father, ah! draw thou the sons of the Achaeans from under the dark, and give us clear sky and sight to our eyes. Slay us, since it is thy will, but slay us in the light' (XVII. 645).

If unselfishness is to be reckoned an essential element in heroism—though this is rather a modern than a Homeric idea—Ajax is the greatest of the heroes. From first to last his mighty strength, which even Hector regards with dread, is employed neither for his own gain nor his own glory, but in the service now of some hard-pressed warrior, now of the whole panic-stricken host. He alone of the kings has two weaker men associated with him, Ajax the son of Oileus, and his own brother Teucer. They are not like the 'Therapontes' or squires, men *of* inferior rank who are attached to their leader as retainers. His equals in rank they simply depend on him for their efficiency as warriors. In VIII. 266 we have perhaps the best instance of this dependence. Teucer, who is the famous archer among the Greeks, is taking off the

Trojans one by one with his well-aimed arrows, but for each shot he steps forward a moment from behind the great shield which Ajax holds in front to hide him, and as each arrow flies home he steps back again and crouches close to Ajax 'like a child to its mother.'

The whole character of Ajax has a simplicity and a sort of pathos which one cannot attempt to convey in these short and inadequate remarks. He is interesting also as the hero of one of the plays of Sophocles, though the plot of the 'Ajax' has nothing to do with the episode of the Iliad.

Another hero who is interesting because we know him outside the pages of the Iliad is Odysseus. Here, as in the Odyssey, he is pre-eminently beloved by Athene, and if his share in the action of the Iliad is less than one might have expected, it is because his genius inclines rather to adventure than to war. Fighting gives comparatively little play to individual wit and daring, so that, except in the night expedition into the Trojan camp, he has no chance of running to the extremity of hazard and then extricating himself by a combination of boldness and cunning as he delights to do. In the Iliad then his chief rôle is that of the prudent counsellor and the eloquent speaker. Priam (III. 190 *ff.*) spies him from the battlements of Troy, a man not so tall as Agamemnon, but broader of breast and shoulders; and after Helen has answered his question about him, Antenor, an aged Trojan lord sitting by, recounts how Odysseus came with Menelaus on an embassy to Troy, and how Menelaus spoke trippingly and really very well; but Odysseus, though at first he would stand with his eyes cast down, clutching fast the rod and never swaying it back or forth, so that you would have called him a surly and witless man, yet, when he began to speak, sent forth a great voice and words like winter snowflakes, so that no mortal man could have rivalled him. We have one or two examples of such a shower of snowflakes. The first we have already referred to more than once—the 'gentle words' with which he turned the host back from their haste to launch the ships and gathered them in the assembly. Another is the speech in Achilles' tent (IX.). Ajax nodded to Phœnix to begin, but Odysseus caught him and began before the other could do so. His speech on behalf of Agamemnon and the Greeks is the appeal to reason and interest, as those of Phœnix and Ajax are an appeal to the feelings. The ships of Odysseus were drawn up in the very middle of the encampment. He only had twelve of them, so it is possible he felt the necessity of as much protection as he could get; but I believe his real reason for choosing that place was the greater facility it would afford for inquiring into other people's affairs and observing their ways. In the funeral games Odysseus wins the foot race (XXIII. 740 *ff.*), though it is by the intervention of Athene, who causes the lesser Ajax to lose his footing where the course is slippery with the blood of slaughtered oxen. In the

wrestling he has to do with Ajax the son of Telamon, and the contest ends in a draw (700).

We have said nothing so far about Achilles and Hector, the two central figures of the Iliad. These two stand apart from all the rest, not so much on account of greater valour and beauty and a more important place in the story, as because there enters into the character and history of each of them a new element, which makes 'heroism' a deeper and higher thing in them than it is in the other heroes. This is the tragic element. It seems that people in Homer's days were of the same mind as ourselves in this matter. They liked sad stories; the greater a hero was the sadder his story had to be; the gloom of a dark fate must separate him from the common, everyday mortal, must invest him with awfulness and place him nearer to the gods. At the same time there is a difference between the Iliad and a great deal of subsequent literature. The tragic possibilities of human existence have been worked out much more fully than they had been in Homer's day. Crime, remorse, the Nemesis which attends an insolent prosperity; disease which consumes inch by inch, punishment which makes life hideous yet does not destroy it; degradation, madness, despair—these are tragic realities which made themselves felt and claimed their place in literature long, even, before the old Greek world had passed away, and which now, in innumerable sequences and complications, make the darkest threads in the tissue of modern tragedy, while death, as death, is an evil comparatively mild and painless. It is indeed the wrongdoing of Paris, acquiesced in by the Trojans, which is overthrowing the city of Troy, and a reader very much bent on a moral will find here sufficient material for reflections; but the reader who will surrender himself to the spirit of the whole will feel that it is not in this that the real tragic interest is concentrated. It is much simpler and more straightforward, and is all comprised in the one word—Death. There is no poem in the world in which the grandeur of death—just death by itself—is more strongly brought out than in the Iliad. People felt then—in the way children do—that it is a very poetical thing to die, and especially poetical to die in one's youth or at the height of manhood. It was the most terrible, the most pitiful, the strangest and most sublime thing they knew. It was not held unworthy with them for a brave man to fear it. Death was not a slight thing, to be swallowed up and lost sight of in the passion for glory, the thirst for revenge, or the hope of immortality. Death was to abandon suddenly the light, the glory, and the reality of that upper air which a Greek loved and lived in with intense delight, and to wander, a forlorn and gibbering ghost, in some dim, cold region of the underworld, where all things are shade and emptiness, and hope and rejoicing are unknown—a region of utter loss and changeless misery. Hence it was a fearful and an inspiring thing to see a man moving within the shadow of it;

the awfulness was too great to need deepening by the invention of concomitant horrors, or even by the pathos of self-sacrifice. It is the death of Hector, as much and more than the consequences of it, which is the culminating point of the Iliad, just as it is the death of Achilles, foreknown and now close at hand, which gives his whole character its indefinable gloom and splendour.

But though Achilles and Hector are thus set apart from the rest of the heroes, they do not stand in absolute isolation. There are two warriors, Patroclus on the Greek side and Sarpedon on the Trojan, who serve as connecting links between these two central figures and the surrounding ones in the piece. Their place as leaders and their importance in the action are on a level with those of the ordinary leader, in the case of Patroclus normally below them; in position and typical characteristics each one is a slighter and somewhat exaggerated counterpart of the great warrior on his own side, while they also move all the time against the darkness of approaching fate, and the fall of Sarpedon at the hands of Patroclus serves as a prelude to Hector's fall in combat with Achilles, just as the intervention of Apollo to slay Patroclus serves to remind one that he is soon to work the death of Achilles himself.

Patroclus, as we have seen, is not one of the kings; his position is that of squire to Achilles, and to Homer's eyes this must have been a disadvantage. That this subjection was real we see both in the glimpses we have of him in the first and ninth books (I. 306; IX. 190), and clearer still in the eleventh, where Achilles sees Nestor conveying some wounded Greek from the field, and wishing to know who it is sends Patroclus to discover (XI. 596 *ff.*). Nestor receives the messenger eagerly; but Patroclus, apprehensive perhaps of a yarn, tries to get away as soon as his errand is accomplished, pleading that he who sent him is a hard man, one to be dreaded, quick to blame even without cause. Nestor, however, never lets anyone off; taking simply no notice of Patroclus's expostulation, he plunges into a long speech and deluges his victim, a-tiptoe to be gone, with one hundred and forty-five lines of advice, appeal and history, in the course of which he reminds him in so many words that he is an inferior person to Achilles (765). Nevertheless, Homer has given Patroclus a worth and a charm of his own—a worth and charm which lie altogether in the character of the man. Here and there one comes across a Homeric warrior, who is said to be pre-eminent for gentleness, and Patroclus is the chief of these. In the little that we see of him before his short day of battle in the sixteenth book, we remark his courtesy and patience, his sorrow for the sufferings which Achilles's wrath has brought upon the Greek, his tenderness for the wounded. And after his fall it is not alone the fierce and passionate grief of Achilles which bears testimony to his loveableness; the Greeks

fight to recover his body with a sort of remorseful good will, remembering 'the lovingkindness of the hapless Patroclus'; Briseis mourns over him, and the kind promises he made to comfort her in her captivity; while, standing apart from the struggle, immovable in spite of all that Automedon can do, the immortal horses of Achilles bend their heads to the ground in tearful lamentation for their charioteer (XVII. 425). The sixteenth book shows us Patroclus under a new aspect, fired with all that energy of daring, that reckless and headlong courage which belong of poetical right to man's last battle. His gentleness gives place to a momentary brilliant fierceness: he is impatient to slay. The nearer the end is the more swift and vivid is the story. Every stroke Patroclus strikes, his call to Meriones to bid defiance not in word but in deed (620); the jest with which he sees Kebriones the light-footed dancer tumbled head foremost out of his car (737); the increased amplitude of description; the blow from Apollo's open hand which strikes panic to his heart and loosens his mighty knees; the end, with Hector stripping off the armour which Achilles had given his friend to wear; all this is seen, felt, gone in a moment, and by the very rapidity of it in the face of what is to follow gives a sudden novel grandeur to the figure of Patroclus.

The greatest of those whom Patroclus slew, 'what time the gods called him deathwards' (692), was Sarpedon, the Prince of Lycia. Patroclus, as we have seen, was not blest with any magnificent appendages to life. He was in the service of another man; he had no followers, and, as far as we know, no wealth of his own. All he was worth lay in himself; he had neither rank nor authority to catch the eyes of those who could not see anything in him as a man. In all this Sarpedon is a contrast to Patroclus; wise and valiant, he is at the same time the most princely and magnificent personage of the Iliad (e.g. XII. 310 *ff.*). Moreover, he is the son of Zeus, and the object of much paternal solicitude. Lycia his home is a most rich and goodly land, and he himself has come to the war splendidly equipped and attended. His bearing is of royal dignity. He is conscious of high place and of great honour, but not in the least encumbered by this consciousness, and proudly alive to the fact that his prowess must prove worthy of his grandeur and the glory of his birth. His fall is the debt which he must pay to fate. Zeus mourns the necessity, but is unable to avert it; yet the lordly Sarpedon is never so magnificent as when glorified by the sorrow of Zeus, tended by Apollo, and borne by the swift twin convoyers Sleep and Death, he arrives at last far from the noise of battle in the rich land of broad Lycia (XVI. 665 *ff.*).

There is no close personal tie between Hector and Sarpedon as there is between Achilles and Patroclus, though Sarpedon is one of the most important allies of Troy; it is natural there should not be, for each of

them is not merely in himself a hero, he is also and in the first place the head and arm of a state in whom mere comradeship might seem a departure from necessary dignity.

It now remains for us to study those two characters which stand at the head of all the rest, and in different ways present us with the fullest type of the Homeric hero. The lines on which our study of them will be made with most advantage have already been indicated in our short preliminary account of Patroclus and Sarpedon. We have seen Patroclus, the warrior denuded as far as he well can be of external advantages, without command, without wealth, without influence, contrasted with Sarpedon whose greatness has all the support accruing from royalty with its dignity and its crowd of dependents. A contrast, similar though not so extreme, exists between Achilles and Hector, and it is by carefully considering it in the various points which the fuller delineation renders possible, that we shall, I think, be best enabled to see them accurately.

It would not have been consonant with the Homeric idea of 'heroism' to have made Achilles a 'squire of low degree,' or to have sent him to the war without a company of followers under him. He came from the Pelasgic Argos with fifty ships at his back: his people were those called Myrmidons, and Hellenes and Achaians. He himself was the son of Thetis, a sea-goddess whom the Olympians had forced to wed a mortal man, and of Peleus who traced his line to Zeus. Achilles was thus of the right heroic lineage; but this did not bring with it much more than merely personal advantages. Peleus does not seem to have been a powerful prince: in the glimpses one gets of him he appears as a rather dreary old man living alone, for Thetis has been his wife for a while only by compulsion, and has now gone back to her home in the sea, retaining nothing but her affection for her son, and her willingness to help or console him if he calls to her in trouble. Achilles has thus no particular background of ancestral greatness and prosperity, or even of present family importance. He has almost as little dominion as Patroclus. His place in the field and in the council is not yielded to him as his own in right of rank and princely power, it is his by right of personal valour and that strength and impetuosity of nature which forces even the reluctant to acquiescence and respect. The very fact that his pre-eminence is not due to the ordinary causes; that he stands the equal of Agamemnon yet on quite a different footing, Agamemnon being the nominal, official chief of the host, and Achilles by far the greatest warrior, serves further to increase his isolation from the other heroes. They are astonished at him; he is careless of them. They cannot spare his arm in battle, but they could well dispense with his fiery presence in their councils, and with the perplexities involved in his rivalry with Agamemnon. He is loyal to the general aim of the

war; haughtily content to take the hardest and most perilous of the toil, and abandon to others the best of the spoils, but at the same time passionately jealous of the greatest share of glory, impatient of control, quick to resent whatever seems to put him in a line with the other chiefs as having a right to only equal honour. Two circumstances contribute to intensify this wilfulness. In the first place, Achilles has had placed within his choice what for others is reserved to the inscrutable determination of fate. The alternative of a widely differing life and death has been offered him, and of his own free will he has chosen a short life filled with honour and glorious deeds, and then death before the walls of Troy, rather than great length of days in dull and indolent obscurity. The thought of how dearly the glory has been purchased thus quickens and inflames his thirst for it, as it does too his impatience of insult; whilst the fact that his own deed and his own will have brought him here in the certainty of death, naturally seems a ground for demanding that everything else shall yield to his will also. And in the second place, this wilfulness has nothing to check it in the way of natural ties and responsibilities. There is no one but himself who can claim of right to be affected by what he does or does not. To win renown for himself he has lent the Greek host the power of his arm and his impetuous might in war; but the renown won or lost there is no one but himself to have personal interest in the matter; no city or family to be adorned by his fame or disgraced by his defeat. He stands as loose from the ordinary ties that bind men to life as single, as irresponsible, as untrammelled in every way as he can possibly be; and it is in this personal isolation and irresponsibility that one must see the explanation of that obstinacy and recklessness of others' suffering which went so near to prove the overthrow of the Greek host.

In the case of Hector we have the contrary of all this. Where Achilles is free and unimpeded, Hector is surrounded on all sides by ties and claims of the most sacred and imperious kind. He is not like Achilles fighting merely for glory and for his own hand. On him depends the defence or the fall of a great and majestic city. It is in him that the aged Trojan lords, too feeble for battle, and the Trojan ladies with their trailing robes have placed all their trust and hope of safety. And he has in his hands lives yet dearer and more his own. Priam, his aged father; his mother, Hecuba; Andromache his wife; his little son; his many brothers, less valiant than himself. These all confess their complete dependence on him, and confidently commit themselves to his valour. All the glory he wins is their glory. He is their pride as well as their defender; and, on the other hand, he is aware, as they are too, that in his fall they all must fall—that his death must be destruction and dishonour to their home, death to the men and slavery to the women of his house.

And he is not only fighting for the safety of others, he is also fighting for the wrongdoing of others. Hector had no hand in that treachery of Paris which brought down the Greeks upon Troy. Troy made the wrongdoing her own by receiving Helen and deciding to make war for her; then the question widened into a national one, where the first point at issue was nearly lost sight of in the mere trial of strength and determination not to yield on either side. Hector then has no choice but to take his place in the contest. The ancient fame of Troy is at stake; every Trojan is dragged into the quarrel; his part, too, is assigned him by the movement of events, he has but to play it out.

This is 'heroism' under a different aspect from what we saw in the case of Achilles, and the difference is extended also to the position and native circumstances of the two. Where Achilles borrows as little as, to Homeric ideas, is possible from the glory of ancestry or country, Hector is accompanied with all the honours and majestic associations connected with kingship in a rich and glorious city. Troy was the ruling city of an ancient, well-peopled, and fertile region, and Priam, the father of Hector, was king there. Priam is too old now to wield any longer his good ash spear; he can only sit in council or give and receive the oaths of treaty. But he is still the king of Troy, and his presence, which serves as a link with the bygone glories of his house, adds to, rather than diminishes, the magnificence of Hector, who has already inherited his place in the conduct of the war.

Thus, so far as character is conditioned by circumstances, Achilles and Hector stand in entire contrast to each other. Hector is the hero whose lot is decreed for him beforehand—the central point on which turns the fate of many, whose means and aims are all mixed up with those of other people, whose power is as much that of command as it is of personal valour. His warfare is a defensive one, and that in the cause of all that is most sacred to the hearts of men. Achilles, on the other hand, is that type of hero which seems to have been particularly congenial to the Greeks; one whose powers and worth are summed up in his own person; who, untrammelled by the claims and necessities of any lives besides his own, has a free hand and a free will to encounter anything that the gods may send him, and whose lack of exterior support in the way of wealth or dignities is more than compensated for by this freedom.

The details of the two characters carry on and illustrate the general outline. Heavy responsibility forces upon a man a certain gravity and self-repression. He learns, on the one hand, forbearance towards faults and wrongdoings which it is now too late to remedy, and, on the other, a self-control which forbids any expansiveness in pity or tenderness. It is this self-repression which is the first thing that strikes one in the character of Hector as a man. Now and again there is such a burst

of vehement impatience as breaks out against Paris when he avoids Menelaus (III. *ab init.*), but in general Hector does not let himself go in useless reproaches. In the sixth book, for instance, he goes to the house of Paris to require his return to the field. His words are grave and ironically courteous, imputing his absence to wrath, not to cowardice, and deprecating a further display of it. Paris answers with voluble promises and excuses; Hector answers him never a word. His silence urges Helen to an outbreak of eloquent self-accusation and apology. Is not she, dog that she is, the cause of all? and is it not on him has fallen the worst of the toil? She begs him to rest and refresh himself in their house. Hector meets her with the same silence. He does indeed refuse her invitation with due courtesy; he desires her to stir up Paris to the war, and says how his soul is bent on defending Troy; but he neither excuses her to herself nor yet assents to her eager self-reproaches: he simply passes them over (VI. 310 *ff.*).

This same control heightens the pathos of the famous scene with Andromache a few lines farther on. He has gone to his home to see her, but not finding her goes on to the Scaean gate and meets her there with her little son and an attendant. Hector smiles, looking in silence on his child, while Andromache begins her gentle, wifely pleading that he would spare himself, which rises soon to a passionate appeal to him as all she has in the world. And the answer of Hector, with its sadness, its unflinching realisation of what his fall will mean for her, and its almost severe injunction to her to go home and mind her woman's work, shows again in every word the stern collectedness of a man who is face to face with the darkest and most terrible possibilities—nay, certainties—for himself and his house, and for that very reason cannot afford to foster in himself or another any luxuriance of sorrow or impetuous affectionateness.

This episode reminds one also of another characteristic of Hector's—his piety towards the gods. The object of his coming to the city was to order a procession of Trojan women to the temple of Athene, with an offering and supplication for the deliverance of Troy. Hecuba, his mother, to whom he gives this in charge, begs him to take wine for his refreshment and for libation to Zeus; but Hector says he dares not offer libation with unwashen hands—libation from hands stained with blood is not pleasing to Zeus. This refusal exemplifies his whole attitude towards the gods. It is one of awe and religious acquiescence, only quickened into fiery energy while the belief lasts that they are fighting on his side. It is natural that there should not be many details about the person of Hector or about his life in times of peace. As a matter of course, he was goodly, and great, and royally equipped. He is called Hector of the shining helmet, Hector the tamer of horses. Helen, taking up her lament over his dead body, recalls his gentleness

and courtesy in defending her from reproaches. But there is not much more told, naturally, for Hector is less an individual hero than the champion and representative of a house and city.

Such personal details are given much more abundantly in the case of Achilles. Homer is careful to tell us of his pre-eminent strength and beauty, of his yellow hair, his swift running, his immortal horses, and the splendour of the divine armour which Hephaistos forged for him. He is skilled in music, and Cheiron, the most righteous of the Centaurs, taught him the use of herbs to allay the pain of wounds. Besides such things as these there is an extraordinary vividness and significance about each appearance of Achilles. What he is and what he does is the one thing that enthrals the poet himself as well as his hearers. Surroundings and consequences are nothing. Achilles alone is everything, and so, with the unconscious but perfect art of complete imaginative realisation, every episode, from the dispute with Agamemnon to the surrender of Hector's body, is made to add something to the delineation of him. In every episode, however, the fundamental characteristics are necessarily the same. In all the key-note is found to be a certain headlong force and vehemence of nature which brooks no resistance on the part of men, and even towards the gods vents itself in reckless bursts of passion. Whatever Achilles does, he does in extreme. His anger, hardly restrained by Athene herself from actual violence, masters him altogether; he bemoans himself to his mother with the tempestuousness of a child; no pity or remorse can soften him, no eloquence persuade him; his wrath simply has possession of him and governs him without stint or abatement, till, in its turn, it is overwhelmed by a new and stronger passion, and forgotten in the grief for Patroclus. Then his grief is as vehement and as utterly uncontrolled as the wrath had been. He casts himself upon the ground; he weeps, groans, beats his breast, tosses from side to side on the earth for all a sleepless night; paces the sea-shore, calling piteously on his dead comrade. The vengeance he takes for him is equally reckless, reaching even to barbarity in the burning of twelve Trojan youths upon the funeral pyre, or the savage delight with which he drags Hector's body to the huts in the sight of all the city.

All this passion and energy, isolated by its very force from the movements around it, is isolated also in its aim. It is his own honour that Achilles is vindicating, his own friend whom he is avenging. The general cause, since it has chanced to run counter to his thirst for glory, is lost to view. Single he sits apart by the huts of the Myrmidons; single-handed he sweeps the Trojans right back to their city gates; and when we see him in the company of the other chiefs he is always in an attitude of opposition, whether hostile or not. It would take too long to recall each scene in which Achilles takes part, and attempt to show

with what art his figure is made to stand disengaged from all around it. There is, however, one scene which seems to sum up and crown all the rest, and that is the splendid bit in the eighteenth book, where Ajax and Menelaus are struggling back to the ships with the dead body of Patroclus, and Achilles, alone and without his armour (for Hector has taken it as spoil from Patroclus), comes and shouts over the trench, and by the mere terror of his voice drives the Trojans back in confusion. Probably every one knows Tennyson's rendering of this; still, it is impossible to leave it out:—

'So saying, light-foot Iris passed away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringed aegis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreathed a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous war
For their own city, but with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbours round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendour went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor joined
The Achaeans—honouring his wise mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away
Called; and a boundless panic shook the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a town,
So rang the clear voice of Aeakides;
And when the brazen cry of Aeakides
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirled
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burned, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reeled the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.'

A hero of this sort is naturally the one for adventures, and, though there is not much scope for such in the action of the Iliad, we have at least one example of Achilles encountering the marvellous. This is the story of his fight with the river (XXI.). He has cast so many slaughtered

Trojans into deep eddying Scamander that at last the river-god rises up in wrath and pursues him with such speed and fury that even swift-footed Achilles barely keeps ahead of him and is at the point of perishing. However, Athene and Poseidon come to hearten him, and Hephaistos, at Here's bidding, sends a blast of flame which consumes the plants and living things by the river and threatens Scamander with such ravages that he gives up the chase and draws his waters rushing back to their bed. This race with the river is the weirdest and wildest thing in the Iliad. It shows us Achilles under a new aspect; adding to the splendour of his exploits in war something of the wonderfulness of those heroes who took far journeys into unknown countries and slew fabulous monsters. It suggests, too, another point—the relation of Achilles to the gods. We have remarked the piety of Hector. The attitude of Achilles can hardly be described as one of piety. His intercourse with the gods is, of course, far more familiar than that of Hector. Like the greatest heroes of the old days, he is akin to them, and, in the eyes of men, invested with something of divine brightness. Hence his waywardness is not much inclined to submit patiently to their will. On the contrary, he is even successful in imposing his wishes upon them for a time, and rendering apparently doubtful the destined victory of the Greeks. Athene, as we have seen, is the deity who, next to Thetis his mother, interposes most often to control or assist him; yet it can hardly be said that Achilles relies on her, still less looks up to her with anything like reverence. As towards men, so also towards the gods, his attitude is determined by that force and passionateness of nature which makes him throw his whole self without reserve into the life of the moment, and leaves no room for subordinate instincts of piety.

In the last book of the Iliad alone there is a pause and something like recollectedness, which suffers him to look abroad upon the ways of gods and men, and experience the grave quiet which is the fruit of such contemplations. The great deed has been done; Hector is dead; Patroclus is avenged, and his spirit satisfied with splendid funeral rites. Moreover, Achilles has gained his point with Agamemnon; the quarrel is made up; the haughty son of Atreus has been grievously humbled and made restitution. And now the end is close at hand. The death of Hector, as he well knows, is the near precursor of his own. He looks forward to no more opportunities of glory; the honour he chose is won; the day he chose is upon him. So there is in all his behaviour an unwonted calm, half exhaustion, half expectancy; the lull after a terrible storm. It is in this mood Priam finds him when he comes to ransom the body of Hector, and though the fierce spirit does more than once flash out again it only serves to heighten the gentleness and courtesy of his bearing, and the still and far-seeing melancholy of his words, when the momentary burst is over.

But the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad is one of those things which only the most presumptuous stupidity would take in hand to expound.

F. HAYLLAR.

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## STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.—IV.

### *Questions.*

JULY.

13. Compare Homer's method of delineating character with that of any modern novelist.

14. Who are the following heroes, and what part do they play in the Iliad?—Antilochus, Idomeneus, Sthenelus, Machaon, Eurypylus, Glaucus, Pandarus, Dolon, Polydamas, Antenor, Deiphobus.

15. Give some account of the most important single combats of the Iliad.

16. What are the arguments used by Odysseus and Phœnix to induce Achilles to return to the war?

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# Church History Society.

## THE REFORMATION.

### II.—The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg.

*Questions for July.*

25. Show the chief steps by which Luther passed from a mere attack on abuses, to renunciation of Papal Jurisdiction and Church Order.

26. What do you know of—α. The Schmalkaldic League; β. The Origin of the term 'Protestant'?

27. Give a slight analysis of the Confession of Augsburg, emphasising any two of Luther's distinctive doctrines; or

Name any Edicts and Decrees of Diets during this period for and against Lutheranism.

28. Who were Miltitz, Von Eck, Carlstadt, Melancthon? (Average of twelve lines each.)

Books recommended: Hardwick's *History of the Articles;* Aubrey Moore's *Lectures on the Reformation;* Hardwick's *History of the Christian Church;* Ranke's *Reformation in Germany*, vols. I. and II.; Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*, 2s. 6d.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.

*April Class List.*

*Class I.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Water Wagtail . . 40 | Etheldreda . . . 38 | Honeysuckle . . . 32 |
| Hermione . . . 39 | Ierne . . . . . 35 | |

*Class II.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Λαμβδα. . . . . 28 | Gooseberry . . . . 27 | *Fidelia Stokes . . . 20 |

*Class III.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Molly . . . 19 | †Laura . . . . . 16 |

Three answers only. † Two answers only.

REMARKS.

13. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Ierne* have given excellent descriptions of the Renaissance in Italy. Everyone should have noticed the Paganism of the movement in Italy, where men, as it were, said:

'Fain would our lawless hearts escape,
And with the heathen be,
To worship every *beauteous* shape
In fancied darkness free;'

forgetting that we cannot be 'as the heathen,' either in their virtues or their vices. What wonder that, e.g., Platonic discussions on the immortality of the soul took the place of a belief in the Life Everlasting of the whole man, soul and body. *Gooseberry*, *Miss Molly*, and *Stokes* give the Latin Renaissance of the fourteenth century well, but omit the far greater Greek Renaissance of the fifteenth, when the Council of Florence and Fall of Constantinople brought Greek teachers to Italy, and when the treasures of Greek Literature and Art were almost daily brought to light.

14. Several have described well and fully the Florentine Humanists, but *Water Wagtail* has really made a beautiful picture of the Courts of Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici.

15. The Pontificates of Nicholas V. and Pius II. are best done by *Hermione;* the Four Elements of Change by *Water Wagtail.* For the benefit of those who have not Milman, we will mention that these were: I. The Progress of Human Intellect and Thought; II. The increased study of Classic languages, leading to the study of Holy Scripture in the original tongues; III. The formation of modern and specially of Teutonic languages, leading to translations of the Bible and other works into the Vernacular. The Vulgate was thus discredited on both sides; IV. Invention of Paper and Printing. Of course, as one Member says, 'This is only Milman's view,' alluding presumably to his rather tiresome iteration of 'Hierarchical and Papal tyranny.' Still it is well to look at history from various points of view, and we are not bound to agree even with so charming a writer as Milman.

16. Very good lives of Savonarola from *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Water Wagtail. Honeysuckle:* We can hardly say he opposed culture (though Leonardo da Vinci says so in *With the Immortals*). For he made his monks study Holy Scripture in the original, as well as the Vulgate; and he purchased the famous Medici Library when it was in danger of being broken up. It is most unlikely that any treasures of Literature, except distinctly wicked ones, perished with the Vanità. It was Florence, not Constance, in which he preached. To show some who sent sketchy papers what might be made of this subject, Bog-Oak will give the points touched on in various papers. *As Preacher:* The Members note his early inability to preach; the style of his Reform, especially in St. Mark's; the effects of his Reform; his three watchwords; the subjects of his discourses; the burning of the Vanità; his denunciation of ecclesiastics, especially of the Pope. *As Patriot:* His resistance to Lorenzo; his influence in the revolution which expelled the Medici; his mission to Charles VIII.; the organisation of the new government. *As Prophet:* His words, '*Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter;* his foretelling the coming of Charles VIII.; the Plague; the punishment of Brescia; his own and sundry other deaths; his giving way under torture on this one subject, and his end.

Bog-Oak begs such members of C. H. S. as have her private address not to send papers there during July and August. She will be away part of those months, and no book packets will be forwarded.

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## HOW THE STORIES COME.

### Alphabetical List of Names.

Frances Awdrey.
Mary Bramston.
Christabel R. Coleridge.
Anna H. Drury.
Edna Lyell.
Annette Lyster.
Author of 'Mdlle. Mori.'
Katharine S. Macquoid.
Louisa Molesworth.
Moira O'Neill.
Frances M. Peard.
Eleanor C. Price.
Helen Shipton.
Esmè Stuart.
Charlotte M. Yonge.

# The China Cupboard.

## ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 120.)

### *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

### DEBATABLE GROUND.

It is stated that the efficacy of reproof depends entirely on the mode in which it is administered. Is this so?

Many good papers have been sent in. *Paper Knife* and *The Muffin Man* are selected as showing different views, *Daffodil* as showing that the efficacy depends *much* on the receiver. Chelsea China agrees, but she thinks the mode of reproof makes more difference in proportion as the receiver is ignorant and undeveloped—i.e. with rough boys and girls the manner is almost everything. And the reproof is not always efficacious because it is taken good temperedly. Some people had rather be scolded than let alone. Chelsea China is sorry not to have space for an excellent paper by *Felicitas*. *Pellegrina*, *Dame Mary*, *Blackbird*, *Shamrock*, *Taffy*, and *Telemachus* have also sent good papers. Some have lost time by not seeing that the *justice* of the reproof is of course pre-supposed.

*Paper Knife* says: By real reproof one means power of sending a culprit to face the truth about himself. It is efficacious when, both parties having lost sight of personal considerations, the culprit accepts direct or indirect consequences of his fault, and the reprover strives to give such aid as will render its repetition unlikely or recognisable; thus the efficacy of the reproof not only depends on how it is given, but very much, perhaps more, on how it is taken. The difficulty in treating reproving as a fine art lies in the fact that its reception and its production have usually been carried on at different periods of existence. We often cease 'to be scolded' justly and directly just as our own endeavours to 'scold' justly and directly have made us perceive the dfficulties of finding time, place, and tempers of two people really adapted for the objective and subjective purposes of correction. No doubt the cultivation of power of taking a reproof would prolong beneficially the days when people we like will say what must be said about us to our faces, instead of, or at least in addition to, their regrets behind our backs. In theory, a reproof is efficacious from recognised authority, especially a great authority or a great friend, and when conditions of time, place, and person are observed. A reproof is by no means less stinging when it does full justice to our good intentions, our position, and our merits. 'Sir,' said

Louis XV. to his general, '*we* have both been very unfortunate.' Though perhaps it is simpler and kinder to punish than to reprove any definite fault in children—even a child deserves some consideration, and a disproportionate or capricious reprover loses influence very rapidly. Justice is always valued. At the same time unjustifiable but spirited reprovers often succeed, although they speak before people, untruly, with no regard for feelings, etc. One reprover may do anything with people, and another puts up their backs before a word has been said. If in later life one is able to find a reprover and *wants* to be reproved (in fact, I think it would sometimes be a relief to be punished), one is very fortunate when one finds a friend who neither spares, pities, nor delays till her work is done; who sends one away thoroughly humbled but without one particle of false shame; so that one could almost wish to deserve that pain again, if only to have another chance of guessing at the love which was brave and patient enough to inflict it, and of seeing the humility and gentleness with which the reproof was given. Considering our imperfections, and the many mistakes and mutual annoyances of life, one would fain, as said before, see the taking and giving of reproof treated as a delicate but necessary accomplishment—not only exercised to superior and inferior, but between equals, and (it is not unknown) by inferior and superior.

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'Tender handed stroke a nettle
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle
And it soft as silk remains.'

Most certainly this is true. If a reproof is necessary, it must be given by a person one respects, and be firm and decided and deserved. An undecided reproof is worth nothing—one given one time for the thing, passed over, perhaps, two or three times before, is quite useless; and a scolding given with a smile, or with a threat the child knows quite well will never be carried out, does far more harm than good; and the same applies from schoolmaster or mistress to pupil, from mistress to servant, from parent to boy or girl, from the Rector or Squire's wife to villager, etc. The person who gives the reproof should never be in a temper. The reproof should give pain to the reprover as much as to the reproved. This is the real secret of its efficacy; and it should be sharp and short, and whatever is threatened must be strictly carried out at any cost.

I believe more harm is done than ever will be known here, for the want of moral courage in this respect, and for the halting, doubting manner which so many reprovers assume. In fact, our politicians and magistrates might often take a lesson on this point, for after all, what is punishment but a practical reproof?

'Never *lightly* draw your bow,
But if you *must*, strike down your foe.'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

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No. Its immediate effect may so depend, but its efficacy depends entirely on itself and on the person who receives it.

If the reproof is just and falls on a truly right-minded person it will be efficacious, even though the reprover may be 'the disagreeablest old maid in Christendom.'

Just reproof administered with stinging sarcasm, concealed in friendly joke, or spread over no end of serious palaver, may in each case rouse hot anger in the breast of the reproved and strong resolutions *not* to improve; but truth will manifest itself to those who have ears to hear, no matter whether it has been hurled at their heads in crude roughness, or spooned on

like salad cream (wherein is mustard!), and improvement will follow sooner or later. We are not all right-minded; in some specimens of our race the quality is only slightly indicated, in others it must be looked for under the microscope, but in all it will be the justness and truth of the reproof rather than the manner of administration that will rouse the conscience if anything will. If it were not for this knowledge, how could one erring mortal ever dare to reprove another on any grounds? DAFFODIL.

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Chelsea China inserts *Pellegrina's* well-deserved criticism.

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'Is all that is *logical* necessarily practical?'

This question seems somewhat cloudy and difficult to focus, but I think it may be dissolved or cleared into two admitted truisms. Put more fully—

Is all that is correctly reasoned thought (on *practical* matters being of course understood) necessarily capable of practical application? Yes, as regards the exact sciences which admit of experiment. For if the conclusions arrived at by the reasoning are not confirmed by experience, it is the logic which is wrong (i.e. *not* good logic), it is not the laws of nature which are in fault. Of course this is a truism. Slowly from inference to inference, absolutely trustworthy, reasoned conclusions, certain in practice, are built up.

No—more's the pity—as regards humanity where many forces more or less unknown disturb the results, and the premises are more doubtful, the question assumes the reasoning to be correct, i.e. logical, but it is often powerless in practice. For example. Those who wish to be prosperous should not strike with a falling market. But the Durham miners wish to be prosperous—yet illogically strike, and those who know their mistake cannot control their practice. But this answer is also an admitted truism, and there seems to be no general question before the debaters. PELLEGRINA.

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Out of the discussion on the Waverley Novels, have come comments which run very far afield. Chelsea China would like to follow the subject up more fully, but finds it most difficult to state in a debatable form, except by dividing the question into two parts.

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SUBJECT FOR JULY.

Do thinking people regard the problems of life differently now from what they did, say, sixty years since, and if so, is the difference a gain?

See permanent instructions at end of China Cupboard.

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## *SECOND SHELF.*

## VARIETY SPECIMENS.

### FIFTH COMPETITION.

### ESSAY ON JOHN INGLESANT.

Only eight essays have been received. All are well written from their own point of view, and each sees the book from a different side, all more or less admiring. Some appeared to Chelsea China to understand it as little as she

did herself for many a day after her first reading of it. *Invicta Lancaster* is very appreciative, but sounds perhaps a more triumphant note than Inglesant himself could have endorsed. *Stanzel*, good. *A. C. Shipton*, very well written. *Thorshaven* complains that the Italian scenes 'strike a lower note' than the rest. Of course they do, what else were they intended for but to show what the world can do? *Bluebell* takes the prize, though her style is involved.

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Great recognised truths, trite from very familiarity, are often from this very fact unrealised. The vast invisible world is forgotten by most of the actors in life's farce, which is played before the curtain of the great Hereafter rises.

Now and again a seer comes to the footlights, lifts the veil, and men for a moment catch a glimpse of the Spirit world. Such a seer, in some measure, is the author of 'John Inglesant.' In this fascinating romance the everyday world shrinks before a soul's all important struggle with life and death, even the shifting scenes of politics and love are subordinate. The Platonic Christian moves unhesitatingly in the path of obedience, whether it lead to the scaffold, prison, or death, upheld by a wonderful sense of unearthly support. Yet this highly wrought spiritual nature is human, weak, torn by mental conflicts, subject to trials unknown to grosser minds. Like Hamlet, these subtle reasonings overstep the brink of sanity; to his frenzied brain a spectre-world usurps the present, maddening despair, longing for revenge, torture him at every step; he is shut out from Heaven. In these weird mental crises, Shorthouse rivals, nay, surpasses Fouqué, they are so ghastly, so mysterious, so much the more subtle as Inglesant's character is more acutely intellectual than Sintram's. Even the 'little master' scenes yield in horror to the poisoned moral and physical atmosphere of the Umbrian forest, to personified Murder in the Conclave, whilst the journey with the Friar, increasing the tension of an overwrought brain to the highest pitch of irritation (an irresistible touch of nature), would scarcely be less trying, though more prosaic, than the Knight's strange symbolic ride.

Fouqué's enchantments grow on Teutonic, Shorthouse's on Italian soil. Throughout the romance the word painting of the descriptive scenes is inimitable, whether it be the mad Friar's graphic words (illustrating the grotesque result of an indiscriminate mixture of pagan and Christian ideas, upon an ignorant superstitious mind), the ethereal beauty of early dawn, or, to return to English ground, the chastened mystic beauty of the scene at Gidding, where Mary Collet and Inglesant knelt, one in prayer and spiritual communion, whilst the autumn breeze sighed without. The attuning of nature to man's mood is a great feature in this romance; at first, when still untouched by hot temptation, the spirit of a sweet English autumn breathes over all; manhood reached, the Jesuit's perfected instrument scorched by fiery trials is surrounded by the glowing passionate noontide glare of Italian life; finally, 'life's fitful fever' almost past, we catch a glimpse of him resting in the calm of an English summer.

The writer is not forgetful of the force of contrast, the description of the peaceful loveliness of nature is followed by that of fierce realistic conscience pangs.

Though Inglesant is the chief actor, other distinctly drawn characters fill in the canvas: the subtle Jesuit, the saintly Protestant nuns, the weak, faithless, majestic King, the motley Italian group, etc., play their *rôle*, or discourse on lofty matters in polished periods.

The flaw—if one may venture to criticise where much is admirable—is a certain inconsequence, viz., the 'Vielle Player's Story,' an error tacitly admitted by the author, who discreetly loses the doctor's manuscript tale.

BLUEBELL.

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### Competition for July.

Give poetical quotations containing the names Mary, Isabel, Anne, Alice, Katharine. Only one from each poem. The greatest number to obtain the prize. (Slight variations of the name and legitimate contractions of it are allowable.) See end of China Cupboard.

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## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

### Answers to May Questions.

1. Zilia, in 'Lettres d'une Péruvienne.' 'Aza, mon cher Aza! les cris de ta tendre Zilia . . . sont dissipés avant d'arriver à toi.'

2. 'O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth!'
Keat's *Ode to a Nightingale.*

3. 'Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
She nursed her wrath to keep it warm.'
Burns' *Tam o' Shanter.*

4. Father Hedgehog in Mrs. Ewing's story, 'Father Hedgehog and his Neighbour.'

5. S. T. Coleridge is so styled in Wordsworth's 'Stanzas,' in imitation of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence.'

6. Olivia in 'The Talking Oak.'—Lord Tennyson.

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### Correct Answers Received.

*Nemo*, 27; *Gareloch*, 33; *The Cousins*, 12; *K. Anstey*, 18; *A. Thornley*, 6; *Mumps*, 38; *The Muffin Man*, 9; *Helen*, 33; *Parlet*, 30; *L. Halliday*, 18; *L. N. V.*, 21; *Only Herself*, 6; *G. Festing*, 27; *Starling*, 18; *Wood Sorel*, 12; *Old Maid*, 30; *Honeylands*, 9; *Feu Follet*, 15; *Swansey China*, 21; *Cedar*, 21; *Olwen*, 18; *Helga*, 18; *Rule of Three*, 30; *Lal*, 12; *H. M. Middlemist*, 15.

'Zilia,' in beautiful pre-Revolution French, was the delight of some children in an earlier generation, but has proved to be forgotten, save by one writer. Half marks are allowed for Dryden's *Orasia*, Sheridan's *Cora*, Kingsley's *Ayacanora*, and Madame de Genlis' *Junia*.

*Nemo* has half marks for Southey's 'Crocodile Queen,' and all those who have found the reference to Wordsworth's poem, without knowing to whom it referred.

*Pocahontas* was a Red Indian.

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### Questions for July.

1. Where was a learned foreigner put in the stocks?
2. Who found a gold ring inside a horse?
3. Who put his hand into the wolf's mouth?
4. What did Mary convey to Anna?
5. Who threw her betrothal ring in at a window?

6. Who were Nectabanus, Skovmark, Imlac, Peter Wilkins, Zelica, Dulcinea?

See end of China Cupboard.

Full marks will not be assigned unless the reference for the answer is correctly given.

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

Please find me the author of the following verse:—

'There is a bird,
Who by his note,
And by the colour of his coat,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the Church,
Where, Bishop-like, he makes his perch
And dormitory too;
He says—what says he?
Caw! Caw! Caw!'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

The verse, as far as 'And dormitory too,' is from Cowper's translation of Vincent Bourne's 'Jackdaw.' The three last lines really form the last line of the fifth verse—

'He sees that this great roundabout
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business,
Are no concern at all of his;
And says—what says he?—Caw!'

EDITOR.

Authors of—

'They are but phantoms now, their day is done;
They lived and loved and died, and now are dust.'

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

'I have a life to live in (or for) Christ,
I have a life to die in (or for) Christ.'

MAUD.

Who said, on hearing of a great man's death, 'The theatre of my actions is fallen'?—GREY SQUIRREL.

Who wrote—

'Tears which bedew my Delia's eye
To think a gentle kid must die.'

Author of '*Mademoiselle Mori*.'

*Miss Chapman*, Woodcote, Chislehurst, asks for rules of Early Rising Society.

Can anyone inform me who wrote the beautiful Office for Spiritual Communion in the 'Churchman's Altar Manual'? It may interest readers of the 'Monthly Packet' who use that Manual to know that the larger part of the devotions interleaved with the Eucharistic Office are from the Prayer-

book of 1549. The Prayers beginning 'O most gracious Father, accept this our Eucharistic sacrifice,' 'And here we do give to Thee most high praise,' and 'We commend unto Thy mercy, O Lord,' are part of the Consecration Prayer in that Prayer-book.—H. R. E. S.

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ANSWER.

The ⁂ seems to have endless meanings. A Correspondent says it is on the Lord Chief Justice's Collar; it is also on the Collar of the Garter, and said to be there from the initial 'Souverain' on Henry IV.'s effigy at Canterbury, which is the earliest representation of that Collar. Oddly enough, Henri Quatre also is connected with the monogram, for it is on some of his palaces as a rebus on Gabrielle d'Estrées, the ⁂ with an arrow through it standing for '*S(percé d'un) trait.*' It has also been the emblem of Constancy (as a rebus on Fermesse, i.e. ⁂ *fermées*); the sign of American currency, said to be 'S' with 't' through it, short for 'Sterling'; and the 'sword in myrtles dressed.' But, to take the oldest and possibly its primal meaning, C. W. King (Grosbie 'Remains,' 2nd ed. 219) calls it the serpent twined round the wand of the Egyptian priesthood, by which they worked cures; hence it is engraved as a charm against disease on mediæval amulets, and was handed on to feudal times. Hence also it has been taken for the Brazen Serpent, and is the sign of the god Æsculapius.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*Maisie Derrick*, by Mrs. Macquoid (reprinted from 'Atalanta'), is perhaps less agreeable than some of the author's other books. We prefer *A Faithful Lover*, now appearing in one volume. The hero is a striking figure, and his little niece is a charming heroine. These and the two following good and safe novels in this 5*s.* form may be very useful for town parochial libraries.

Two others, *By the River* and *Too Soon*. The river is the Meuse, and the story is of a lover who gives up a good young girl because she will not leave her grandmother. *Too Soon* tells of an impetuous, untrained, English girl, married in far too great haste for her own good or for her husband's, though the repenting at leisure is effectual, and leaves them with a good prospect of happiness.

Four little S.P.C.K. books will be useful, Miss MacLorley's *Dull Life* and *After Many Days* and *Sarah Best's Workbasket;* also *Dorothy's Debts*, excellent, the one for a working party, the other for young maids or aspirants.

Miss Giberne has collected passages from many authors, in a book called *Beside the Waters of Comfort* (Seeley), all bearing on the Intermediate State. They are very beautiful, and full of hope and soothing.

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[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

*The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.*]

## 'MONTHLY PACKET' COMPETITIONS, DISCUSSIONS, AND PRIZES.

### I.—ITALIAN LITERATURE.—*October to March.*

In October will commence a series of six papers on Italian Literature, specially prepared for intending Competitors in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. An examination paper will be set with each number, and Class Lists will be issued monthly.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) Competitors must send their answers on the 28th of each month to F. J. Snell, Esq., care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand. (2) The name and address of the Competitor must be written on her MS. each month. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for Class Lists. (3) The first paper must be accompanied by an ENTRANCE FEE of 2*s.* 6*d.* Competitors who desire to have their papers criticised must send an additional criticism fee of 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Prizes.*—Prizes in books to the value of the whole of the entrance fees will be given; but the First Prize will not in any case be less than £3.

[NOTE: Fresh Competitions under similar regulations commence regularly in April and October.]

### II.—CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.—*July to December*, 1892.

A. '*Variety Specimens.*'—A *prize* of 5*s.* is given each month for the best answer to the question set under this heading.

B. '*Who, When, and Where?*'—Questions set monthly. A *prize* of £1 1*s.* is given to the Competitor who gives the largest number of correct answers in the six months.

C. '*Debatable Ground.*'—A question, generally of an ethical or practical character, is started every month. *No prizes.* All readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to take part in these discussions.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) There are no fees for any China Cupboard competition. (2) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to Chelsea China, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (3) Papers must be marked *outside* with their special subject, and must NOT be addressed to the Editors. (5) These competitions are open to all readers of the 'Monthly Packet.' (4) The name and address of the Competitor should be written on every paper. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for the Lists.

### III.—CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

*Subjects for July—December.* July: The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg. August and September: Wolsey and Cranmer. October: Dissolution of Monasteries. November: The 'Ten Articles' and 'Six Articles.' December: Calvin and Zwingle.

# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

*AUGUST*, 1892.


## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(*With Apologies to Mrs. Hemans.*)

THE down-lined homes of England,
In coppice, wood, and glen,
'Mid greenery and swaying boughs,
Remote from haunts of men;
Where feathered folk of England,
May twitter, chirp, and sing,
Where speckled eggs lie, safe and warm,
Beneath a sheltering wing.

The burrowed homes of England
Beneath the verdant sod,
Which human eye has never seen,
Nor human footstep trod;
Where furry folk of England
May sleep, and eat, and roam,
Secure from Winter's frost and snow,
Within their earth-bound home.

The wave-worn homes of England,
  In lake, and pond, and pool,
Through sunny Spring and Summer,
  Still calm and clear and cool;
Where finny folk of England
  May dive and swim and float,
'Mid tangled strands of water-weed,
  From human haunts remote.

The fair free homes of England!
  Long, long may they remain
Unharmed by rod, or gun, or trap,
  And ignorant of pain!

NESTA LAKE.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## III.

### THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

So the summer and autumn went by, and George was away at the wars. He had always been a hero to the village, and this last time, when it became known that he was going across the sea to that glorious battle-field, where English pluck and English endurance were fighting their forward way, there was not a man, woman, or child in the place but had his name kindly on their lips, and turned out, such of them as could, to see him mount to the box-seat—kept for him by the unblushing partiality of the coachman—when the four steaming bays of the 'Defiance' pulled up at the Cross Roads, and the passengers put their heads out of the window to find out what the crowd meant.

What words could say had been said before this moment. The Parson, with his foot on the step, wrung his son's hand, the four girls waved their handkerchiefs, and the villagers cheered. Then there was a gathering up of reins, a falling back from the wheels, and away rolled the coach.

'God bless him!' said the Parson, reverently, standing bare-headed in a cloud of whirling dust, with his young wife's face between him and George's waving hat.

'Did you hear?' cried Charlotte, almost with indignation. 'He called out last of all "Good-bye, Catherine!"'

Perhaps it was as well that Anne was standing a few yards away. Her eyes were very red, but she flourished her handkerchief after the vanishing coach. As for Catherine, she felt convinced now, that she really loved George. Something in the enthusiasm touched her. George going away to fight, with a future of heroic possibilities before him, was a more interesting

figure than George in his country home, and often slow of speech. She pictured him returning—leader of forlorn hopes, crowned with honours, and eager to lay them at her feet; and she listened with a hitherto unawakened sympathy to Mr. Wilmot's praises of his boy.

Next came letters. She had forbidden him to write to her direct; but there was never a broad sheet, folded at the two ends and sealed with a red seal as big as a penny piece, which arrived at the Parsonage, in which Catherine's name was not mentioned, or something said which her heart told her was especially meant for her ears. Of these letters, it must be allowed, there were not many. Such a long epistle as in those days was looked for in order to balance the heavy postage—though his father had provided him with two or three franks—was penance to George. Besides, his regiment was to start at once, and there was but little time for such labours.

Then Frank Leslie went back to Oxford; and, as the days shortened and the mists crept over the moors, Catherine began to feel the dulness of her life prodigious. She had not been brought up in the country, and, though a naturally sunny nature and desire to please gave her an easy popularity, she took but a fitful interest in matters which filled her cousins' days, and pleasant as she made herself in personal contact, she could not plan and dream for the good of lives when once the first sympathy had ceased to appeal loudly. Yet, as the grace of winning hearts was her's, there was never an old woman in the parish that did not think more of a kind word from Catherine Armstrong than of all Mary Wilmot's patient ministrations. And if virtue were invariably its own reward, Catherine should have grown more content with her lot after she had, as Thomas Simmonds put it, charmed away the pains in his old joints by the smile with which she brightened a not very original remark upon a week's rain.

Only the minute after she left him she had forgotten, and while Mary, to whom old Thomas had been almost ungracious, went home to set up a pair of knee-caps for his benefit, Catherine made her way to the cottage where her mother was waiting for her, and ran into the room.

It was such a small room, and so plainly furnished, that in these days of art furniture it would hardly be credited as a sitting-room at all. There was not an armchair nor a bit of drapery to be seen. The table was large and round, and covered

modestly with a tablecloth, though successive generations had so polished the mahogany that it might have shown its face with honest pride. There was a marble mantelpiece, of which the cottage was far prouder than of the Chippendale mirror above it or of the beautiful Sheraton chairs which Catherine scouted as being old-fashioned, and would fain have induced her mother to exchange. When she had succeeded in getting in an ugly high straight-backed thing covered with needlework, she was quite happy for a whole day.

But this was now an old story, and Catherine had something much nearer her heart which sent her rushing into the room.

'Have you had your letter, mamma?' she cried. 'And is it settled? Dear, dear Plymouth! What it will be to be there again, with something to keep one alive! Aha, I see in your eyes that it's all right! And when do we go? If we wait too long we may be buried in snow, or at the best need to be dug out of the mud. Do tell me? I'm dying of impatience!'

Mrs. Armstrong was a thin, bright-eyed woman, as different as possible from Catherine, who took after her handsome Irish grandmother. She loved George Wilmot almost as well as Catherine, though loving never blinded her to faults—perhaps rather quickened her perception of them—and she had a quick satirical manner which successfully covered a tender heart, so that many people were afraid of her. She shook her head as she answered her daughter's impetuous demand.

'By rights you should have been dead a good many times over, Catherine, considering how often 'tis the same story.'

'Yes, mamma; but after this once I am never going to be impatient any more. Only tell me when we are to go.'

'The house will be ready in a fortnight.'

'Oh, the slow creatures! A whole fortnight! Will it ever pass?'

'Nay, Catherine, I'm sure you've been happy here.'

'Yes, when there was any one to speak to. But now there's no one—no one except rheumatic people. I'm getting rheumatic myself. And, oh, the mud, the mud! Just look at my shoes, and yet I wore my clogs! And one of Anne's pattens stuck—stuck fast on the way to the Hall, and, I believe, is there now.'

'Have you been to the Hall? Miss Leslie can put up with solitude, it seems.'

Catherine made a face.

'I'm not Miss Leslie. If I was freckled all over, and had a funny little nose like her's, I daresay I mightn't care about dances or routs. But'—she flung a quick laughing glance at herself in the long Chippendale mirror, broken up into bits with gilt scrolls and leafage, and a fat Cupid in the centre—'you'll own, mamma, that when I get the chance I enjoy myself very well. And in Plymouth there's always the chance.'

Her mother laid down her work and looked grave.

'As you know, my dear, I like you to enjoy yourself. But, Catherine, how much are you thinking about George Wilmot? The Parson has been here this morning, and brought his last letter, with so many messages for you in it that I can't help imagining more has passed between you than you have ever allowed.'

Catherine blushed violently.

'He ought not to be so foolish!' she said, in a vexed tone.

'Then there was something?'

'There was no engagement,' said the girl, hastily, detecting the wound in her mother's heart; 'nothing to tell you about.'

'Only you did not discourage him?'

'Yes, I did! I'm sure I was always discouraging him; only he would—he would——'

'He would love you. I understand. And he has gone away hoping that some day you would love him in return. Is that it?'

Catherine blushed again; but this time she smiled, and pouted a little too. 'I suppose so, mamma, if you must put it into plain words.'

Mrs. Armstrong leaned forward and said, with great earnestness—'My dear, I want the plainest possible words. I should have been better pleased if you had given me your confidence unasked; however, you did not, and there's an end of it. But now I must know exactly how matters stand. I have got to think not of you only, but of my cousin's lad who has gone to the wars, and who must be fairly treated. If no more passed between you than you have told me—if he spoke against your will and you gave him no word of encouragement—why, then, the poor lad has no right to stand between you and others, and 'twere not just to you to keep you back from your pleasures. But if—if—'—as she hesitated Catherine's beautiful eyes were fixed upon her with anxiety—'if,' went on Mrs. Armstrong,

'there was more—if he has carried with him absolute hope, if you promised, however lightly, to wait for him, then I should not consider that it was acting honourably by George if I took you to Plymouth and allowed you to be thrown into the midst of gaieties, in which there would be many temptations to a young girl to forget her word.'

'Mamma!' gasped Catherine.

'No, my dear, I have been thinking over the matter ever since my cousin Wilmot left, and I am quite resolved. George and you are both young, and I should have preferred—very much preferred—that this had not happened; indeed, had I known, I should have taken care to put a stop to it. Perhaps I ought to have been sharper-sighted. But I have seen too much misery produced by fickleness and inconstancy, not to dread them beyond words. George has immense tenacity of purpose, and will be faithful to you. If you are bound to him by any promise I cannot expose you to the temptation of breaking it. So now that I have explained myself, you will understand why it is necessary that I should learn precisely on what terms you parted.'

Catherine had hurriedly made up her mind. The fear of losing her winter's pleasure gave her a calmness which she might not otherwise have gained. Her heart beat, but she spoke quietly.

'I thought you knew already, mamma. Just what you suggested when you began to speak.'

'No engagement?'

'Certainly not!' said Catherine, with quick relief. 'If there had been an engagement, of course you would have been the first to hear.'

She hoped that this would put an end to the questioning, but the next words crushed her hope.

'And you did not say anything to allow him to suppose that you returned his liking?'

The girl was perched on the window-seat, with her back to the light, so that her mother did not see the deep crimson which dyed her face as she answered—

'Mamma, how could I? A boy like George!'

There was a minute's silence, then—

'Poor George!' said Mrs. Armstrong, softly.

Catherine had never told a lie before. The knowledge of what she had done frightened her, and that kind of fear is always

cowardly. She took refuge in blaming George, who was absent and could not defend himself.

'He has no right to send messages to me in his letters,' she said, angrily. 'It makes me more glad to be going to Plymouth.'

'No, he has no right, if things went no further than you say,' replied her mother. 'And perhaps it is as well that we should be going away. But I can't help being sorry for him. He is very like what his father was at his age.'

'Never mind, never mind, mamma! Let us forget all about him and just think of Plymouth—dear delightful Plymouth! You are sure they'll not be a day later than the fortnight?'

Catherine Armstrong went out of the room to her own bedroom and began to pull out her drawers and to turn over the things, which she had little opportunity of wearing at Highcombe. Generally this was an enlivening process; but a lie lies heavy, and there are—thank God—certain instincts in human nature which rise up in rebellion against the load.

Stripped of the fear and fright of losing the winter delights which she had set her heart upon, this denial of Catherine's stood before her a mean and despicable act of treachery. She tried to put it away, but it was not to be so easily disposed of. George Wilmot's voice sounded as clearly in her ears as if he and she were once more going up the side of Shaugh Beacon in a purple world of heather—'You are all the world to me. I love you heart and soul,' and I shall never change.' Catherine sat down on the edge of her bed and put her fingers into her ears to shut out the sound. She would have liked to have gone to her mother and taken back her words, but shame withheld her—shame and the thought of Plymouth. Then she took refuge in blaming George, and in the sobbing self-pity which is as soothing and as wholesome as a pipe of opium. And, by the time she had enjoyed it five minutes, the vision of George, it might be, wounded or dying, and looking at her with reproachful eyes, had flitted away, and she sat with a smile on her pretty lips, holding up a spangled gauze, and dreaming of country dances and files of admiring eyes.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AT PLYMOUTH.

THERE was not a seaport town of any size in England at this time which was not very much alive. And Plymouth, in particular, never having been backward when there was anything in the way of fighting to be done, was well to the front now with her pulses beating high in the war fever. Fears of invasion, it is true, were no longer troubling the coasts, and a happy-go-lucky daring, joined to a noble tradition, had served, as they often have had to serve in England, instead of prudence and foresight, in that August some fourteen years before, when, for four days, eighty-eight hostile vessels had prowled outside the Sound, while inside—had they but known it—the Citadel had no more than a single charge of gunpowder to serve out to its defenders. Trafalgar had settled these fears, and Nelson had finished his work when they laid him down in St. Paul's. But our ships were still actively employed, and the great dockyards kept to it. The press-gangs were more of a terror than ever, as it became harder to fill the necessary numbers; while, on the other hand, the prize-money which often fell to the share of even the youngest seaman was sufficient to turn a poor man into a rich.

Catherine Armstrong did not trouble herself much about the graver side of the society in which she found herself. Nor about the wonderful beauty of the Sound, in which the blue waters twinkled by day, and the lights from the fishing boats by night, and ships sailed in and out so close that you might almost have pitched a stone on board; while, far away in the heaving ocean, a star shone out of the darkness from the Eddystone Rock. She had eyes, however—and very beautiful eyes they were—for the officers, in their blue naval uniforms and deep red stocks and gold epaulettes, who came up to the Hoe, and walked there with the pretty girls, and lent them their pocket telescopes with which to look out to sea, and hated, above all things, to be questioned about their own deeds. Catherine's beauty made her a noticeable person, and she had often a little court round her, which she knew very well how to govern. And as she talked to this one, and smiled at another, and asked a third to hold her reticule, she found Plymouth quite as delightful as she had expected, and flung fewer thoughts than ever upon Highcombe and poor George.

When Frank Leslie made his appearance among the other men, Catherine's first feeling was one of displeasure. There was an unavoidable association of ideas produced by his face which was not welcome. But by and by this wore off. He adapted himself to his new companions with a readiness for which she had not given him credit, and in point of looks there was not one that could compare with him. Then it flattered her to be an object of admiration with so fastidious a man, and when she dressed herself she thought a good deal of his taste and of what he had let drop. He had never said so in so many words, but she was quite sure that it was her presence which had brought him to Plymouth, and here lay a subtile compliment very agreeable to her vanity.

It was Mrs. Armstrong's heart which, in spite of prudence and gratified motherly pride, ached for the young soldier. True, she had never dreamed of misdoubting Catherine's assurance; but she had her fears lest, unintentionally, the girl had raised his hopes by such simple things as kind words and the sunlight of her smile. And when she thought, which was often, upon the Parson's son, in the thick of hard blows and night attacks and impetuous stormings, it hurt her to reflect that while he was keeping the remembrance of Catherine warm in a faithful heart, the girl herself was in no wise anxious on his behalf. Yet, after all, was it not better than to see her fretting?

With such sorrow and anxiety in the land, there was not so much of what came under the name of real gaiety as Catherine had expected. Towards Christmas, however, a rumour spread that the First Lord of the Admiralty was coming down on a visit of inspection, that he would be the guest of Sir Charles Pole, the Member, and that it was proposed to give a ball at the King's Arms in his honour. This set the young people in a stir at once. Catherine was walking on the Hoe with friends when first she heard of it. There had been a week of wild wet weather, and even now, though the rain had moderated, it was hard to see the line of white waves which marked where the new breakwater was just showing out of the water through the drift of grey mist. The tide was running in with angry force, and a westerly wind forced the girls to hold on their hats and wrap their pelisses round them as they walked arm in arm.

There were two Miss Radcliffes, and Miss Bloomfield, and Catherine, and it was Miss Bloomfield who brought the news.

'How glad I am!' exclaimed the youngest Miss Radcliffe.

'I was beginning to believe that we were to have no dancing for the winter. Oh, it would have been disgraceful, perfectly disgraceful; we might as well have been beaten by the French.'

'If only we get partners!' sighed her sister Laura. And Catherine smiled, and repeated the word 'partners?'

'Ah, it is very well for you, Catherine,' said Fanny Radcliffe, with a little touch of envy; 'you know so many gentlemen that I dare say you will dance all the night.'

'And there is Mr. Leslie, besides,' added Laura.

'There is Mr. Leslie, certainly, as you remark,' said Catherine, blushing; 'but you all know Mr. Leslie. I don't see why you should treat him as my especial property.'

'Why, any one with eyes can see that he is very much taken with you, my dear,' returned Fanny. ''Tis said he sat up half the night writing a poem for your album.'

'Show it to me, dear, won't you?' said Maria Bloomfield, coaxingly. 'I should so love to see it.'

'Oh, you may all read it, it's no further than our table,' replied Catherine, trying to speak indifferently. 'It's pretty enough, but no better than you may find any day in the Keepsake.'

'But to have it only for oneself! Unless, to be sure,' added Laura, 'he writes the same for all the young ladies to whom he addresses himself.'

'Nay, Laura, that's too bad! I'm sure Mr. Leslie is a most particular gentleman.'

The shade of spitefulness did not displease Catherine; she was quite aware that Frank Leslie's admiration was not bestowed more freely than his sonnets, and the sense of triumph was sweet. It was this, indeed, which made her willing to listen to his compliments, since not only could he turn them more neatly than any man she had met, but he was so profoundly contemptuous of what he called the bucolic charms of other country young ladies, that his disparagement of them caused her a delightful thrill of exultation. When she compared him with George, she could not but feel that the young soldier's unreasoning admiration did not carry with it half the credit which Frank's inspired. Anybody might love in a downright, straightforward fashion, but there was a distinction in being courted with real poetry and in being shown, in a hundred delicate ways, how infinitely superior one was to the rest of the world. And Catherine found this knowledge so agreeable that, although she

told herself—often—that she could never forget George, she quite as often wished that he had such charming ways as Frank Leslie.

Just now the ball was too much in her mind for her to fling many thoughts beyond a constant picturing of the scene. It would be the grandest she had ever been at, for three years before, when Lucien Bonaparte had landed at Plymouth, Catherine was too young to share in the festivities. Even after all the preliminaries were finished, and her frock was brought home and laid on the bed, so that there could be no more question between the pink crape, trimmed with silver fringe, and the soft white India muslin, with a blue sash, which had been finally chosen, there still remained numberless knotty points to decide, and the dreadful doubt whether she would finish embroidering her shoes—delicate olive-leaves on a pale blue ground—in time.

It was at this moment that news came of one of those smaller engagements which add their fatal death-list to a great war, though their records are often lost in the glare of more imposing victories. Wellington had forced the French back across the Bidassoa, and was engaged in attacking Soult on his own ground. News—in detail—travelled slowly, and it was only now that the Parsonage heard that, while engaged in outpost duty, Lieutenant George Wilmot had been severely wounded across the shoulder by a sabre cut, and was in hospital, too ill to write himself. But though he was too ill to send a letter, the brother officer who wrote for him was careful—perhaps from a fellow feeling—to repeat some broken words which the wounded man had uttered more than once, and which formed the one coherent sentence to be made out of his fevered ravings. Over and over again he had called for Catherine, and the sentence consisted of the words, 'Love to my Catherine.' It was the Parson who said all this, in a letter to Mrs. Armstrong, and he had not waited a day to write it. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I have no right to keep back, even for an hour, what belongs to Catherine, and to Catherine alone. I confess to having had my suspicions that she was dear to him, but it was impossible to speak with certainty, and I do not conceive that they had pledged themselves to anything definite, or you, as her mother, would have surely received her confidence. But as Mr. Maguire goes on to mention that my dear son showed a restless anxiety until he was assured of the safety of a glass locket containing a lock of chestnut hair, I cannot but believe that some understanding had been arrived at between them, and

I imagine you will see the need of breaking our anxious news to her with caution. Thank God, it is not hopeless; yet we await the next mail with very deep anxiety. Possibly Catherine may desire to be spared the delay of the post between us and Plymouth, and would be better content to come to us, so that we may rejoice or mourn together? I throw out the suggestion, and leave it for you and her to act upon or reject as you think best. For her own sake she would always be welcome, doubly so for the sake of one so dear to both of us. Tell her this, and bid her, at the same time, not lose heart.'

Mrs. Armstrong was very pale when she went into the room where Catherine was working at her shoes, and put the letter into her hands. If she had not obeyed the Parson's wish that it should be broken to her gradually, it was from no lack of tenderness to her daughter, but that she had an instinctive conviction that a shock was perhaps required to open Catherine's heart to a sense of what it held. But a shock, in spite of the powers imputed to it, does not always succeed in shaking off the thick layers with which we contrive to stifle our better selves. The shock gave Catherine a very uncomfortable sensation, it is true, and succeeded in frightening her; but the fright was a mingled feeling, and had at least as much to do with dread of a return to Highcombe, as with fear of what might be happening outside Bayonne.

'Poor George!' said her mother, watching her.

'Poor George!' repeated Catherine, with a gulp, and speaking in an odd voice. 'It does seem sad, when he has never had a scratch before; and this must have been quite a small affair. Still, other men get wounded, and I don't see any reason for their being so dreadfully anxious.'

'It is a very grave account.'

'Most likely the next will be just as cheerful.'

'There was no need for you to be bidden not to lose heart,' said Mrs. Armstrong, with a quick touch of bitterness. Then she relented. Was not Catherine too young to expect disaster? 'You are right to hope, though,' she admitted.

'Of course I am!' said Catherine, jumping up and kissing her with a pretty insistence. 'If you had not me to make you look at the bright side, mamma, I am afraid you would grow terribly doleful, particularly if Mr. Wilmot were near you. You will see. By the next mail they will hear that George is fast getting well, and we shall have a letter all delight and rejoicing.'

'Catherine, are you certain that you said nothing which can have let George think you returned his love? You never told me of this lock of hair.'

'He would have it; and, you know, mamma, we were cousins. I couldn't be so ungracious as to refuse the poor fellow when he was going away.'

She was standing behind her mother's chair.

''Twas better to be ungracious than false,' said Mrs. Armstrong, doubtfully. She reproached herself again the next moment. 'I do not mean to call you false, my dear; only—I own I cannot think of that poor boy lying and fretting his heart out without a pang. If he were to die, would you have anything to reproach yourself with?'

'Oh, mamma!' cried out Catherine, shuddering. At that moment she felt as if George's honest eyes were fastened upon her. 'What horrors you talk about!'

'Everyday horrors,' said her mother, with a sigh. 'And you have not answered my question.'

'I'm not worse than other girls, I'm sure,' faltered Catherine. Then, more pettishly, 'How could I help his being foolish? They all say the same things.'

'But they don't all mean it,' said Mrs. Armstrong, still sadly. 'Well, my dear, as I told you before, if you gave the poor lad nothing that he can count on as a promise, I'll not blame you; otherwise—— You allow Mr. Leslie to be a good deal with you?'

A lovely smile began to flit about Catherine's lips.

'He says there is no one else here he can put up with, poor man! Look—isn't the colour of this leaf charming?'

'Is there any use in your going on with your shoes now?'

'Mamma'—this time Catherine was fairly frightened—'what do you mean? What *can* you mean? Why, the ball is to-morrow, and as it is I am fearful enough lest they should not be ready. I shall stay in this afternoon on purpose.'

'You will have the heart to dance, with George wounded and, maybe, dead!'

'Oh, dead! Why should he be dead! I never heard anything so dreadful as the way in which you and Mr. Wilmot make up your minds to the worst! I feel absolutely sure that he is getting well, and that he would be the first to laugh at your fancies. As for giving up the ball—oh, don't hint at such a thing! We've talked of nothing else for a fortnight past. I

couldn't, I couldn't! Everybody says that now there'll be no more fighting till the spring. Such a ball as this! No; indeed, mamma, you ought not to give me such a fright.'

There was silence; and, though the girl anxiously watched her mother's face, Mrs. Armstrong did not look at her, even when she spoke.

'I shall not oblige you to give up your pleasure,' she said, at last, coldly. 'If your own heart does not lead you to the sacrifice there would be little value in it. You know best what passed between you and your cousin, and you must act accordingly. But I do hope, very earnestly, that they will not bitterly feel, at the Parsonage, how little you have entered into their sorrow. I am going to write. Do you wish any message sent to George, or any explanation offered to my cousin Wilmot?'

'Tell him that—that I am very sorry he should have been so hurt,' said Catherine, turning away her head and speaking fast. As her mother waited, she hurriedly added, bursting into tears—'There, that's the way! You and he always want me to say more than I mean, and then you are vexed with me.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said her mother, looking at her and speaking more tenderly. 'My dear, this is one of the questions which a woman's heart should decide for herself; I do not wish to blame you, though I could have desired you had chosen differently—even if 'twere only his love for you. However——'

Catherine still sobbed, but dried her eyes.

'I am very sorry; you know I am, mamma! If it had been anything but this ball. But 'twould make such a talk! No, I couldn't!'

'Would you go to Highcombe after to-morrow?'

'To be buried in the drifts and never see a soul? No, no, no! Say anything you like, but spare me Highcombe.'

Left to herself, Mrs. Armstrong hesitated whether she should not give some hint of the state of affairs in her answering letter to the Parsonage. It was not only that she believed Catherine's affections to be untouched—that, at any rate, she should say—it was, rather, the other fact to which she had alluded in speaking to her—the fact that Frank Leslie was so much in attendance that she had begun to believe his intentions to be serious. But what was her girl feeling? What was she thinking? What was she intending? She felt herself baffled, whichever way she looked.

If Catherine had indeed been frank with her, if she had received no confidences because there were none to offer—why, then, though her heart might be all on George's side, there was nothing she could do for him except advise him to forget as fast as possible. How could she find fault with Catherine if she chose one man rather than another? Frank Leslie was twice as good a match as George, which was anything but a valid reason for objecting to him. She was not a particularly unworldly woman. She had always told herself that, with her remarkable beauty, Catherine should make a brilliant match. And yet—and yet, at this moment, there was her heart stretching out to the poor lad tossing in his tent and calling 'Catherine, Catherine!' The contradiction was quite apparent to her own shrewdness, and she could have smiled at it if she had not been so anxious; as it was it only made her more uneasy, and she sat for some time staring at the large sheet of blue paper, reluctant to plunge into her subject. When she had begun, her expressions were undecided and unlike herself, for she was afraid of saying all she felt. It was too heartless not to write as 'we,' and yet the pronoun might express more than was intended. She got through the more general regrets at last; then came the necessary allusions to Catherine. Mrs. Armstrong buried her face in her hands, then lifted it, and wrote more rapidly. 'As to any understanding between our two children, I hope and think, my dear cousin, that nothing of the sort exists. It was evident that George admired my Catherine; but he is very young, and in all probability will fall into many such admirations before he meets with the love of his life. She, I am sure, has never taken the matter seriously, and tells me she has not said anything which could mislead him. Had it been otherwise, I must have surprised it in her now when the poor lad is in such sore straits; but I do not think she has yet learnt to love. So you must not take it ill in her that she does not accompany this letter. To go to you for the express purpose of being with you when the next news comes would be to pretend a stronger interest than belongs to the relationship, so perhaps 'tis as well. Besides'—here Mrs. Armstrong hesitated once more and frowned like a person in pain—'there is a ball given here to-morrow, the mere thought of which has driven the young people off their heads. Perhaps we old ones have forgotten. At her age we did not anticipate sorrow, and she does not realise danger. You will not judge the child harshly. But you will understand why I

said I hoped that there was no sort of understanding between them.'

She broke off hastily and began to fold the letter with quick nervous movements. The writing had left her heart even sorer than it had been before, for it had cost her so much to stand fast by Catherine that her words gave herself the impression of extreme coldness and added to her grief. She blamed herself for the doubt which forced its way into her mind. George's face came back to her, touched as it was with some inner irradiating gladness, which she believed could only have belonged to hope. It might have been mistaken, but she thought bitterly that it was a mistake which must have made itself only too clear to Catherine, and that she might, had she chosen, have quickly set it right if vanity had not held her hand. She blamed herself sincerely for having too readily yielded to the girl's wish to come to Plymouth, though she was shrewd enough to admit that an affection which could not hold to its own in spite of distractions, was but a poor gift for a man. 'He is better without it,' she declared, pacing restlessly up and down the little room, 'better without it; and perhaps, poor boy, he will never know that it is not his. But, putting all that aside—only remembering that they have been like brother and sister together—that she should care to go to this ball!' With a movement of repulsion she pushed open the casement and stretched out. Nearly Christmas though it was, the soft Devonshire air was not yet sharpened by frost; a grey glimmer of water and a few masts showed mistily between houses; guns were being fired at intervals. Mrs. Armstrong presently drew back, having seen and heard nothing, for all her senses were under the sway of one dominant idea. She took up her letter irresolutely and went in search of Catherine.

The girl was standing by the window in her own room; her back was towards her mother, and Mrs. Armstrong's first impression was that she was merely idly looking out. When, however, she turned round, her embroidery was in her hand, and she affected extreme anxiety that it should be finished.

'The light lasts such a dreadfully little time! I'm terrified lest I shan't do it. Have you been out, mamma?'

'No; I have been writing—writing to the Parsonage.'

'Your letter can't go till to-morrow,' said Catherine, turning away her head.

'I know. But 'twas painful, and I wanted to get it over.'

There was a momentary silence, then—

'I hope you cheered them up, mamma, and showed you did not think the news so bad?'

'It may cheer them, of course, to hear that we are going to a ball. 'Twill show, at any rate, that we can bear our part in their distress without suffering from it.'

Catherine's eyes filled with tears, but her tone showed no sign of yielding.

'It is so strange of you, mamma. If I were to stop away every one would say we were engaged; and it would be thought so odd!'

'I'd rather be odd than unfeeling. I can see no oddness in it. However'—as the girl said no more—'I'll not force you, as I've already said. Let your own heart decide.'

(*To be continued.*)

# SHELLEY.

## A CENTENARY STUDY.

'They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

CIRCUMSTANCES combine to make it singularly difficult to form anything like a satisfactory appreciation of Shelley. When we remember that he was not twenty years senior to Tennyson and Browning, he seems as though he ought to be near and familiar; but when we think of him as seventy years dead, he sinks suddenly into a remote past. His achievement has placed him, as one not the least bright, in that most wonderful constellation of poets whose work was done mainly between 1790 and 1825; yet he was not thirty when he died. Certainly during his brief career he succeeded in committing himself to acts which his warmest admirers find it hard to defend, and to incidental theories which were rash. But the indiscretions and follies which a man commits before the age of five-and-twenty ought not to be seriously prejudicial to any estimate which may be formed of his work. And when the work itself shows unmistakable signs of assured progress; when it advances steadily in technical finish and sanity of thought, without losing a spark of imaginative brilliancy—until all progress is cut short by the poet's untimely death at an age when most men are only beginning to 'find their feet,' if they have got so far—it is fair to leave out of count in our estimate the earlier, wilder work, appealing to it only for the sake of the merits which it may here and there exemplify; and not to stamp as essentially characteristic of the man the weaknesses which were fast vanishing and would have disappeared altogether in the natural course of development.

In other words, neither Shelley nor any one else ought to be judged by work which is obviously immature. The work is there, and is psychologically interesting as marking a stage in the man's development; but it is the reverse of critical to merge the later work in it. The 'Prometheus' is not the less admirable because it was preceded by 'Queen Mab'; nor is the 'Ode to the

West Wind' the less beautiful because its author at eighteen produced a piece of precocious fustian on the 'Necessity of Atheism.' We need not go the length of the wholesale worshippers who would have us treat Shelley's work as the flower and crown of all poetic achievement; but neither need we close our ears to his voice because he wrote some rubbish when he was a boy.

Many are the methods of classifying poets. Whatever plan we adopt for separating mankind into two big divisions, we can only apply it with a certain vague generality, recognising that there is no definite boundary line; and going on this general principle, there is one broad distinction which accounts for enthusiasts both for and against the claims of Shelley. The distinction is between those who rank orderliness first and liberty second, and those who reverse the process. Speaking broadly, the former section regard the latter as anarchists; and the latter regard the former as tyrants. In ordinary life, at ordinary times, of course such a description is exaggerated; but at a time when political passions are roused to a pitch of extraordinary intensity, as during the whole period following on the French Revolution, men are blinded and can look at nothing calmly. The more emotional natures are tolerably certain to be hot partisans of liberty, the more sober ones to be overcome with the horror of anarchy. And they carry this feeling into every department of thought and emotion; till all law and authority become hateful to the one party, as all movement and independence become appalling to the other. In the great group of British poets of whom Burns was the pioneer, which includes Scott and Byron, Keats and Shelley, and those very diverse bards known as the 'Lake School,' he whose centenary is now being celebrated stands out on the one side as the extreme example of what I have here been saying. Shelley, in his earlier years especially, was emphatically one of the rebels of society.

Now, in taking this up as a ground of attack against him, people are apt to begin their analysis at the wrong end. They perceive the professed atheist and the practical anarchist; assume therefrom that atheism and anarchism are his fundamental ideas; and argue that there can be no good in him. Whereas the atheism and anarchism are accidents of youth; excrescences arising from what is fundamental, the strongest passion of Shelley's nature —hatred of cruelty and oppression. Ordinary people have had certain true conclusions put before them from their earliest

years; these they have cheerfully accepted without much consideration, certainly without much examination of the data from which those conclusions are drawn. Then there comes along the precocious and enthusiastic person, who announces in burning language that the conclusions are all wrong; and then the ordinary person says, 'this is a very wicked young man.' Whereas in nine cases out of ten, what is wrong with him is that he is only made aware—having but limited experience—of a portion of the data; he *has* drawn his conclusion from these, and naturally finds it in total disagreement with the conclusion which the ordinary person has accepted. But then the ordinary person has never examined the data, much less drawn his conclusions from them, and is wholly unconscious of the process which has been going on in the mind of the wicked young man.

So the latter is abused for his opinions, instead of having the additional data given him to correct them; whereby he becomes confirmed in iniquity. Now, seeing that fire and sword were stalking over Europe, every aristocracy was trembling for its privileges, and the proletariat were hungering for bread and thirsting for blood, and crying more or less aloud for each alternately, throughout Shelley's boyhood, it is not surprising that he imagined all ruling powers to be tarred with the same brush, and indulged in the childish extravagances of 'Queen Mab' and the rest of it. But it is absurd to attribute atheism to the mature author of 'Adonais' and the 'Prometheus'; while his political theories, revolutionary and eminently unpractical as they remained to the end, obviously rest not on anarchical principles, but on the hatred of oppression, on which we Britons, of all nations, most pride ourselves as the inheritance of the race. Every act for which Shelley has been held up to obloquy, nearly every line which the most circumspect of moralists need wish away, was done or written before his twenty-fifth birthday; and except for the 'Alastor' and a lyric here and there, scarcely any of his work before that date deserves to live, so far as its intrinsic merits are concerned. And indeed, the poets who have produced an appreciable quantity of work intrinsically good before they attained the age of five-and-twenty, might probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

So that while it is right and natural to condemn most of the early work, it is uncritical to extend the condemnation to the man and all his works, and to read the misinterpreted motive of 'Queen Mab' into all his subsequent productions. On the other

hand, the enthusiasm inspired by Shelley's fervid detestation of cruelty and oppression is also right and natural; but it is uncritical to extend that enthusiasm to all he said and did on the strength of the rightness of the ultimate emotional motive. If Shelley himself is often misunderstood—and, as commonly happens, not least by some of his most enthusiastic admirers—it is in great part due to the fact that he himself completely misunderstood much that he made war on. Half the controversies in the world are between people who cannot or will not see that they are driving at precisely the same thing.

We have a habit of instituting comparisons in a large and loose manner, which is apt to land us in difficulties. We set up somebody in our own minds as the ideal poet, analyse his characteristics, and complain of everybody whose poetry does not meet the requirements under the definitions we thus construct. If you start by assuming the characteristics of the dramatist as necessary, it is very easy to fall foul of the lyrist. If you start with a lyrical ideal, the dramatist is likely to fall short in some most important qualities. The function of all poetry is not necessarily the same, and to declare that the lyric artist is greater than the dramatic artist, or *vice versâ*, is absurd, because there is, in fact, no common standard. The controversy which some years ago raged in the magazines between Mr. Swinburne and Matthew Arnold with reference to Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and Coleridge, was very much due to the fact that the two critics started with a hopelessly different set of canons; apparently, Mr. Swinburne began by taking Shelley as his ideal, and framing his canons accordingly; Mr. Arnold went through the same process with Wordsworth. So a great many ninepins were bowled over, and a great deal of eloquence was expended; and at the end of it all everybody thought just what he had thought before the trouble began. Mr. Swinburne was criticising his poets as lyrists, and Mr. Arnold was criticising their 'criticism of life.' It was as though one man should fall foul of a senior classic for not being a mathematician, while another rated the senior wrangler for not being a scholar.

It is not as a dramatist that we must judge Shelley, if we wish to gauge his title to immortality. The 'Cenci' is a great work, but with all its greatness it is a failure. The interest of a drama —a poem that deals with human action—is primarily moral. Now the moral interest of the 'Cenci' has undoubted grandeur, but it is altogether overshadowed by the sheer horror of the

story. Cenci himself is not even a human fiend of the type of Iago or Count Guido—he is a frightful moral abortion, a horrible monstrosity. With more experience Shelley would have seen that anything so ghastly was incapable of artistic treatment. The Elizabethan dramatists had time after time overstepped the limits of the repulsive as a subject of art; Sophocles in his 'Oedipus' went as far as any artist has gone with complete success. And the horror of the 'Oedipus' falls far short of the horror of the 'Cenci.' On the other hand, the 'Prometheus' is not, properly speaking, dramatic, but lyrical in essence; it has no dramatic construction, and the personages are not characters, but the poet's mouthpieces.

And if we turn to Shelley for a 'criticism of life,' it must be owned that we are not likely to find him altogether satisfying. The criticism we want is that which will help us to live out our lives loyally, lovingly, courageously, and that we hardly get from him. 'Alastor,' which may be fairly taken as representative of his attitude towards life generally, certainly does not have that effect upon us. The keynote is rather flight from the world than battle with it. The note of endurance is struck in the 'Prometheus,' but without giving the impression that it has much bearing on human conduct; there is not very much support under affliction to be drawn from the unyielding resolution of the tortured Titan. Resistance to a tyrant is not the same thing as fortitude under the common ills of life. There is no goal depicted for human endeavour such as heartens us to gird up our loins for the contest, inasmuch as twining flowers in the most delightful of grottos is an occupation which does not appeal with any vividness to average mankind. And the pantheistic consolations of the very beautiful 'Adonais' scarcely have the healing influence of 'In Memoriam,' or the vitalising force of 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' under suffering and failure.

Now if a 'criticism of life' is to be of the highest value, the critic must needs possess three qualifications; besides the power of saying what he wants to say, he must have a sane perception of what life actually is, and a noble conception of what life may be and ought to be. Obviously there is room for the possession of each of these qualifications in infinitely varying degrees. There is a school of critics who would contend in effect that it is by the first of these alone that we should judge the poet. Now anyone is entirely at liberty to limit his canons and judge his poetry by them; but the fact remains that the value

of the poetry to the world at large cannot be ascertained by the application of the limited canons. The thing is not made worth saying by being admirably expressed. Much poetry is, and ought to be, of immense influence on life and conduct, and it must be judged by that influence if the judgment is to be worth anything. All the three qualifications therefore are to be insisted upon, and failure in any of them lessens the value of poetic production of this class.

There is always a strong presumption that the weakness of the youthful poet will most appear in the want of a true perception of what life is. The reason is obvious; the experience is limited, important facts are overlooked, and other facts are regarded in a wrong relation. It was impossible that it should have been otherwise with Shelley. Brought up in childhood among uncongenial surroundings, matters were not much improved by his being sent to a school where the natural brutality of the average boy was given exceedingly free play, and this particular boy, who was not average, rapidly obtained a vivid and indignant idea of the meaning of tyranny; and derived from the particular instances sweeping generalisations as to the corrupting influence of power on the individual and the conventional character of what was to be recognised as right and wrong.

The common boy is an exceedingly conservative animal. He resents the unaccustomed. He demands the complete acceptance of the code of manners and morals prescribed by the use and wont of his microcosm, and has no mercy on irregularities. The Unusual boy is his natural enemy, whom he regards with mixed scorn and indignation; and the Unusual boy reciprocates the feeling and becomes a rebel if he has pluck enough. The mere fact that a certain code is conventionally accepted, tends to condemn it in his eyes; whatever is customary is stamped as counterfeit. Nowadays, if he happens to be physically robust, he will probably find, in the cricket or football field, opportunities of getting into comparatively sympathetic relations with his neighbours as time goes on, and his perceptions will be deepened as his sympathies are widened, so that he will recover his mental balance; but under the old system, he was less likely to get his sympathies widened than his antipathies hardened.

By the time Shelley had left school and been summarily ejected from the University, whatsoever was conventional was to him anathema. Between a mind so formed, and that large class of minds which takes conventions to be the dictates of the 'Cate-

gorical Imperative' there never could be any sympathy possible. But conventions are, after all, generally the outcome of the application of true principles to ordinary affairs, and require to be disregarded when the very principles from which they were derived need to be applied under new conditions. The mistake lies in forgetting the principle, and claiming for the convention the validity of a moral law. The 'sane perception of what life actually is,' lies very much in recognising the relation of convention and principle; in Shelley's early poems, that sanity is conspicuously lacking; but in the later work, though it is not conspicuously present, the want of it is no longer a leading characteristic.

But so far our criticism has altogether failed to help us to the secret of Shelley's magic. We have merely endeavoured to explain how it came about that there is so much which fails to satisfy us in his work; what there is for the adverse critic to lay hold of; and to some extent, the injustice to Shelley of laying too much stress on it. And it may be doubted if any great writer has held so humble an opinion of himself, or a more generous one of his contemporaries. But the fact remains that the magic is there. People become as it were intoxicated with Shelley: they are possessed by him as no other poet has possessed men—and yet to the public at large he remains the author of two pretty poems about a cloud and a skylark, and a number of pieces which it is hardly proper to read.

To some extent we shall find the answer in Shelley's ideals: his conception of what life might be. Not that this is ever very explicit, but such as it is it appeals very strongly to imaginative minds, and very little to others. It is beautiful, but it is not practical, and it is curious to note how Shelley, among the greatest poets, is almost alone (not quite) in representing what we are wont to regard as the poetic type. Usually the supreme imagination has been balanced by a considerable share of downright shrewdness which forbids the practical man to sneer. But Shelley's ideal is altogether imaginative and intangible as a rainbow. You can't catch rainbows, or convert them into steam or electricity to drive machinery, and to the practical man (unless indeed he is a shepherd) they are pretty but superfluous. Yet to a limited number of persons they are a source of intense delight, like the warble of a blackbird or the blue glory of a bank of wild hyacinths; a perpetual summons to seek after whatsoever things are pure and lovely, to make war on whatsoever is foul and

befouling. So the vague passionate longing for harmony and universal love, the horror of war and cruelty, the craving for all things beautiful, the tenderness for all things helpless, the yearning to believe that the world is not for ever given over to the Prince of the Powers of the Air—the wonderful expression of all these appeals intensely to imaginative minds. The guidance, the restraint, the confidence of the greatest teachers is lacking; but the spirit of an unrest, nowise the reverse of divine, is awakened and fostered; and how that spirit so aroused in a mind of a very different order may result in work which, while it lacks much that Shelley gives, yet gives us so much that Shelley lacks, all lovers of Browning know.

Here then is a characteristic that deserves to be specially emphasised; the craving for an ideal, the belief in the beauty of righteousness, the longing to believe also in its powers.

'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.'

The words are in some degree an epitome of Shelley; they express the habitual feeling of many earnest and enthusiastic natures. They do not give voice to an all-conquering faith which can 'welcome each rebuff'; but without passing through such a stage the all-conquering faith is not attainable. We may believe this or that doctrine, but belief avails little enough until we have felt the spiritual need of it, which is quite another matter. To trust in the Eternal Righteousness when you have no sufferings of your own to speak of, and no consciousness of those of your neighbours, is simple. When the hour comes when you suddenly realise with your whole soul that 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth'; *then* if you can front the battle saying, 'Our time is in Thy hand,' the faith is strong indeed; and such faith is not too common. To most men it comes only through long striving, and even then they have their seasons of darkness. And Shelley has given voice to those who are struggling out of the darkness into the light, to those who have been stricken with the knowledge of sin and pain, not so much their own as of others. It is not the faith itself to which he gives utterance, but the craving for it, the conscious need of it. Above all, in the 'Prometheus,' where the faith itself is almost attained; but even in 'Queen Mab' the craving is there, as the

source of the crude blasphemies of that poem lies in the failure to find what the soul is yearning for. This first poem is a voice of despair almost, but as time goes on, despair gives way to hope, though the note of sadness never quite fails, because the hope remains no more than a hope to the end.

And yet—and yet—when I turn again to the poems, I feel it difficult not to recant even this limitation of the faith that was in Shelley, and may be drawn from him. I do not mean to affirm that anything would ever have turned him into an orthodox Christian. The conventional doctrine of the day was too distorted, the bias which the poet had conceived in his early years was too strong, to have made it possible for him ever to see what Christianity really means; but for all that, when he is attacking the *name* most virulently, it is just because he believes so intensely in the truths that lie at the back of the thing, and which seem to him to be veiled by Christianity as it is misrepresented to his mind; because loving-kindness and mercy are to him altogether beautiful. The 'Prometheus,' if it stood by itself, might well be taken as the triumph song of the righteousness that endures all sorrow and suffering through the ages, and finally bursts the bonds of the Prince of this world, personified in Jupiter, and rises to eternal victory. I have said that with Shelley this was no more than a hope, but I am not sure that in the closing lines of the great lyrical drama the hope is not swallowed up in conviction—

> 'Love from its awful throne of patient power,
> In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
> Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
> And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
> And folds over the world its healing wings.
>
> 'To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.'

I have spoken above with a certain coldness of the 'Adonais,' for it is impossible to produce any criticism which shall be useful without keeping a strong check on the natural tendency to

become intoxicated with Shelley. But if ever poet wrote a triumphal pæan of victory over death, surely it was in these lines:—

'He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!

'He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music; from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

'He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each man may bear;
And trusting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.'

But it is not merely by the intensity of his craving for a beautiful ideal that Shelley appeals to us; still more, as it seems, it is because of the wonderful imagination which gives us so magical a presentment of what we already know to be beautiful. We have all felt the sudden beauty of a summer moon breaking through a cloudrift, but we have felt it far more since it recalled Shelley's lines in 'The Cloud.' We may have delighted in the skylark's song from our earliest years, but the delight was enriched when we had read:—

'Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

'Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awakened flowers,—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.'

Yet beautiful as these lines are, not a few will be found to whom the ode to 'Night' brings a yet more exquisite thrill, whether from the music of the lines or from the perfection of phrase:—

'Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and the lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight.

'Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought,
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought.'

It is true that there are a good many people who can read those lines and wonder why on earth anybody should make a pother about them; and such persons are not over likely to get much joy out of Shelley, nor is it possible for them to understand why Shelley should awaken enthusiasm in anyone. Just so some folks will take a country walk and never know whether the birds are singing; and numbers honestly prefer 'Tit willow' to the 'Moonlight Sonata.' Nature has denied them a source of enjoyment which she has granted to others, and there is no more to be said.

If in his greater poems Shelley has made articulate the cry of those who are seeking but have not found, yet; if by them he has in kindred spirits touched to life and fostered the flame of passionate longing for what is pure and noble, of passionate scorn for what is sordid and mean; in these latter poems—quoted here not as exceptionally perfect examples, but because they happen to be familiar—and in others of like kind, it is not the prophet who speaks to us, but just the voice of one intensely sensitive to beauty of every kind, an unsurpassed master of musical speech, of delicate fantasy, of spiritual harmony. And it is in such pieces as these that he is supreme—if not without a rival, at least the peer of the greatest—the most inexplicable and the most enchanting of all the kings of song.

ARTHUR D. INNES.

# MASTER BARTLEMY.

BY FRANCES E. CROMPTON, AUTHOR OF 'FRIDAY'S CHILD.'

## I.

IT was Miss Nancy's birthday. She was eight years old, and she had had a visitor of her own. And at Miss Nancy's age, to have a birthday is greatness, but to have a particular and personal visitor, real and grown up—not to say elderly—this is preferable to calling the king one's uncle. She had had birthday presents, but this may happen to any one, and had occurred before to Miss Nancy herself.

There was the Shetland pony from the Squire—though, to be sure, this had been promised so long that it did not seem to have much real connection with the birthday, especially as you could not have it with you in the house; and there was the Prayer-book from Aunt Norreys, with a red back and a silver clasp. Miss Nancy gratefully acknowledged that everybody had been very kind to her, from Mrs. Plummett, who had made the birthday cake with her own hands, down to poor Betty, the under housemaid, who had presented a humble offering in the shape of a purple silk pin-cushion, stuffed with bran to an inconceivable extent of tightness, and bearing in pin-heads the straggling device, 'My Lov,' which trifling error Miss Nancy, a delicate little person both by nature and upbringing, would have blushed to observe, and the legend remained as unaltered as poor Betty's Lov itself.

Even Trimmer the stern had given Miss Nancy a white and gold china poodle, and although the white and gold poodle may be an uncommon animal in real life, he looked charming in china, sitting tastefully on a ground of blue, which is well known to be the colour of true affection. Miss Nancy had, with the friendly aid of a chair, set him up on her tall chimney-piece, from which elevation he stared fixedly and unmeaningly down upon her; and, looking up at him in return, and thinking with

remorse of all the pinafores she had torn, and all the shoes she had dirtied, and all the extra washings and brushings she had inconveniently required at irregular hours, Miss Nancy felt Trimmer's high-minded forgivingness to be more moving than language could fittingly express.

Arminel Anne Throgmorton was her name; her Sunday name, as she was accustomed to think, having but rarely any other use for it than in the catechism of Sunday afternoon. Nancy was the name of dear Daddy's giving, and the name of everyday, and Miss Throgmorton was commonly only Miss Nancy. She had perhaps at times wished that she had been endowed with a more ornamental and fashionable name, but as one grandmother had been Anne Norreys and the other had been Arminel Throgmorton, Miss Nancy quite saw that it could not have been avoided.

She had had a holiday in honour of her birthday, and Trimmer had even gone to the length of saying that she was going down to the village for an hour, and Miss Nancy might get out all her toys, and take up the whole of the table if she liked. Not that Miss Nancy, though an only child, had any unmanageable number of toys, for she did not live in this present degenerate day of profusion in children's amusements, and the playthings grown old in the service of two or three generations were considered an ample provision for any one. The very best doll in all the collection was only a venerable and dangling lady, with a pink kid body and a painted face, as ugly as might well be. Miss Nancy certainly valued her toys as toys *used* to be valued, but they did not lie very near her heart. A game with them generally took the rather forlorn form of laying them out in a solemn row, sitting by them till tea-time, and then silently replacing them in the cupboard. And even the pink kid lady, in her best yellow satin slip and real morocco shoes, had failed to satisfy Miss Nancy's soul to-day.

She knelt on the floor by the window-seat, so that she could rest her arms on the seat and her chin on her hands, and look out at the prospect, which from this point of view did not embrace more than the upper branches of the great elm-trees, with the rooks swinging in their nodding tops in a high spring wind, for Miss Nancy's birthday fell early in the year. It was not an extensive prospect without, but it was more interesting to her than the one within—the panelled walls and floor painted brown, the tiled fireplace and brass irons, the spindle-legged

table with round leaves, the wooden-seated chairs, the cupboard where Miss Nancy's small possessions were kept, the dignified and indifferent grey cat on the hearth, and the tall polished clock with the brass face and brass balls at the corners, and the fingers that moved round in jerks, and works that groaned and wheezed for very age.

But now Miss Nancy had a visitor. To begin with, there was a knock at the door and a man's footstep.

'You can come in, Bailey. It is only me,' said Miss Nancy, well-meaningly, however ungrammatically. The door opened, but Bailey seemed to stand still in a very unnatural manner, and Miss Nancy looked over her shoulder, to see no Bailey, but a living gentleman, rather an old gentleman, and quite a strange one. Miss Nancy scrambled to her feet with what would have been alarm if the old gentleman's appearance had not disarmed suspicion. He was smiling very cheerfully, and holding out his hand to her.

'I am quite well, thank you,' said Miss Nancy at random, being for the moment thrown into some confusion.

'I am rejoiced to hear it,' said the old gentleman. 'You do not know me, do you? But I am the new Rector.'

'Trimmer is out,' said Miss Nancy, doubtfully. 'She has gone to the village; and Aunt Norreys has gone to St. Edmund's; and I do not know where Daddy is.'

'I have been walking with him,' said the Rector, 'and now I have come to see you.'

'*Me?*'

'Yes; I have come to see you,' repeated the Rector, with a gravity that Miss Nancy could not but consider flattering to a degree.

'Because of my birthday?' she said, feeling that at eight one begins to grow up.

'You see,' said the Rector, waiving the point, 'I knew the Squire many years ago, and now I should like to know his little daughter too.'

Miss Nancy politely assented. She scarcely knew exactly what you ought to do when you have a visitor of your own; but, guided by a general strong sense of manners, she dragged one of the hardest and shiniest of chairs by its forelegs from the wall, and invited the Rector to sit down, which he did, bowing his thanks, and drawing one out for her—by the back, as more convenient to him than the low level of the legs. Miss Nancy infinitely

preferred kneeling on the floor with her arms on the seat, but this was, of course, not to be contemplated on such an occasion as the present, which demanded all the deportment of which a person was capable; and, having smoothed down her pinafore, she sat upright, with one toe on the floor and the other dangling at some distance from it, waiting in obedience to an ancient maxim which bade her speak when she was spoken to. She liked looking at the Rector. He was what she called an old gentleman, for on the shadowy side of sixty one can no longer hope to be called anything but elderly; his hair was quite white, and he scorned to disguise that it had grown thin at the top years ago. He wore it longer than would now be strictly fashionable; it hung on each side of his face in fleecy locks, like the Apostles in the painted windows in church, thought Miss Nancy. The Rector's coat was in perfect harmony with his person, being old also, and far too long and ample in the skirt to have any pretensions to the mode. Miss Nancy liked him nevertheless. He smiled at her, and he had a very pleasant smile.

'And what is your name, my little maid?' he asked.

'Arminel Anne Throgmorton,' said Miss Nancy. 'But Daddy says Nancy.'

'I thought it might have been something else,' said the Rector. 'I thought it might have been—Margaret.'

'Oh, no!' said Miss Nancy, earnestly. 'Daddy would not like that. Once I said I liked Margaret better than Nancy, and he said, "Yes, but there was only one Margaret."'

For that had been the name of Miss Nancy's mother, and she was dead.

'Ah!' said the Rector. 'Ah, to be sure!'

'But I like Nancy better than Arminel, because when Aunt Norrys says Arminel, generally I have been naughty,' admitted Miss Nancy, with regret. 'I do not like Throgmorton very much. You cannot think what a hard word it is to write. I used to think it was a very hard word to spell. I suppose you know how to spell it?'

'Yes,' replied the Rector. 'I used to write it long ago, when I knew your father.'

'And did you know him rather well?'

'I knew him very well; only, you see, we have not met for many, many years. And now he has asked me to come and live here.'

'And shall you live here always?'

'I trust I shall, my little maid. I trust that you and I may be friends as long as we live. How old are you to-day?'

'I am eight,' replied Miss Nancy, with a ladylike endeavour not to show pride on that account.

'And I am more than eight times eight. Do you think I shall be too old for you?'

'Oh, no! For if you are not too old for me, and I am not too little for you, we shall meet in the middle,' said Miss Nancy, with much politeness, if with some obscurity. 'There is not any one of great friends but Daddy, and Aunt Norreys, and Trimmer, and a few of smaller ones.'

'Then let us shake hands upon it,' said the Rector. Which Miss Nancy and he proceeded to do with mutual satisfaction; and the visit went on in the greatest harmony. Indeed, Miss Nancy was by this time beginning to entertain distinct hopes of the Rector remaining to take tea with her, when she would be enabled to serve him with slices innumerable from Mrs. Plummett's birthday cake, and many, many cups of tea, in Miss Nancy's eyes the patent of honourable years; and this, she thought, would be a birthday feast indeed.

But unfortunately, just at the moment when, in fancy, she was liberally assisting the delighted Rector to cake for the fifth time, he rose to go.

'Must you, really and truly?' said Miss Nancy, seeing the designed banquet melting away into thin air.

'Yes, I must go,' said the Rector. 'My little maid, before I say good-bye, let me offer you all I have to give.'

He was holding out his hand, and Miss Nancy thought it was to take hers; but he laid it on her head.

'God bless you, my little maid,' he said. 'And now,' said the Rector, at the door, 'I have come to see you, and so you must come to see me.'

'In fair turns,' said Miss Nancy, nodding her head.

'Exactly,' said the Rector, and bowed his farewell.

'Good-bye,' said Miss Nancy, endeavouring to execute as perfect a curtsey as Aunt Norreys, a sweet but delusive hope, to set a plain frock and pinafore against a full skirt of pearl-grey satin. And then the Rector went; and Miss Nancy took him to the head of the stairs, returning to put the chairs in their places, with the feeling that, after this, anything might be expected to happen, and it would be as well to be prepared for it. The pink

kid lady was also restored to the cupboard; for, if she had been a little insufficient before, she had now become quite impossible.

'I have been having a visitor,' announced Miss Nancy, with quiet and settled satisfaction, when Trimmer came in. 'He came to see me—only me.'

'Who was it?' demanded Trimmer, with cruel unbelief.

'He said he was the new Rector; and I like him very much,' said Miss Nancy. 'He came to see me—only me; and he said I must go and see him next, and I shall soon go.'

But Trimmer, standing with her head in the cupboard, did not receive the full force of Miss Nancy's last observation.

## II.

THE Squire was a very shy man. The Throgmortons of Forest Morton had always been slow to come forward in any respect, and the Squire was additionally characterised by that passive acquiescence which often distinguishes an old and almost worn-out family. There was no older name in the county, and none that had been longer established in one spot than Throgmorton of Forest Morton; but, at the same time, there was no old name less celebrated, and no house less interesting. The Hall was almost as ugly as man could make it, having been rebuilt by the Squire's grandfather, in a style more to be remarked for solidity than beauty. A square house of dark-red brick; a roof almost flat, disguised by a heavy stone balustrade, and rows of windows of praiseworthy equality; in front, a paddock dotted with thorn-trees, and a straight drive between hurdles. On one side of the house, the gardens; on the other, the only remnant of the older Hall—the group of great elms where the rooks lived. The interior of the house was as plain, and heavy, and dull; for there had never been much romance, never much talent in the family—a family at no time more—old as it was—than a line of simple country squires, who had been born in Forest Morton, and had quietly lived there from one sleepy year to another, until they had as quietly died, and there been buried. The Squire was a silent man from personal habit, and shy with an hereditary shyness that nothing had ever been able to overcome. The habit of silence—if habit it were—had doubtless grown upon him; but it had been a habit even when his wife was alive.

Aunt Norreys had said to her at times, 'But, my dear Margaret, does John Throgmorton never talk to you?' And, when she came to think of it, the Squire's wife had not been able to say that he did. And yet there never could have been a more perfect understanding than that which existed between them.

The Squire had married his second cousin, against the wishes of her guardian aunt—for properly speaking, Aunt Norreys was Miss Nancy's great aunt. She used to say, 'Why Margaret married him, *I* never could tell. If she must have married a relation at all, why could it not have been one of the Lester Norreyses? Of course, I have nothing at all to say against John Throgmorton, for he is really a very good sort of man, but it was quite incomprehensible. Quite incomprehensible, my dear.'

But Miss Margaret had married him, and the most incomprehensible part of all was that she had never rued it. Perhaps she had found more in John Throgmorton than did the world in general, perhaps even she had found in him all she had need to seek on earth. She had married him, and had come to the Hall to be the light of the house for a brief half-dozen years, and then died. So the Squire and Miss Nancy were left alone, to walk through the fields, and drive down the lanes, and sit in the square pew at church, in forlorn companionship, the big, silent Squire, with his brown cheeks and bushy beard, and his little daughter, with her mother's dark eyes and refined moulding, but too much like the Squire in features to have any pretensions to beauty. The Squire and Miss Nancy had learnt at this time to be a great deal to each other, and, indeed, the latter had never felt that she required more company than dear Daddy could give her; but her view was necessarily a limited one, and as usually happens in such cases, to add to a loss which nothing in this world could ever repair to him, the poor Squire found himself plunged into innumerable difficulties with his household. So Aunt Norreys came to the rescue, and remained for compassion's sake, and tranquillity returned to the Hall. With Aunt Norreys and the dove of peace came Trimmer, neither maid nor companion, and a person whose severe aspect involuntarily, if unreasonably, suggested to the mind the old term, 'waiting-woman.' And Trimmer coming into contact with Miss Nancy's nursemaids, found herself quite unable to agree with any one of them, and so differed materially with three in succession; at which point, for the sake of a quiet life, which Aunt Norreys

loved above everything, she was permitted to ascend undisputed to the throne of authority, whence she governed Miss Nancy with a wholesome, if rather severe rule.

The only remnant of the lawless old days spent with Daddy consisted in an occasional escape from Trimmer, and a flying excursion in his company. The Squire, as Aunt Norreys was fain to admit, was an easy man to live with, but he still preserved this reprehensible habit of coaxing Miss Nancy to go out with him on every possible occasion. No one could ever see that he took the least notice of her when he had succeeded, but if the Squire and Miss Nancy were satisfied, that side of the question could concern no one else. The side which concerned Aunt Norreys and Trimmer took the form of those hurried retreats when the young lady had been caught in storms several miles from home, and, like Caroline in Miss Nancy's 'Looking-glass for the Mind,' had been compelled to return home 'in a most disastrous condition.' But it was in vain that Trimmer appealed to Aunt Norreys, and Aunt Norreys remonstrated with the Squire; he never by any chance entered into argument, and only turned a deaf ear upon them. Perhaps, indeed, there was something about little Miss Nancy's society which dimly recalled to the Squire that of her dead mother, but whether it were so or not, he never said. Miss Nancy herself had a faint memory of her mother. She thought at times that home had seemed more when she was quite little, than it had ever done since, and she believed that it was because mother was there. But she died; and it was to be supposed that it made all the difference. Miss Nancy could remember that day, when, very early in the morning, Mrs. Plummett came and took her out of bed, and carried her, wrapped in a shawl, to mother's room, Miss Nancy bewildered and half asleep, and Mrs. Plummett with an awed look on her comfortable face.

Dear Daddy sat very near to the bed, and Miss Nancy sat on his knee, and mother held both their hands between her failing fingers, but did not speak, for she was speechless then, and only half conscious. So Miss Nancy was laid down for a moment to receive mother's strange, faint kiss, and then Mrs. Plummett carried her away; and Mrs. Throgmorton looked after her, and turned her dying eyes again to the Squire. And when day came, the nursemaid said that mother was dead. But this Miss Nancy had not been able to fully comprehend, nor had she comprehended the strange silence and desolation of the days

that followed. It was certainly not that she suffered then or afterwards an hour's neglect at the hands of any member of the household; it was rather from feeling a lack of something that she was sure she had had [once, but had not then, and—alas, poor little Miss Nancy!—never would have again in all her life, that she dimly understood that she had sustained a great misfortune.

And Miss Nancy had also a vague belief that it was after this that dear Daddy began to be even more silent than ever he had been before.

III.

'I AM far from complaining of Miss Nancy,' was always Trimmer's opening, when she *was* complaining of her. She even went so far sometimes as to say that she was a good child, but this of course behind her back, lest Miss Nancy should become uplifted. Miss Nancy *was* a good child, but the best of children will sometimes do the most unaccountable things, and who could have foreseen such an outbreak as the call she paid at the Rectory? It could not have been called disobedience, for the simple reason that it would never have occurred to anyone to forbid such an impossible thing.

Miss Nancy herself acted from a perhaps mistaken, but deeply grave sense of propriety. The Rector had said, 'I have come to see you; now you must come to see me,' and Miss Nancy had said that she would, and a promise is a promise. She did not entirely like the thought of going alone, but she had waited a whole week, and neither Daddy, nor Aunt Norreys, nor Trimmer showed any sign of going, and what was to be done?

So Miss Nancy went upstairs one afternoon with all the serious calm of perfect unconsciousness. She put on her boots (sitting down on the floor to achieve the act, as one does at eight years old) and washed her face and hands, and feeling that the occasion demanded an effort, laboriously buttoned herself into that very best bottle-green coat so peculiarly hated by her, which was therefore very conscientious behaviour on Miss Nancy's part, when she might have chosen her old red cloak. Her best bonnet was out of reach, but she hoped the Rector would excuse her everyday one. Then she went quietly and gravely downstairs, and set out to pay her call, far too much *in* earnest to remember that the drive was well commanded by

Aunt Norrey's favourite window of the white-panelled drawing-room.

Miss Nancy's heart beat fast as she opened the Rectory gate, for she was by no means a fearless child, but courage is a higher quality than fearlessness, and she inherited from the Squire a kind of silent endurance which could be made to serve as courage. A straight walk ran up to the house between wide flower borders, with a hedge on either hand. There were daffodils nodding all the way up the borders, and in the orchard hedge was an almond-tree in bloom, pink against the blue sky. There in the walk stood the Rector himself, with one hand under his coat-tails, and the other waving gently in the air. He was speaking aloud, and Miss Nancy thought at first that he must be talking to some one over the hedge, but as she came up the walk, she found that he was looking up at the almond-tree, and reciting with much earnest declamation of a quaint, deliberate, gone-by style.

'Plant, Lorde, in me the tree of godly lyfe,
Hedge me about with Thy strong fence of faith;
If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning-knife,
Lest that, O Lorde! as a good gardiner saith—
If suckers draw the sappe from bowes on hie,
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let, Lorde, this tree be set within Thy garden-wall
Of Paradise, where growes no one ill sprig at all.'

Miss Nancy had been taught that it was rude to interrupt her elders, and she believed that it would probably be also wicked to interrupt what sounded like a hymn, so she stood and waited until the Rector had come to an end, and then advanced another shy step. The Rector turned round and saw her.

'Dear me,' he said, putting on his spectacles, 'is this little Miss Nancy?'

'Yes, thank you,' said Miss Nancy; 'and I have come to call on you now.'

Miss Nancy, though a very simple child, was not a dull one, and there would have been a cruel awakening for her if the Rector had even only smiled at that moment, as she stood looking up in his face. But the Rector was almost as simple as Miss Nancy herself.

'You do me a great honour,' he said; and, taking off his hat, made such a slow, deep bow as was an admiration to behold.

Miss Nancy bowed likewise, her coat pinning her too tightly to admit of any curtsey.

'Will you come into my house and rest a little?' said the Rector.

'I should like to stay in your garden, if you please,' replied Miss Nancy, not feeling that she strictly required a rest.

'By all means,' said the Rector. 'Let us go and look how the tulips are coming on.'

'Yes; I should like that. I have not been in this garden before,' said Miss Nancy, to whom the Rector's predecessor had been rather a formidable personage. This Rector was different from the first, and Miss Nancy slipped her hand into his from force of habit. The Squire was quite accustomed to it, but possibly the Rector was not. He did not speak for a moment, but stood looking down at Miss Nancy; and when he did speak it was to say something quite unexpected.

'God bless you, my little maid! You are very like your mother.'

'No,' said Miss Nancy, seriously. 'Trimmer says I have not got any of her manners, and never shall have any of her looks. Then did you know her?'

'Yes; I knew her,' said the Rector.

'And didn't you love her?'

'I did, my little maid.'

'Yes, everybody did; because she was so good. Trimmer says I never shall be like her, so it is no use. Did you know her quite well?'

They had reached the end of the walk before the Rector answered.

'She did not know me very well. I was much older than she was, you see.'

'But I suppose it was a long time ago, when you were only a little old?' suggested Miss Nancy. 'You didn't live here then, did you?'

'No. I came to be your father's tutor, when his father died, and he went to stay at Wellmeadow, before he went to college.'

'Tutor?' hazarded Miss Nancy.

'I gave him lessons,' said the Rector, smiling.

'Oh! Then Daddy must have been only a little boy? I believed he was quite big when he went to Wellmeadow to live with Aunt Norreys.'

'He was quite big. He was grown-up, and these were grown-up lessons, you understand.'

'I see,' said Miss Nancy, doubtfully. 'But I did not know that grown-up people ever had any lessons.'

'Yes, they have. They have them, indeed,' said the Rector, 'even when they are quite old, only they generally learn those by themselves.'

'Then you must have lived with Aunt Norreys, and Mother, and Daddy, at Wellmeadow. I know about that; sometimes Aunt Norreys tells me stories of it. And did you go on living there when Daddy went away?'

'No; I went away too.'

'With Daddy?'

'No; I went alone—quite away. I, too, needed some lessons,' said the Rector.

'Mother came to be here after that. But she died, I think, a good many years ago,' said Miss Nancy, vaguely. 'Did you know that she died?'

'Yes,' answered the Rector; 'I knew.'

And at this very moment, Trimmer came up the walk, avenging. There could, perhaps, be few things more mortifying to any lady than to be followed when she has set out to pay a call of some ceremony, to be caught just when the conversation begins to be easy, and to be dragged back home in the full light of day. In vain did the Rector try to intercede for poor little Miss Nancy—in pity for her crimson cheeks; it *was* in vain. Trimmer was respectful, but obdurate, and drove the culprit away before her, as being in disgrace and to be made to feel it. But Miss Nancy always did think that Trimmer might at least have waited until they had got outside the Rectory gate before she shook her—only slightly, it is true, but the ignominy was the same; and, in much anguish of mind, Miss Nancy was conducted into the presence of Aunt Norreys, to make a full confession.

'Arminel,' said Aunt Norreys, adjusting her gold glasses, 'I am astounded—perfectly astounded! Immediately tell me the truth. Where have you been, and what have you been doing?'

'I have been to call at the Rectory,' said Miss Nancy, with bitter tears, but making searching efforts after strict truth. 'The Rector was in the garden, and he is very like an Apostle——'

'Arminel, what are you saying?'

'I mean he has his hair long like an Apostle's, and I believe it is the Apostle John; but an old hat—a very old hat, older than Daddy's,' sobbed Miss Nancy. 'I went to see him because he came to see me; for it was to see only me, whatever Trimmer says. We walked about the garden and saw the things growing, and we talked a little.'

'Arminel, what did you say to the Rector?' demanded Aunt Norreys, with some natural dread of what might come next.

'I do not think I said anything at all naughty; I do not remember it,' sobbed Miss Nancy. 'We talked about Daddy, and the Rector said he knew Mother a long time ago; but then Trimmer came. I think he hadn't minded that I went—I do think he hadn't. He said I did him a great honour.'

'Arminel, do not be absurd,' said Aunt Norreys.

At which point Miss Nancy fell into an unintelligible abyss of shame and grief, and was sent upstairs in disgrace, more as a preventive measure for the future than as actual punishment for the past; but a consolation rather poor in itself, and not pointed out to Miss Nancy, nor perceived by her.

But the Rector walked in the old Rectory garden and looked at the nodding daffodils, and the almond-tree, and the white clouds on the blue fields of Heaven, and was aware of an eloquent sermon stealing into heart and mind. He thought he could still see little Miss Nancy walking beside him through the garden, and it was like some sweet old story of the spring that had been told to him long ago. For it is probable that the Rector had had his own spring story in his day, and perhaps the memory of it came strongly back upon him, if he did walk about the garden with a hat even older than the Squire's on his white head, and very tremendous spectacles absently riding high on his nose, and his hands under those most unfashionable coat-tails. And if one were curious enough to ponder the Rector's simple, high-minded courtesy to the meanest woman in his parish, one might come to understand that there are some blessed Spring stories which may have no other happy ending than this—*that* they leave a heart the better for their coming.

## IV.

IN the course of some years' experience, Trimmer had more than once had occasion to remark that Miss Nancy's behaviour,

like that of many children, ran in grooves. When she conducted herself in a manner creditable to herself and her elders she could be depended on for days, and even weeks; when she did otherwise, Trimmer was less disturbed in mind by the one deed committed than by the immediate prospect of others to follow. Miss Nancy's next exploit was the more painful to all properly constituted minds, because it took place on Sunday. Nay, to confess the truth, it was actually in church.

It was a Sunday in what might have been either late spring or early summer. Miss Nancy always remembered that she wore a new leghorn hat, and what Trimmer called a 'lawn' frock with an embroidered hem, cool and spotless, and, like everything chosen for Miss Nancy by Aunt Norreys, plain with that very dainty plainness which is fine in the extreme.

Miss Nancy walked to church with the Squire through the Hall fields. Aunt Norreys always drove, and every Sunday it was Miss Nancy's secret aim to have escaped and have fairly set out with dear Daddy before the lumbering old family carriage came to the door. She had successfully evaded it to-day; she had safely set out with the Squire, and she had plodded beside him through the Hall fields to the churchyard gate, in the contented silence which always prevailed between them.

One went through the churchyard almost waist deep in meadow-grass, under ash-trees so ancient and spreading that the little old church seemed half covered with the trees, and half sunk into the earth. The ivy had climbed triumphantly to the battlements, making of the tower one vast nest for hundreds upon hundreds of birds. They flew out, chattering and screaming, at the sound of voices below, and fluttered round the tower in a cloud—jackdaws, and starlings, and martins, to say nothing of the sparrows, who were everywhere, and chiefly perching in rows on the headstones. The porch was very small and sunken, the rafters low within, and the roof without so covered with ivy and traveller's joy that the doorway was like the mouth of a green cave.

You also went down a step into the porch, and down another into the church itself, in a manner agreeably contrary to your preconceived ideas, and which naturally caused Miss Nancy, a mooning child, as Trimmer truly said of her, to fall forward into obscurity with an unseemly noise, nearly every Sunday of her

life. It was dark and cold within, after the sunshine outside, the rafters were so low, and the flagged floor so sunken, as to give a general impression of going down into the centre of the earth. The ivy had crept under the eaves into the church, hanging in corners like green banners; and the birds had followed the ivy, and fluttered here and there all service time. There were pigeons among the rafters—report said that Tummus Trowle, the sexton, was not quite guiltless of scattering corn on the floor for them during the week—and on drowsy Sunday afternoons the mice came out and played on the chancel floor, while the bats flitted overhead like ghosts of long-dead mice.

But this was considered only proper to Forest Morton, the smallest and oldest church in the shire, with its primitive tower of unhewn stone, and rude belfry lights, its low arches, and small windows deeply set in the massive walls. It might also have boasted of that marvellous old chancel wood-work, which had no counterpart in all the country side. It was a standing admiration to Miss Nancy, a fanciful dream of figures, and leaves, and flowers, and sheaves of corn, and angels with outspread wings, and palms in their hands.

Miss Nancy sat with the Squire and Aunt Norreys in the square Throgmorton pew with her feet half a yard off the floor, owing to the shortness of her legs, and her head half a foot from the pew-back, owing to the width of her hat-brim. And Miss Nancy being rather small, and the sides of the pew rather high, the only thing she could see as she sat was the window opposite, a lattice of old green glass deep in the wall. It stood open in summer, to Miss Nancy's great joy, for the sunlight came through it in a very enlivening manner; and she could see the apple-trees in Tummus Trowle's garden, and the ash-trees in the churchyard, and the white roses that flourished under the sunny window, and nodded friendly greetings, and even came inside when occasion offered.

Beneath the sunny window was an old friend of Miss Nancy's; she looked at him every Sunday, for he was always there, at rest on his worn stone tomb, being also stone himself, only he was such a dear old friend that she had almost lost sight of the circumstance. He lay in his ruff and gown, with his hands crossed very peacefully on his breast, and his gentle face looking upward. He was not a Throgmorton; Miss Nancy herself was of opinion that he was too beautiful to have been a Throgmorton, of whose looks as a race she could not think highly. Dear Daddy *was*

Daddy, and as such for ever to be admired, but from the score of dull portraits at the Hall, it could only have been concluded that the Throgmortons had been no more handsome than they had been famous.

All her life Miss Nancy had cherished a deep affection for this friend; looking at him when she could not understand the sermon (which was usually), and wondering how long he had been lying there so silently, and whether the roses peeped in and nodded, and showered their petals on him because they loved him. There were not many to think upon him, and the dust lay thick over his body, and in the few remaining letters of the rubbed inscription. 'Here ly .... Bartholom ....' Tummus Trowle, when he swept out the church (a thing that, to do him justice, rarely occurred to him), called him Master Bartlemy, and Miss Nancy, too, called him Master Bartlemy, and rather inclined to the belief that he had never had any other name.

Miss Nancy sat and looked at him, very upright, because of the brim of her hat, and very stiff, because her shoes dangled so far from the floor. The sunshine came in through the open window, and made a dancing pathway which fell across Master Bartlemy's face; for Miss Nancy had observed that if there were any sunshine at all, it always lingered there. He lay and took his rest very quietly, and the buds of the white roses peeped in through the lattice, and nooded sleepily at him, and Miss Nancy, too, nodded sleepily, and would have fallen quite asleep if the envious leghorn would have permitted it.

But then there came down a pigeon from the darkness of the rafters and settled on the old tomb, pluming himself on Master Bartlemy's breast with movements so graceful and innocent, that Miss Nancy held her breath for fear of disturbing him. And then he began to coo softly, opening his wings in the sunlight, and nestling against the crossed hands of him who lay there, as if, Miss Nancy thought, Master Bartlemy might once have loved living creatures very dearly.

But Miss Nancy could not watch him to her satisfaction, not even by stretching herself out to be as thin and tall as possible. Interest outweighed every other consideration; if she stood on the seat she could see. Climbing was not exactly church-like behaviour, but Miss Nancy distinguished between a loud climb and a soft climb. The Squire was leaning back in his corner meditating, with eyes half-closed; and Aunt Norreys was leaning back in hers, perhaps meditating too, but with eyes quite closed.

Miss Nancy knelt gently on the seat, Miss Nancy rose and stood upon it. The pew-sides were high, but in this commanding situation she was higher, and the leghorn hat looked triumphantly round. The church was very quiet, the Rector preaching, and at least a part of the congregation engaged in sleep. It was at this tranquil moment that the cushion must slide away on the seat, as Miss Nancy looked over the pew-sides; it slipped farther and farther, and Miss Nancy came to the ground with a crash.

Aunt Norreys, who had been (possibly) asleep, with difficulty suppressed a scream, while the Squire, who had only been honestly meditating, coughed as loudly as possible to cover the situation.

But nothing could disguise the fact that Miss Nancy lay face downwards on the floor, in her clean lawn frock, with the new leghorn hat under the seat.

'*Arminel!*' whispered the scandalised Aunt Norreys. Even the Squire himself said, 'Hem.'

'I have tumbled off the seat,' returned Miss Nancy, in a muffled voice, and somewhat superfluously, considering that this was obvious to the most casual observer.

'Immediately get up,' desired Aunt Norreys. The Squire more practically set Miss Nancy on her feet, and returned to search for the leghorn, while Miss Nancy stood wondering if there could be any spectacle more shocking than that of a little girl in church without a hat. The only thing that could be urged in favour of her conduct at this moment, was that her despair was at least silent; for church was still church, though one had disgraced oneself.

And then the Squire, having angled under the seat with Aunt Norreys' parasol, landed the leghorn, and set it on its repentant owner's head—but a little unfortunately, back to front, in which condition Miss Nancy was then conducted out by Trimmer the stern, who had suffered a shock that she could not have been expected to recover for the rest of the day.

'What you could have been doing is beyond *my* imagination, Miss Nancy,' was her first observation, after walking half-way home, in a kind of stunned indignation.

'I only stood on the seat, Trimmer. I stood quite softly; I didn't know that I was going to fall so hard. I didn't mean to be wicked in church,' said Miss Nancy, a prey to the keenest remorse. 'I only wanted——'

'Well, what did you want, Miss Nancy?'

'I only wanted to look at one of the pigeons that was sitting on Master Bartlemy.'

'On what, Miss Nancy?'

'On the gentleman who lies under the window, the stone one,' explained the humbled Miss Nancy, apologetically, turning her hat round.

'Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, with unabated severity, 'I am ashamed of you.'

'It sat so prettily, Trimmer,' faltered Miss Nancy. 'It sat on his fingers, and cooed to him, and Master Bartlemy seemed to be smiling. I was only looking a little, and then I fell off the seat.'

'You cannot expect to do wrong, Miss Nancy, and not be punished for it,' said Trimmer. Miss Nancy acquiesced in silence; but there was a further development of this point to be considered.

'Trimmer,' she said, meekly, 'do you think I shall be more punished?'

'Yes, Miss Nancy, I certainly do, for what else can you expect?' said Trimmer, uncompromisingly, and drove the debased Miss Nancy homewards before her.

*(To be continued.)*

# REFLECTED LIGHTS.

BY ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

## IV.—ECONOMY.

FEW words in the language have been more unkindly used than the word 'economy.'

'Οικονομία, the art of guiding your household well, means giving everybody enough, and making people happy and comfortable in a way that is suited to their station and claims.

It is quite a different thing from stinginess, and human nature ought to be ashamed of itself for lowering it to any such meaning. It is more like 'husbandry' or 'housewifery,' which we all know convey an idea, not of scrimping and screwing, but of good management.

A man of rank is not a good economist if he makes his servants wear threadbare liveries. A curate's wife is not a good economist if, on a wet day, she ruins a best gown that cost three or four pounds—perhaps the one survivor of her 'trousseau'—to save 1*s.* 6*d.* in cabs. That she should be fit to be seen is, so to speak, part of her husband's well-being. A man is dragged down socially by having a shabby, untidy wife, and even in a money point of view she will be better off in the end for having called a hansom. So the word 'thrift,' closely connected with the verb 'to thrive,' implies something which produces well-being, and is as far as possible removed from that genius for discomfort which seems, under the mistaken name of economy, to be the ruling spirit in some households.

If the world had been composed entirely of men, we may take leave to doubt whether the word 'economy' would ever have undergone its present degradation. But women in earlier generations had only one idea of increasing wealth—i.e. diminishing it as little as possible. We all know the typical old maid of two

generations ago, the woman with a small fixed income which could only be augmented by petty savings, and who, it must be owned to her praise, often surprised the world by doing really very generous things. I may say, in passing, that I very much doubt if you augment the sum of human happiness more in this way than you do by little acts of daily liberality to yourself and your neighbours. Perhaps one would rather one's elderly aunt or cousin had a new ribbon or drawing-room paper, or other little bit of occasional prettiness, during her lifetime, than inherit the five-and-twenty pounds she had saved by dispensing with these luxuries at the time of her death. Many of us would rather have jam every day while we are young and capable of enjoying it than have a few spare guineas to fee a doctor with in our old age. Perhaps we may never live to be old or want the doctor, but we are *sure* about the jam! This is a doctrine which requires to be taught with caution, but I confess I think there is something in it.

To return to our definition of economy. It is the art of getting the most good you can for everybody all round out of a given set of resources; and of course, in cases where there is the power of earning money, this means giving every possible facility to the money-earner, whoever he or she may be. This is always supposing that the prospect of money to be earned is adequate to warrant the outlay on the other side. The expensive singing lessons that may be well worth having for a girl with a very fine voice are, from an economical point of view, thrown away on a girl with a mediocre one.

Generally speaking, however, where the father of the family is the breadwinner, it is good economy that he should be well-fed, and, in every way, have it made as easy for him as possible to do his work well. The poor show that they are aware of this in cases where, perhaps, the man of the family is the only one who gets his bit of meat, while the rest can only have bacon and vegetables. In higher walks of life it is good economy to secure for the father (if a literary man) a quiet, comfortable room to work in, with a nice fire in it, even if coals are dear. A few shillings laid out to make such a man happy and comfortable may make all the difference between his work being good or bad. It is not every one who, like Walter Scott, can produce high literary work in a damp, half-furnished house, with a raging toothache, the rain pouring outside, and a big dog with muddy feet perpetually coming in and out.

It has been often said that the last thing people should ever save upon is the education of their children. This sounds a very noble sentiment, but I don't feel quite so sure of its truth as I did ten years ago. Many people seem, we must own, but little the better for the large sums expended on them in that way, though infinitely more conceited; and, while we should put every facility in the way of a child who desired to learn, we might as well send the stupid boy out pig-driving to New Zealand, if he wanted to go, as soon as he had tolerably well mastered the three R's. In this way we should economize time and patience as well as money. What we *do* want is to give our children not costly, but *suitable* educations. As it is, the people who would be the better for having time and money liberally spent on their education do not always get it, while those who are capable of making very little return for such expenditure are frequently over-taught, and learn to hate the whole process of mental cultivation. Of one thing there can be no doubt: education should be *good of its kind.* 'Cheap and nasty' places of education should always be avoided. It is worse than wasteful to send children of either sex to schools where much that is taught will have to be unlearned (a bad accent, for instance), or where the food and sanitation is bad, where personal refinement is neglected, where the tone is vulgar, and bad manners are the rule. A boy or girl gets a certain *cachet* from his or her school, on which the impression he or she is likely to make in a first interview with some future employer depends; an appointment which may be the stepping-stone to some future career depends, in its turn, on that interview, and it is not too much to say that thousands of pounds are often lost by a paltry saving of tens.

For the same reason it is the very worst economy for people who have their way to make in the world to be shabby in little things. The art of advertising largely consists in the skilful and often lavish outlay which is made at starting; indeed, one gets so many nice presents in these days in the way of blotting books, Christmas cards, and other elegancies, that one wonders how it can possibly answer to any firm to be so generous. The fact is, most of us are grown-up children, and still very much under the tyranny of our senses; a bit of bright colour, a little gilding, mere externals of all kinds, go a long way with us. Personally, I always feel set against any stranger who writes to me on a thin, brownish post-card; a thick white one is better, but a neatly addressed envelope carries the day. How often people are

judged of (and not always unjustly) by trifles like these! It is being penny wise and pound foolish to neglect them.

Another thing about which people are mistakenly economical is buying books. The publishing trade is one of the first to feel the effects of a financial crisis; people think books can always be 'done without.' Unhappily the not-buying a new book does not, in most cases, mean that we dust and take down the old favourites on our shelves, the Shaksperes, Scotts, Bacons, and other standard works which have so long waited in their silent, ghostly patience for our recognition, for the caressing touch of our fingers, and the warm sunlight or lamplight on their neglected pages; what it *does* mean is that we buy odd penny and shillings worth's of trash, and waste over them the time and eyesight which (if we only would think so) are more precious than money.

Something also might be said here of that worst of all forms of mistaken economy, stinginess in our charities; but that subject requires a paper to itself. Meanwhile it may be briefly said that the reason why so many crimes are committed in the name of economy is that people lose sight of the end in the means. Saving money or goods, is nothing in itself; to think so is as great a delusion as to think that actual coin is wealth.

Hoarding things, for instance, is hardly ever good economy. Clothes get old-fashioned, or the wearer gets too old for them. And we are too prone to forget that life is a race of time against money. You deny yourself, or let us say some one else, a day's enjoyment. You pocket the half-guinea thus saved, and you forget that the day—a far more precious thing than money—is gone, and never, never can be got back again.

Roughly speaking, money seems more precious than time to the young, and time infinitely more valuable than money to the old; the man who has three hundred a year and lives for twenty years is much richer than a man who has a thousand a year and lives for two; and there is a certain pang which some who read these pages may have felt when first they realized the inexorable limitations of human life on the side of time. Money seems more or less within our own control; time is not. When speaking of human resources, therefore, I include time as well as money. Many people who are absurdly careful about money seem most inexcusably reckless when time is concerned. They will waste in hunting for a lost shilling time in which they could have earned five, to say nothing of opportunities of enjoyment which no money can buy, when the day is a fine one, or some

amusing person is talking in the next room; and worse than that, they will make you lose it by unpunctuality or chatter. People who would not directly rob you of twopence, will waste an afternoon for you with the utmost complacency, or will send you shopping half over London, at the cost of some hours and much cab hire, in order to save themselves a couple of postage stamps. I dare not trust myself to go further on this subject, nor to do more than allude to the people who will give you pages and pages of bad hand-writing to read, because they won't take the trouble to study a printed circular you have sent them with the leaf turned down, or who will change their minds half a dozen times, or upset a series of elaborate arrangements for a mere whim—for in speaking of these things I am travelling from my main point, which was, first, to distinguish between true and false ideas of economy; and, secondly, to commend the true and right economy to all who may care to consider the subject.

There is something like Nature at her best and art at its best in well-directed economy. People talk of waste in Nature, but surely are not justified in so doing. Nature uses up every scrap of matter, over and over and over again. And not merely so, but she astonishes us by the various uses to which she will put the same organ. Think of the various uses of a bird's wing—as a means of locomotion, of warmth, of defence in some cases, of protection for its young, as well as of all the artificial uses to which quills and feathers can be applied; or of the double service our own teeth—poor ill-used drudges that they are—render us for speech and for mastication, and perhaps sometimes as defensive weapons, or, as Cæsar found, to carry valuable manuscripts. The whole human body is made up of such ingenious economies as these; economy, yet not stinginess. A healthy human body has got what it wants, as much as it wants, and when it wants it. Excess or defect implies disease. Or, to take larger ground, think of the numbers of things that are done for us by the single agency of air and water. So art at its best is economical; it is *not* stingy. If Tintoret paints an object with three dashes of his brush, it is because three were sufficient. He would have put four if they had been needed. If Dante finishes up the story of Paolo and Francesca by simply saying, '*Quel giorno più non ivi legemmo avanti*,' it was not from lack of resource, but because he knew that enough is as good as a feast. There is no worse affectation, however, than the spasmodic style

of modern writers, who, because a great man knows where to stop, don't think it necessary to give a proper finish to their sentences, and hurry you so over the weddings in the third volume of a novel, that you hardly know whether it was Fred or Arthur who married Ethel, or Arthur or Fred who got killed in South Africa, and, worst of all, do not greatly care. Now a true domestic economist has, like a true poet, the art of concealing art. The moment you know that you are being economised upon, the inferior artist peeps out. Any one who has ever 'done up' an old dress will know what this means. If the folds look skimpy, or the bows look as if they had been ironed, or the lace is not put on full enough at the corners, that is not good economy. The real economist is the magician who manages to look well-dressed on a sum of money for which her sister looks dowdy. She gives a dinner; it may not be *recherché*, but it is good of its kind. The things come up hot, the vegetables are well boiled, the fish is fresh, and there is plenty of everything. *How* she does it, I only wish I knew, just as I wish I knew how to write plays like Shakspere; but there is no doubt it can be done. It is quite certain she must economise—let us rather say 'save' somewhere; and no doubt something may be learnt of economical secrets by reading such works as 'What to do with the cold leg of mutton,' or 'How to dress on £15 a year.' It is long since I read the latter work, but my impression is that the reader was supposed to have a sealskin jacket to start with, which rather reminds one of the old recipe for health—to take a five-mile walk before breakfast, and if possible, to let it be on *your own ground.* There is no doubt, however, that the real secret of this branch of economy is to make up one's mind as to what things it is necessary to have good, and to secure them at any price, and as to what things *might* be of an inferior quality without any serious detriment.

There are three things people never should be stingy in—food, firing, and flannel. If you don't eat enough food, you reduce yourself to the condition of a steam engine which can't do its work properly; if you stint in firing you catch cold; and if you stint in flannel you get the rheumatism. But the true economist has always a *pot-au-feu* going to use up the broken victuals, she does not light a fire early in the day in her drawing-room if the dining-room is unoccupied, and she is very careful to have her flannel well shrunk before she cuts it out.

She does not take in any magazines, she never buys railway

novels, she never buys cheap finery or rubbish of any sort, she knits her own stockings and her children's socks. I rather doubt whether she makes her own jam, because home-made jam is so very much nicer than what you buy that it goes twice as fast.

She economizes her servant's labour in every way that she can, and would rather have one good servant at high wages than two inferior ones at low wages. She never buys sugar-plums, or unwholesome luxuries of any kind; she does her own lamps in the morning and dusts her own china. She has always something pretty in the way of plants or flowers in her room, and yet it may be questioned whether she spends five shillings a year on such luxuries. Her gloves and shoes are always nice, and she is well aware of the fact that an old dress with a clean collar and cuffs looks far better than a new one with dirty ones. She never mends anything with a pin, but always sews it.

If she has children she economizes upon their toys. She invents for them the most delicious games in the world, all out of scraps of paper with the aid of a pencil and a pair of scissors. She economizes on their story-books, having the knack of making a good story out of anything or nothing herself. She economizes even their playtime by teaching them useful things so cleverly that dusting the room or shelling peas seems the most entertaining of all games. She economizes on their frocks, being well aware that a child looks all the prettier for being simply dressed. She economizes on the doctor's bill by giving them plain food and sending them to bed early. She economizes on their pleasure by giving them very few treats, but by making a treat of everything. But she looks sharp after their teeth, and never grudges money on dentists or surgeons, or puts off having any slight deformity or malady attended to the moment it is detected.

She gives them dancing lessons at a very early age, and takes care their clothes are made big enough to allow for growing. She gives them pocket money as soon as they have sense enough to spend it, being well aware that people require just as much training in the art of dealing with money as with anything else. But she never will advance them a sixpence before quarter-day, and never lets them trust to her to pay their debts if they have been extravagant.

If she has to buy furniture, she goes to a good shop and gets good things, even if old-fashioned ones, and always an extra yard or two both of carpets and curtains, so as to match in case

of accidents. She buys quiet-coloured carpets and inconspicuous chintzes.

But suppose she has an extravagant husband, or a man who will go, just as the fancy takes him, to a jeweller's and buy her a gold bracelet which she doesn't want, instead of a new copper kettle or a hair mattress which she does? Or a man who has a passion for showy colours or flashy decorations, or going to expensive watering places, or having forced strawberries and green peas?

Well, all I can say is, that if she has saddled herself with a man like that, she is not the woman we take her for. All that can be recommended to her in that case is to be very economical of her words.

It is time perhaps, however, to meet an objection which is pretty sure to be made. It may be said that a bad effect of the habit of small economies is to concentrate the mind on trifling virtues, and to make the weightier matters of the law seem of no account. We shall be reminded of Louis XV., who, when his daughter became a Carmelite (after many years of dreary existence at Court), used occasionally to pay her a visit, bringing in the carriage with him his own supper, which it was part of his amusement to prepare himself. A pot of jam was produced from the royal stores, and the king took out his knife and proceeded to cut the string. The superior, who was standing by, was horrified. 'Oh, Sire,' she exclaimed, 'for the love of holy poverty!'

She evidently had the same tenderness for string as the lady in a well-known passage in 'Cranford.' But I think there are not many finer pieces of unconscious irony than this figure of the king, who was the very personification of waste of time, faculties, money, self-respect, affection, and the welfare of a great nation, on the one hand, and the petty economy of a morsel of twine on the other.

Surely small economies of the right sort, denials of oneself in matters of mere useless luxury, care and forethought in one's personal and domestic arrangements, are very good for the character. It is good to be able to pass some taking novelty in a shop without rushing in to buy it; good not to spend money selfishly or foolishly, whether we are rich or poor; good to take a little trouble to make things go as far as they ought, for, though we may be well off, other people are not, and what even a poor man or woman saves is often an important gain on the side of charity. There are two aspects of the subject which seem at

first almost opposed. There is, on the one hand, not the least doubt that *small* self-denials are (from their very smallness) an important part of self-discipline. A girl with a handsome allowance would very likely find it easier to deny herself the half-guinea which would take her to the play or the opera, and send the proceeds to a charity, than she would the eighteenpence or less which she is tempted to spend in bonbons. 'You can't do much with eighteenpence; you may as well get a little pleasure out of it,' such a one perhaps would argue. It is these *little* indulgences which make the 'little foxes' of many among us. But, on the other hand, self-denial *may* become something very like miserliness, as we see in *Silas Marner*—a ruling passion indulged for its own sake, till we become really incapable of taking a natural and wholesome pleasure in God's good gifts to us. Surely there *is* a place for nice things in the world, though the merely being able to afford them does not imply that we should lavishly indulge in them. Milton was right when he said to Cyriack Skinner:

> 'To measure Life learn thou betimes, and know
> Towards solid good what leads the nearest way.
> For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
> And disapproves that care (though wise in show)
> That with superfluous burden loads the day,
> And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.'

Robert Walker, the shepherd-priest of Seathwaite, who, on an income which for many years did not exceed annually £17 10*s*., brought up a large family, was generous and hospitable to his neighbours, and actually left £2,000 behind him at his death, though he frequently refused preferment out of unwillingness to leave his flock, was certainly a noble example of a character whose simplicity and dignity lost nothing from the small economies he practised. The picture of the old man in his blue frock with bone buttons trudging over the moors with a heavy pack of wool on his back, or acting as village schoolmaster while at the same time employing himself at the spinning-wheel, yet an exemplary parish priest, a passionate lover of nature, and no despicable scholar, makes us wonder that it should be less than a hundred years ago that such lives could be lived in a country like our own.

Times change, but principles remain; and perhaps some of us may have been privileged to know men and women who could infuse nobility into thrift, and could glorify economies that some

might consider petty and beneath their notice, by the generous spirit which actuated their self-denials. Only let us beware of one-sidedness. If we are of a naturally careful disposition, do not let our economy become fidgetiness. Some kinds of saving are mere pettiness, the resource of minds which, like Mrs. Norris in *Mansfield Park*, prefer hunting for a shirt button to listening to Sir Thomas' account of the West Indies. They spring from a real dislike to use the mind on great subjects, and if we find any tendency in our own characters that way, we should check it as sternly as we can. It is much easier to contract than to expand, and therefore this propensity is a more mischievous one than its opposite. As Aristotle says in his Ethics (Eth. III. IV. 1): 'The true use of money would seem to consist in the spending of it, and the giving of it; for the taking of it, and the careful keeping of it, would rather seem to be forms or modes of its acquisition. And consequently, the liberal man shows himself to be such by giving to those to whom he ought, rather than by taking whence he ought, and not taking whence he ought not. For virtue rather shows itself in treating others as we ought, than in being treated as we ought, and in doing noble acts, rather than in abstaining from disgraceful acts; and it is clear that in the act of giving is involved the benefiting our neighbour, and the doing what is noble, while the act of taking involves the being benefited by our neighbour, and, at the most, the abstaining from what is disgraceful . . . . . All virtuous acts are noble, and are done for the sake of that which is noble. And so the liberal man will in the distribution of his gifts have that which is noble in view, and he will award them rightly. For he will give to whom he ought, and as much as he ought, and will give it when he ought, and his gift will, in a word, have all the determinations that a right gift implies.'

It may be doubted whether the last modern treatise on this subject can improve very much on the high standard set before us by one who, had he lived but a very few centuries later, would have been among the first to welcome and act upon the maxim, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

## LINES ON A NOTICE IN 'THE TIMES.'

DEAR me! how I loved you, Mary;
And your love was as warm as mine,
When you were a winsome fairy,
And I was approaching nine.

My blue-eyed charmer of seven,
My queen with the golden curls,
Your garden to me was Heaven;
Its gate my notion of pearls.

My fancy, a butterfly rover,
That had hitherto roamed at large,
Was fixed—and I handed over
A faithful heart to your charge!

A year we loved, and we parted;
You passed to a far-off clime,
And left me half broken-hearted
(I think, the legitimate rhyme).

I was ice—pure ice—to the many
Sweet maidens I've seen since then;
For You, I was careless of any,
Though I never have met you again.

I remember you still, so clearly,
With your lips so ready to kiss,
As you promised to love me dearly—
And the fruit of your vows is This!

Well, well. '*Mutabile semper*'—
And I hardly myself intend
To show an immutable temper
And leave you my heart to the end.

So, the best of all fortunes attend you;
Be happy as Mother and Wife;
Loved, loving, good angels defend you
Through the joys and the sorrows of life.

And at times I shall think of my Fairy,
For a sweet little maiden were you.
Shall you think of me sometimes, Mary?—
I wonder!—No matter. Adieu.

PETER PIPER.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## AUGUST.

AUGUST is apt to come in with thunder-storms. Indeed, the weather is apt to begin to be thundery at the solstice in June, and St. Swithun's promise is by no means infallible, whether for wet or fair weather. In some counties, such as Gloucestershire, they prefer a shower on his day, and call it christening the apples; but Hampshire surely has the best right to the augury, and we hold that,

> 'If Swithun's day be fair and clear
> It betides a happy year.
> If Swithun's day be dark with rain,
> Then will be dear all sorts of grain.'

Only twice have I known the forty days to pass off without rain!

Thunder-storms are seldom severe here. We say they go up the river, but whether this is only one of the many foolish utterances that a tempest evokes, I do not know. I only do know that when they are seen, large, purple and lurid in the south-west, they generally come towards us, and that within the last few years they have often come from the south-east. As to their coming against the wind, as they are said to do, that only means that the small cyclone that brings them is blowing one way with us, while the other side of the circle is bringing them. I do not love them, though there is a terrible beauty in the grand clouds in far distance in magnificent mountainous curves of dazzling glistening whiteness, relieved against the deep azure of the sky. I respect those that can exult in the brilliant flash and mighty voice, but individually there is something to me distressing in the uncertainty when there may be another, or what may come next, and what awful effect it may have, and it is a great

relief when the intervals between flash and clap grow measurably longer each time, the birds begin to sing again, the sun comes out, and all the drops become diamonds on the leaves, while the cloud goes off in deep soft purples on the horizon.

Only about three times have I known huge hailstones fall such as we read of. Once, long ago, a breakfast cup full of them was collected. The perfect ones were like nitre balls, about as big as marbles, transparent outside and white at the centre, such pretty things, that it was a pity they melted almost instantly. Those that fell on roofs ran together into jagged masses, and broke windows, as well as doing other mischief, quite showing how the providential hailstones on the flying foe fought for Joshua and for Barak. Another night storm did much harm in this way; but the last, on the 8th June, 1889, was the worst.

It occurred in the course of numerous such storms, which visited the whole country. The lawn was whitened, the great balls came rushing down the chimneys, and breaking their way through glass. When the gleam came afterwards, we found the people mourning over their allotments, where the potato haulm was broken, and the poor beans, just putting out their fragrant black and white blossoms, were absolutely ruined. The turnpike road was torn up to its very bones of flint, and did not recover itself till after the winter's vicissitudes had worked in the insufficient repairs.

One cottage was struck by lightning, but not much harm was done. Some years ago an oak upon the hill was struck, a long ribbon of bark being peeled off all the way down. I know another tree where the topmost bough was scathed in like manner; but the most remarkable effect I have seen was in Somersetshire, where a tree (ash, if I remember rightly) had had such a strip torn off some way down, when the lightning seemed to have leapt off, killing some poor sheep, and finally had torn a hole in the ground.

Large holly bushes, also a limb of a yew-tree, have been seen to wither up and die, without apparent cause, and I have been told this is the effect of lightning from the earth; but I do not know if there is any reason in this. Mr. Keble once told me of having seen lightning run along the ground as he was coming home from a distant part of his parish, and there is no doubt of its often doing so in mountainous countries. Thus it may destroy the roots of these trees.

Except from unusually violent storms beating out the corn, or from prolonged soaking rain, the harvest is by August tolerably secure. To be beaten down earlier in the year, when there is time for bindweed to grow over the stems, is much more fatal.

The noble full-eared wheat is, some whitening, some reddening into a beautiful amber tint; the beards of the barley unite in silver waves in the sunlight as the wind goes over them; the graceful oats shake their tresses, and in a few places the humble rye looks like a poor imitation of wheat. The school begins to thin, and holidays are talked of.

Harvest is not quite the parish feast it used to be, when I have known a little maid, who had spent some time prosperously in service, begin to weep so pitifully and incessantly at the thought of the delights she was losing, that she had to be restored to her home!

The whole families used to turn out together, to reap and bind, and it was considered 'lucky' if the child, just promoted to reaping, cut herself with the sickle. Even if the top of a finger was cut off, it was speedily joined on with a quid of tobacco, according to the remarkable practice of surgery which prevailed before the days of Union doctors.

Those were trifles. On worked and feasted the family in its own portion till the last sheaf—beautiful thing—was loaded, and the gladsome shout proclaimed it. Then, still more delightful, the women and children turned out to lease (as they call gleaning), and might be seen plodding home loaded with their little sheaves artistically tied up with plaited straws, and great bags of ears that had fallen without their stems. Some of the best used to carry the clergyman a loaf made of the best of their leasing corn.

The joy of harvest has not passed away, and there is less wildness, less temptation therewith, but much picturesqueness is gone. The reaping machine has taken the place of the family, and leaves rows to be gathered and bound up into sheaves, and built up in the rain-repelling arrangements, which happily have never been improved upon.

The flowers appropriated to harvest associations are the lovely cornflower (*Centaurea cyanus*), with its centre of perfect purple florets, surrounded by the ornamental, imperfect, brilliant, blue ones, all enclosed in a tight, imbricated calyx. It is a favourite for many reasons, chief of all, for the sake of the well-known story of Queen Louisa of Prussia flying before the French with her little children, and on some delay, keeping them happy and

good with showing them the blue flowers in the fields; whence this was her son's, the Emperor William I.'s, favourite flower.

It is said to be common, but it is a rarity here. I only know of two fields where it has been, though its fellow, the common knapweed (*Centaurea nigra*), goes on showing its purple head to the last of Autumn; and I have passed in succession a number of plants, each with a 'dumble dore,' apparently half asleep, in the central blossom.

It is the great time for compound flowers. The yellow corn marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum*), though properly a summer flower, spreads its brilliant gold over the fields till the frost destroys it; for, unlike its white brother, the ox-eye, it is an annual. Farmers hate it, but it has acquired a popularity since the Queen noticed it, and recorded it in her Scottish Journal. The flowers last so long that it is very useful for decorations.

Those beautiful creatures, the thistles, spring up wherever they have a chance; the dwarfs (*Cnicus acaulis*), brown and purple, on the chalk downs, *C. arvensis* in fields, *C. palustris* in marshes, their scaled calices bearing a sharp barb on every scale, their leaves daintily folded in and out, but with a thorn at every point, their stems all a-bristle, all expressing the national motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit.*' The milk-thistle (*Carduus Marianus*) has leaves varied with white; the Scottish thistle (*Cnicus lanceolatus*) (as I believe) is the handsomest and thorniest of all.

There is the cotton thistle, a *cnicus* also, less formidable; and the pretty, delicate sawwort (*Serratula*), not quite a thistle. They all have the exquisite wings or plumes intended to scatter their seeds. A patch of thistles on a downside emits a perfect snowstorm of down, caught up by the goldfinches of flashing wing.

Of all these plumed seeds the most beautiful is that of the *Tragopogon major*, or goat's-beard, better known as the go-to-bed-at-noon; for its yellow blossoms, within their very long narrow sepals, never remain expanded after twelve o'clock, but are in time replaced by most perfect and exquisite stars, perfect pentagons of cobweb texture, but stiffer than those of the dandelion.

The matrimonial auguries of the dandelion clock,

'Tinker, Tailor,
Soldier, Sailor,
Clergyman, Gentleman,
Apothecary, Thief?'

are well known to all.

The moon-like globe of the dandelion consist of these pentagonal stars—the whole of the compound flowers *Syngenesia*, as Linnæus named the class, being formed on the rule of five, and the anthers being united together round the pretty forked style. How comical it seems that he placed violets in the same class, because their anthers join in like manner.

Dandelion is really Dent de Lion, Lion's-tooth, exactly translating the Latin *Leontodon*. It is one of the worthiest of the large class, its serrated leaves being good for salads, and its root (hard to dig up) being as good as chicory to mix with coffee. The golden blossoms, which Jefferies says are of a more brilliant colour in spring than in autumn, are among the most glorious of the many earth-stars, and dandelion chains, made by linking loops formed by inserting the small end of the hollow stem in the larger one, so that they can be carried to any length. The only drawback is the brown stain that the milky juice leaves on the hands, drawing down the wrath of elders who care for the dainty appearance of little girls' pinky paws. The lion's teeth are to be looked for in the form of the soft leaves.

Whether hawkweed (*Hieracium*) was so called as being good for hawks, I cannot tell. At any rate, mouse-ear hawkweed (*Hieracium Pilosella*) is really good for whooping-cough. It is a very pretty little plant, with sulphur blossoms of about the size of a sixpence, on short stems, the buds tipped with red, the whole plant covered with down, and with a creeping root. It is one of the gayest stitches in the embroidery of the down in company with the delicate white eyebright, the dwarf red rattle, and the purple tufts of stemless thistle, hawkweed, hawksbeard, wild lettuce, and the like, all very much alike in their yellow blossoms, which brighten the hedges and fields. Ragweed, or *Senecio squalidus*, has a ray of strap-shaped barren florets, like the daisy and camomile. It is beloved of caterpillars, striped like tigers, black and yellow. The Scottish name for it is Stinking William, under the belief that the Duke of Cumberland introduced it, a story that I always thought a libel till I heard that fifteen new plants had sprung up round Paris from the forage of the Germans. It is odd that the universal groundsel, though without a ray, should also be *Senecio*.

We have wandered away from the cornflowers without mentioning the other typical one, the poppy, our only scarlet beauty except the tiny pimpernel, the shepherd's weather-glass, and its own near relation, the *Adonis*, or pheasant's eye. Adonis,

may very well have ensanguined this with his blood, though I believe that the crimson anemone has also the honour, and this, by the bye, is said in Italy to be patriot's blood!

The dear *Papaver Rhœas*, the common poppy, may be seen of any size from the well-grown plant with flowers of the circumference of an orange to the starveling that would hardly cover a shilling. Each of the four petals is of a magnificent crimson, in almost, not all, cases with an intensely dark purple or black spot at the base, so as to have a deep-dyed cross at its heart. The profuse anthers are purple, surrounding one large four-divided capsule or urn, with a beautiful lid or cap, ornamented with velvety rays from the centre. In time, after the fall of the petals, this cover is lifted up on little supports, to let out the numerous seeds. The petals are very slightly attached, and before blooming are enclosed by two sepals, sea-green, rough, and hairy, which gradually part over the crumpled crimson within, and fall off when the flower expands. A neglected field on a hillside shows like a red handkerchief dropped down, and it is impossible to bestow due blame on the careless husbandry that has bestowed on us such a gorgeous spectacle. Yellow Welsh poppies (*Meconopsis cambrica*) are in these parts only the ornament of shrubberies, and the great white opium poppy, with its pale purple cross (*Papaver somniferum*), though found in English botanical books, is only a stray from gardens, where, with *P. medicinum*, it grows harmlessly and beautifully, and takes every variety of tint of the scarlet and purple gradations. We may have poppies of every size, from the great emperor of the race, five feet high, in robes of royal scarlet and crimson with flowers, more than afoot across when expanded, down to the slender white-edged Iceland poppy, all bright and glowing, all with the peculiar sleepy smell, reminding of laudanum, and of all the various uses and abuses of the juice scraped from them in Indian fields, and formed into the cakes of opium.

The glory of colour has passed to the heaths and moors. Here the heath is in its beauty, beginning with the low growing greyish leaved *Erica tetralix*, or bell heather, with delicately-tinted blushing blossoms, in a single head at the top of each stalk, generally shaded rose colour, sometimes white, and then reminding us of the betrothal flower of Frederick the Noble.

It never grows tall, while the *Erica cinerea*, the common heath, whose leaf, by the bye, is not nearly so ash-coloured as that of *Tetralix*, can mount up by its tough-branched, woody

stem to a considerable height, and rears its deep purple or crimson bells in tall spires. Though not so large individually as the blossoms of the bell heather, they make much more show, and give colour to the landscape. The eight stamens lie deep within the monopetalous stiff, chaffy bell, which hangs on, turning purple after the seeds have ripened. The other two British heaths, *E. ciliaris* and *E. vagans*, Irish and Cornish, are both very handsome, and are, we are told, remnants of the days of very, very old, when mountain chains now disrupted were all one. Why the Cornish heath should be called *vagans* is not clear, for though where planted in favourable soil it grows freely, it has never voluntarily wandered out of its own peninsula, but remains there, just as the big Roman snails never get beyond the precincts of the villas where they were first introduced.

My favourite of the heather kind has been separated as a genus, having a more open bell. The *Calluna vulgaris*, or common ling, has a paler, more lilac blossom, growing in graceful branching, ascending spires, which always put me in mind of early English architecture by the peculiar elegance of their forms. A wood, the upper part of which is partly of unprosperous oak scrub, partly of mountain ash, has an undercurrent of magnificent ling, which contrasts with the ruddy Midsummer shoot of the oak, and the scarlet fruit and feathery leaves of the rowan or mountain ash. This wood is said to be a place where foxes are always lost, and at one time it was supposed that they were under the protection of a handsome witch-like old dame, dead many years back.

Whether the rowan had any connection with her, I do not know. It is really, little as it looks like it, a relation of the pear. *Pyrus aucuparia* is its name, and it has a marvellous history really worth collecting. To begin with, Thor is said to have jumped over a river by the help of a branch of it when on his way to quell the Frost Giants. Also the Amazons made spears of it, and Virgil held that it attracted blackbirds and thrushes. (I could say so of nightingales, night-jars, and glow-worms).

This is for the sake of the fruit, in the case of the mavis and merle, and the bright-red little berry-like fruits are used for baits by bird catchers, whence its names of the Fowler's service-tree, and *Le sorbier des oiseaux*. They are so soon devoured that they never survive to serve as harvest decorations

In some places they are valued by human beings as ingredients in pleasant drinks.

Its mystic powers are, however, most curious; Rowan in Scotch, Roan or Ruon in Scandinavia, are by some connected with the word Rune, by others with the sea goddess Ran, the raiser of storms, and fisher for shipwrecked mariners in her net. The Vikings always took care to have a piece of this tree in their long ships as a protection against her, and the belief continued—

'Rowan-tree and red thread
Haud the witches a' in dread.'

Crosses made of the twigs, tied with red thread, were worn by Highlandmen sewn into their clothes, and not only by them, but the notion was universal. Dame Sludge sewed a piece into Flibbertigibbet's collar as a protection againt Wayland Smith's sorceries. In Yorkshire, Mr. Atkinson was told there were thirteen witches in the town, but they could do no harm to one who had his rowan tree safe in his pocket. So,

'If your whipstick be made of ro'an,
You may ride your nag through any town';

or,

'Woe to the lad
Without a rowan-tree gad.'

In Wales, the rowans stand in churchyards like yew-trees in England, and this is probably connected with the idea commemorated in an old engraving of the Blessed Saviour's descent into Hades, where He holds a rowan-tree cross, while releasing a spirit in prison.

It is as if a bit of the northern myth about Thor had been Christianised, yet it is strange that it should be in Celtic parts that the notion prevails. Endless instances might be collected; indeed, some think that the true reading of the 'Aroint, thee witch,' of the sailor's wife in 'Macbeth,' should be 'A roan-tree witch.'

August is the month of the greatest beauty in gardens, perhaps because the fashionable world inhabits its country houses then, and expects the borders to be full, so that more attention has been paid to the latter flowers. The roses still are numerous, though it seems to me that the real delicately pink, emphatically rose-coloured roses keep to their proper season of June and July, and that almost all the later ones are either white

or deep crimson, with very few exceptions. Is it some delicate quality in the summer sunshine that evokes that charming tint? The later pinks are in their glory, notably the dark crimson clove, of unapproachable scent, so are all the geranium kind, whether the many-tinted *Pelargonium*, or the glowing scarlet, or the lesser scarlets, whose blossom has been sacrificed to their foliage.

The *Clematis Jackmanni* hangs a purple pall over houses, or else its many varieties show themselves much enlarged in white or pale lilac, while the little mountain clematis forms snowy sheets where it has taken a hold.

The great pink or white convolvulus likewise becomes rampant where it has once made a home; indeed, that purest and most delicate of white flowers, the *Convolvulus sepium*, or white bindweed, makes every hedge-side or neglected laurel bush charming. Its spiral buds are specially lovely; and it is really in its extreme purity the most perfect of all its wide-spread class, well-named 'Morning Glories.' Very delightful is the major, in his varieties of purple spoked with pink, crimson with white, or white with purple, and not less so,

'His brother a minor, a cornet in blue,' as said the one line that has stayed with me, of one of the many weak imitations of the *Butterfly's Ball* and the *Peacock at Home*. Then there is the small mauve *C. Mauritanicus*, and the queen of all, the great Indian *Ipomœa*, which I have only once seen, but never can forget, very large, of the softest, purest, most indescribable azure-blue, with pink divisions.

# CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCXCIX.

### 1745.

### PRESTON PANS.

ENMITY between England and France was the opportunity of the House of Stewart, and slow and timid as was its head, the heir of the line was full of spirit, and most eager to seize every opportunity of restoration.

The two brothers, Charles Edward and Henry, had grown up amid the dull ceremonies of the exiled court at Rome, without much education; Charles never could spell either French or English, though he could speak both with the greatest ease, and had perfected himself in manly exercises, inuring himself to hunger, fatigue and exposure, in the huntings on the Campagna, and in the mountains which formed the chief variety in his life.

He was twenty-five when, seeing hope for his cause in the war, he set forth from Rome, starting with his brother as if for a hunting match on the night of the 9th of January, 1744; then, leaving Henry behind, he went on as a Spanish courier to Savona, attended by a single servant. He embarked there, reached Antibes, and rode on to Paris so as to arrive on the 20th, the very day on which his father thought it safe to announce his departure.

Louis XV. did not choose to see him, but he held council with the Jacobite gentlemen, and repairing to Gravelines, lived in strict retirement there, only leaving it for that abortive expedition of Roquefeuilles, when he was carried to the very coast of England only to be disappointed.

He spent the ensuing months in trying to obtain support, sometimes living like a hermit near Gravelines, sometimes staying at FitzJames with his cousin, the Duke of Berwick, till,

finding himself continually deceived by illusory expectations from all the enemies of the English or of the House of Hanover, decided at length on making a bold venture, depending almost solely on his own personal influence with the Scottish Jacobites.

To Louis XV. and his ministry Charles said nothing, lest they should detain him; but two English merchants, naturalised at Nantes, obtained leave to cruise against Britain on the northern coast. There was a brig called the *Doutelle*, the property nominally of Walsh, really of the Prince, and therewith went a large ship of war, the *Elizabeth*, in which he placed the stores which he had obtained by pawning his jewels, 1500 musquets, 1800 broadswords, 20 small pieces of cannon, with ammunition, and a set of uniforms which he flattered himself were very becoming, besides 4000 louis d'ors. They sailed from St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, on the evening of the 2nd of July, 1745, the Prince in the disguise of a student of the Scots college at Paris. They waited at Belleisle till the 13th, to be joined by the *Elizabeth*, and then set sail; but on the fourth day of the voyage the *Elizabeth* fell in with the *Lion*, commanded by one of Anson's captains, and a fight took place, in which Charles was wild to join, but Mr. Walsh, the owner of the *Doutelle*, would not risk her, and when the Prince remonstrated hotly, told him that if he insisted any more he should be ordered down to the cabin. Each of the conflicting vessels was so much injured as to have to put back to her own country for repairs, the *Elizabeth* carrying off all the beautiful uniforms, and, what was more important, all the money and all the musquets.

However, the *Doutelle* sailed on, and though chased by another vessel, it safely reached the Hebridean Archipelago. Near the little islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist, an eagle was seen hovering. 'See,' cried old Lord Tullibardine, 'here is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!'

Charles landed and passed the night on shore, where he learned that this cluster of little flat islands was the property of a young chief called Macdonald of Clanranald, who was absent, but his uncle and chief adviser, Macdonald of Boisdale, was at home in South Uist.

A message was sent to the old gentleman, who came on board, bent on representing the hopelessness, nay, the madness of the attempt, and declaring that if his nephew were drawn into

it, it would be against his advice, and he would have nothing to do with it. All the Prince's eloquence was unavailing, and he departed in his boat, hoping to see the *Doutelle* sail off southwards. However, she proceeded to the mainland, and entered the bay of Loch Nannagh in Inverness-shire, near Moidart. Young Clanranald was not far off, and came on board with his kinsman of Kinloch Moidart, who had a brother on board. Both were of his uncle's opinion, that the enterprise was hopeless. Several of his clan had come with him, some not knowing whom they were to see. One was young Ranald Macdonald, another brother of the laird of Kinloch Moidart. As the chief paced up and down the deck beside the Prince, and the youth gathered the tenor of their consultation, his eyes lighted, the colour rose in his cheeks, he grasped his sword, and his agitation was remarked by the Prince, who turned to him, exclaiming, 'Will not you, at least, assist me?'

'I will, I will!' Ranald cried. 'Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword for you, I am ready to die for you!'

The spark was lighted. All the rest hesitated no longer, and Charles, still in his clerical disguise, felt himself secure of the hearts of these gallant Macdonalds. On the 25th of July (Old Style), he landed, together with the attendants who had come with him, the Seven Men of Moidart as they were called: namely, old Lord Tullibardine; his own tutor, Sheridan; two Macdonalds—John, an officer in the Spanish army, Æneas, Kinloch's brother, a banker at Paris; Kelly, a nonjuring clergyman; Francis Strickland, of an old Roman Catholic English family; and a person named Buchanan.

The next thing was to secure the Camerons, who had fought and suffered under Dundee. Lochiel was sent for, and started, determined to dissuade the Prince. He halted by the way with his brother of Fassiefern, who advised him to return at once. 'I know you better than you know yourself,' said the more cautious man. 'If this Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases.'

Lochiel, however, held out till the Prince declared himself determined to erect the Royal Standard at all costs, and then 'Lochiel, who, my father always told me, was our firmest friend, will only learn my fate from newspapers.'

Lochiel was conquered, and cast in his lot with the Stewart, in the spirit of Campbell's poem—

'Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.'

In spite of his brother of Fassiefern and Campbell's Wizard, Lochiel did not die on the battlefield, but his adherence was of immense importance to the Prince, since it decided many other chieftains to join in the insurrection.

Another Macdonald and M'Leod of Skye, resisted Clanranald's persuasions, and actually sent intelligence of the young Chevalier's landing to London, but waited for nine days to do so, hoping to give him time to escape. But he had burnt his ships, that is to say, had landed from the *Doutelle* all there was to land, and sent her back to France.

He proceeded to Kinloch Moidart, where he received an adherent whose future course was little divined when he was appointed Secretary of State, namely, Murray of Broughton.

The day appointed for the raising of the standard was the 19th of September, but before that time there had been a brief skirmish in the ravine called High Bridge, between two companies under Captain Scott, on their way to reinforce the garrison of Fort Augustus, and a body of Highlanders of Keppoch and Lochiel. The royal troops were obliged to surrender, with the loss of five or six killed, and as many wounded, including their captain. They were treated with great courtesy, and when the commandant of Fort Augustus refused to send out his surgeon, Lochiel sent Captain Scott under parole into the fort to be treated.

Under the excuse of a huntiug match, the chiefs and their clans met in a narrow valley called Glenfinnan. When the Prince first arrived, only one man was there, but presently Lochiel and 600 Camerons came over the hill bringing their English captives with them. Then old Tullibardine, supported by two men, unfurled the Royal Standard of red silk with a white space in the midst, waiting for its motto. There were shouts of joy, and bonnets tossed on high, a proclamation in the name of King James III. was read, and the appointment of Prince Charles Edward as Regent, after which he made a short speech. Keppoch arrived soon after, and other clans in the course of that day and the next, till the little army amounted to 1600.

Intelligence of the arrival of the Prince had been long in reaching the Government, and was hardly believed when it came, far less how serious the affair was becoming. The Lord President of the Scottish Council was Duncan Forbes, a wise, moderate and excellent man, and the general in command was Sir John Cope, one of the brave, dutiful, but dull officers too often to be found at the head of affairs just when an emergency occurs.

It was only on the 19th of August, the very day of the raising of the Stewart standard, that he set out from Edinburgh to take the command of the forces he had ordered to collect at Stirling, and which did not amount to more than three thousand men. With half the number he marched, leaving behind his cavalry, which could be of no use in the mountains, but taking with him a drove of black cattle to serve for provisions. He intended to occupy Fort Augustus, but he found the extremely steep pass of Carry Arrick filled with Highlanders, and deeming it impossible to force a passage changed his route—and after a council of war retreated to Stirling, to the extreme exultation of the Jacobites, who saw the way open to Edinburgh.

Success was beginning to succeed, and Charles won everyone's heart. He wore the Highland dress, he learnt and used telling sentences of Gaelic, he walked over the roughest ground with the clans, ate the same fare, and slept on the open ground in his plaid upon the heather, and thus the enthusiasm of personal attachment to him was such as had been given in a measure to Montrose and Dundee.

At Blair Athol, Tullibardine, or, as he was rightly, the Duke of Athol, took possession of his ancestral castle and entertained his prince, and there he was joined by Mr. Oliphant of Gask, and by Lord Nairn, son of him who so very narrowly escaped execution in 1715, as well as by several other gentlemen of rank. It was here that he showed Mr. Kelly the only louis d'or that remained to him out of the money he had brought from France, but he said that he should soon have more. And after two days, going on to Perth, the city raised £500 for him, in wonder and gratitude that he prevented his Highlanders from plundering the tempting droves of cattle assembled at their market. A London linen-draper, who was there, was assured by him that he hoped to be at St. James's in a couple of months. He slept at Mr. Oliphant's house at Gask, on the very night when a daughter was born there. She was named in his honour, Carolina, and in

after times, as Lady Nairn, became a sweet singer of Jacobite songs, as well as of the exquisite 'Land of the Leal.'

Charles worked hard at drilling his army, getting up early in the morning for the purpose, and the ladies were terribly disappointed when, at a ball given in his honour, he only stayed to dance the two first dances.

Here he was joined by Tullibardine's younger brother, Lord George Murray, who became one of his chief advisers, also by James Drummond, grandson of the Chancellor of Scotland under James II., and titular Duke of Perth. He was a Roman Catholic and had been brought up in France, but was residing at his own castle quietly till the Government tried to arrest him, when he made his escape and joined the Prince.

Tidings came that Sir John Cope was marching from Inverness to Aberdeen, intending to embark there for Edinburgh so as to defend the city. This decided Charles on forestalling him and making a dash for Edinburgh itself. On he went past the historical fields of battle, and past Stirling Castle, which fired on him though the town welcomed him.

Edinburgh was in a state of division and anxiety. The castle was well protected by its own strength and by a garrison, but this was insufficient to defend anything else, and outside were Gardiner's dragoons—the regiment to which Edward Waverley belonged, as our second set of senses believe.

Colonel James Gardiner had had a very remarkable history. He was of Scottish birth, and, when a mere boy, he had served under Marlborough and was severely wounded in the battle of Ramillies. He was always a gallant officer, with very high, joyous spirits, but was considered as dissipated beyond even the too frequent licence of the time. His nickname was 'The Happy Rake,' till one evening in the July of 1719, he happened, for want of other employment, to pick up a book called 'The Christian Soldier,' and began reading it. Presently a strange light fell on the book, and looking up he beheld, in an aureole of dazzling light, the form of the crucified Saviour, while a voice sounded in his ears saying, 'Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?'

He fell to the ground and long remained unconscious. His biographer, Dr. Doddridge, suggests that he was dreaming, but he always held that he had seen the vision with his waking senses, and from that moment he was a most devout and consistent Christian, fully retaining his bright, cheerful manner.

He had married a daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and had a house at Preston near Edinburgh, but continued in command of his regiment of dragoons. With them he had been forced, by lack of numbers, to retreat to Corstorphine, three miles from Edinburgh, where he intended to make a stand. He sent for Hamilton's, the second regiment, from Leith, and for the City Guard and volunteers from Edinburgh.

On Sunday the 15th of September the city fire-bell was tolled in the middle of the service to collect the volunteers, and out of all the churches poured the population, shouting and huzzaing as Hamilton's dragoons rode clattering through the streets.

The volunteers had been for three days drilled by Mr. Drummond and had each received a musket and cartridge box from the stores in the castle. They were mostly young high-school lads, apprentices, and douce citizens, and Mr. Drummond had owned that he did not reckon on more than 250 of them. One, a writing master, made himself a cuirass of a quire of foolscap paper, on the outermost page of which he had inscribed, in case of accidents, 'This is the body of John Maclure; please give it Christian burial.'

The volunteers duly repaired to the market-place, but thither also repaired all the wives, sisters and sweethearts, weeping and wailing and embracing these valiant adventurers. The word to march was given, they started, but as each man passed his own house, or his own street or alley, his womanfolk got the better of his courage and drew him off, so that by the time Mr. Drummond reached the gates and looked round, they had diminished in the proportion of King Lear's body guard, and instead of the 250, whom he had hoped at least to bring, he scarcely saw twenty.

However, the troops did not put these douce citizens to shame. They were drawn up at Coltbridge, where they were reconnoitred by a party of Highland gentlemen who galloped up and fired off their pistols, whereupon the dragoons were seized with terror, turned them round about, and galloped off headlong, in spite of all the efforts of their officers, who were obliged to share their flight! They did not draw bridle till they had reached Preston, where they were quartered on Colonel Gardiner's grounds. In the dark, a man fell into an old coal pit; his cry for help was mistaken for an alarm at the Highlanders; the dragoons scrambled back into their saddles, rode off in the night, and never stopped till they reached Dunbar, having greatly added to the terror of the citizens of Edinburgh, who had watched 'the canter of

Colbrigg' as they called it, dash by them. They further heard that Sir John Cope meant to land at Dunbar, thirty miles off, so that it would be long before he could come to their help, and the Highlanders were not two miles off.

The provost called a meeting to consider whether to defend the place. In the midst a letter came from the Prince promising that all privileges and rights of the city should be respected, and that there should be no plunder if he were peaceably admitted, but saying that he was resolved to enter at all costs, and if there were resistance, he could not answer for the consequences.

Not being able to decide, the Town Council sent to beg for a delay. The deputation found the Prince at Grey's Mill, only two miles off. He insisted on an immediate answer before 2 A.M., but the bailies, having heard that the ships with Cope were in sight of Dunbar, still wavered, and sent a second deputation to ask for more time. These Charles refused to see. Their coach was driven back, the gate called the Netherbow was opened to admit it, and behind it, in came a body of Highlanders!

At six o'clock in the morning, the good people of Auld Reekie awoke to see the clan Cameron in perfect order, drawn up round the old City Cross, not even accepting whiskey! At eleven, the heralds and pursuivants, in all their glory of lions ramping in gold, proclaimed with sound of trumpet King James VII.; the bagpipes brayed, the people shouted; the ladies waved their kerchiefs, and one, a great beauty, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, sat on horseback by the cross, distributing knots of white ribbon, the Stewart badge. All was a whirl of enthusiasm and ecstasy, redoubled when the tall graceful Prince entered at first on foot, but the crowds who rushed to kiss his hand or touch his dress, almost threw him down. Therefore he mounted his horse, and rode, with the Duke of Perth on one side, and Lord Elcho on the other, amid the triumphant ecstasies of the Jacobites, to Holyrood House, where a gentleman, who had fought in 1715, marshalled him upstairs with a drawn sword to the halls of his forefathers.

There he gave a ball that same evening, and though he had slept for only two hours the night before without undressing, his gaiety and grace were the delight and marvel of all, and the whole city was in a state of wild enthusiasm, even steady old burghers carried off their feet by the spirit of the time, and by finding the greatly dreaded Highlanders so simple, orderly, and courteous.

At that very time, Sir John Cope was disembarking his troops at Dunbar, where he found the judges and other Hanoverian officials who had fled from Edinburgh, and likewise Colonel Gardiner, much grieved and ashamed of his runaway dragoons, who did not encourage the new arrivals. However, Lowland gentlemen came dropping in, and the officers of the regular troops had so low an opinion of the Highlanders, and trusted so much to their six pieces of artillery, that they declared that they should have no battle, only a chase!

So they marched along the high road by the coast, expecting the enemy to come out and meet them by the same way, never thinking that they might go over the hills and flank them. Cope did indeed send out two young Edinburgh volunteers to reconnoitre, but they never came back, having stopped at a public-house to enjoy oysters and sherry, and thus being taken prisoners by an attorney's clerk.

Charles had only spent a single day in resting and enjoying his triumph at Edinburgh. On the 19th he led the army out to Duddingstone, where they slept. They were 2500 in number, of whom only about fifty Lowland gentlemen had horses, and there was but one cannon among them, a rusty old iron thing, which the Prince would have left behind, but that the Highlanders regarded it with awful reverence, called it the mother of muskets, and rejoiced to have it dragged behind them by a team of Highland ponies, to be fired as a signal. The arms in store at Edinburgh had been distributed, but most of the ordinary clansmen had only a single weapon—pistol, sword, dirk, or even a scythe upon a pole—though the chiefs and *dhuine wassels*, or heads of divisions of clans, were well armed. At their head was carried the great red and white standard, and each clan, or family, had a banner with its motto. The Murrays of Athol, 'Forth fortune and fill the fetters;' the McGregors, 'Do and spare not;' the Macdonalds of Clanranald, 'Gainsay who dares,' and the badge of each clan waved in their bonnets; the oak leaf of Lochiel, the bearberry of other Camerons, the pine of McGregor, the deer's grass of Mackenzie, the juniper of Murray, the purple heath of Macdonald and the like. On they went, over the hills, and on the 20th came over the ridge, and were perceived by Cope's army to the south, whereas they had been expected on the west, not above a mile off; so that the shout of the English troops was heard and answered by the Highland yell of defiance. Between the two armies there lay the slope of the hill and a

large deep morass. It was about 3 P.M., and Charles and his Highlanders wished to make an instant charge; but Ker of Gradon, who rode out on a white pony to reconnoitre, found the bog so wide and deep that he assured the Prince that to pass it would be risking the swallowing up of his whole army.

Nothing could be done that night except to despatch Lord Nairn with 500 men to prevent Cope from going on to Edinburgh; but in spite of Colonel Gardiner's advice, Sir John contented himself with drawing up his troops in order of battle, partly within Gardiner's own park. To the left was Seaton House, and in the rear was the sea, with the villages of Preston Pans and Cockenzie, in the latter of which Cope slept.

The Prince, with the Duke of Perth and another officer, went to get a meal at the little inn of the village of Tranent. There was nothing to be had but kail or broth, and the meat from which it had been made, and only two wooden spoons and a butcher's knife with which to eat it; but these were passed round among the three, and it was a cheerful meal. After which Charles slept on pease straw in a field among his soldiers.

Very early he was astir, listening to a gentleman named Anderson, who had recollected a path leading from the heights which would avoid all the more dangerous parts of the marsh. At once, in the darkness, the chiefs were called up, and got their men under arms, while a messenger was sent to recall Lord Nairn.

In the darkness before dawn Anderson led the way, first over hard and lonely moorland, then through the edge of the moss, which even there was so perilous that the Prince himself fell, and some of the men sank in knee deep.

Light was beginning to dawn as they reached harder ground, but there was a frosty mist concealing them till they were close upon the dragoon patrols, who fired their pistols and galloped off to give the alarm. As the sun cleared away the smoke, the two armies were visible, opposite to each other, drawn up in battle array. The Macdonalds had claimed the right to make the first charge, and the Camerons and Stewarts had yielded to them. Charles headed the second line. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'follow me; and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people.'

Then, after one muttered prayer, the Highlanders drew their bonnets over their eyes, the bagpipes played, and each shouting his own warcry, down charged the men, each clan

together. The Macdonalds broke one regiment before them, the Camerons and Stewarts rushed on the artillery, whose gunners—irregular ones—fled. Colonel Gardiner tried to bring his dragoons up to the charge, but the broadswords and the shot of the Highlanders put them to flight.

The infantry were behaving better, but their officers were missing—Gardiner put himself at the head of a body of them. 'These brave fellows,' he said, 'will be cut to pieces for want of someone to command them,' and he began to cheer them on, but at that moment he was cut down by one of the scythe-armed Highlanders, and then received many ghastly wounds close to his own park wall. He was presently carried to the manse off Tranent, where he died in a few hours, and was buried close to nine of his thirteen children.

The panic extended and the battle was really won in about five minutes. The Highlanders, under the impression that the horses were dangerous animals, tried to kill as many as they could, but this was stopped by the officers. Their loss was only thirty killed and seventy wounded. The English dragoons, thanks to their cowardice, scarcely lost a man, though only 170 of the braver infantry escaped. One party of dragoons galloped up to the Castle of Edinburgh, but the commandant would not let them in, and told them to make off before he turned his guns on them as cowards deserting their colours.

The others were got together by Sir John Cope, and reached Coldstream, but there, in spite of all he could do, a fresh panic seized them, and off they went to Berwick utterly disordered. Lord Mark Kerr, who was in command there, received Sir John by telling him he was the first general who had brought the news of his own defeat, and derision was poured on the unfortunate man, especially in the notable song with the chorus—

'Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are ye sleeping I would wit?
Oh, haste ye, get up, the drums do beat;
O fie, Cope, rise i' the morning.'

The final verses are—

'When Johnnie Cope at Dunbar came,
They speered at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"Sic a mist arose, I dinna ken,
For I lost them a' i' the morning."

'"Troth, Johnnie Cope, ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' yer ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning!"'

Poor Sir John, it was rather that his men left him than he his men!

The Prince remained on the field till mid-day, restraining the violence of the Highlanders, and doing his best for the wounded on either side. Then there was a triumphant return to Edinburgh amid shouts, waving of flags, and shots fired in exultation. Then it was that the accident and brave words which Scott has given to Flora MacIvor really befel Miss Nairne in one of the balconies.

The Highlanders were running about much perplexed by the spoils of war. One sold a horse for a horse-pistol, and another a gold watch for a few pence, observing, 'he was glad to be rid of the creature, for she lived no time after he caught her.'

Chocolate was sold at Perth under the name of Johnnie Cope's salve; and the fine-laced clothes seized in the camp figured strangely on the Highland men.

They called the battle Gladsmuir, on account of an old prophecy, 'At Gladsmuir shall the battle be,' but as that moor is a mile away from the place of combat, we know it as Preston Pans, while we realise it with the eyes of Edward Waverley.

# STROLLING PLAYERS.

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FELLOW FEELING.

IT so fell out that the day of the Church opening coincided with a request from Sir Lewis Willingham to Clarence to meet him at Clarebridge, to make arrangements and see what wanted to be done. Clarence was not given to ecclesiastical ceremonies, and moreover had never quite divested himself of an idea that going to church at Monks' Warren looked like a display of his position at the great house, and was in fact in rather bad taste, considering his father's opinions. Nor was he fond of the sort of gathering which such an occasion brought to the Park, so that he agreed willingly to Sir Lewis's proposal.

His scruples as to his family were proved to be overfine, as he found that all, except the old gentleman himself, were determined to go to the new church in the evening to hear Dick read the Lesson, of which distinction they were extremely proud, and Clarence, perceiving that his brother was anxious for his opinion on his voice and delivery, agreed to come back by a train which would bring him in time to attend the service.

He did his business with Sir Lewis, had the inestimable privilege of hearing Juliet's name mentioned at least three times, in connection with the parts she had undertaken, and was, as he sat in the corner of a crowded compartment of the train, endeavouring to extract, from this scanty source, all the information about her which her cousin had not given him ; when some miles from Warrenstoke the train came to a stand-still with

a sudden crash and shock, which threw all the people in the carriage pell-mell against each other—the women shrieked, there was a moment of sickening fear, then the carriage settled into its place, and the train was suddenly stopped.

'A collision—we're all right,' said Clarence; 'coal truck or something.' He looked out at the window, then opened the door and jumped out.

'Come on,' he said to a man opposite him, 'the ladies had better sit still. *We* are all right.'

All the passengers were, however, by this time out on the bank, and as Clarence ran on to the front of the train, he perceived that it had run up to the wrong platform of Lindenhurst station and dashed into an excursion train, waiting there till the line should be clear. The engine and tender were in ruins, and two carriages at the end overturned, and unhappily, the excursionists, returning from a favourite place on the coast, had been waiting inside them. Fearful sounds and sights met his eyes and ears—the little country station was wild with excitement and alarm—and he went at once to help in the work of rescue, finding himself side by side with a strong sturdily-made man in his shirt sleeves, who was already endeavouring to open the door of the first carriage and help out the struggling shrieking mass of human beings within. Clarence, with others, lent all the aid in his power, finding himself obeying the directions of his companion, who had both presence of mind and common sense. Matters were not quite so bad as might have been; a great many passengers were released unhurt or with slight injuries, only one or two were lifted out insensible, crushed and injured, as Clarence had never seen the human form before. One man still lay against the lower window of the overturned carriage, wedged in by the broken spars and other *débris* of the roof and sides.

'Mind you don't pull it over on our heads, sir,' cried a navvy who had been travelling in the down train, and had rendered effective help in the rescue.

'Show us the safest way, we'll follow your directions,' said the stranger.

It was a very difficult and risky business, and as Clarence also followed the navvy's orders, he saw his companion set his back against the quivering, shaking side of the carriage, and literally hold it up while the injured man was dragged out at the opening thus preserved. Clarence helped to hold back the falling

spars, and as he pulled the stranger out on to the platform he exclaimed, breathlessly,

'I say, that was a bold act of yours, sir, it might have crushed you.'

'I am very strong—it seemed the best way. Is the poor fellow alive?' going over to him and kneeling down by his side.

The young man was alive, though with one arm frightfully crushed; and as the blood and dust were washed from his face, Clarence gave a start of recognition, as did a porter who was holding him.

'Mercy upon us, it's that there young Furlonger. Bless me, do you suppose Randall is here too, Mr. Burnet?'

The injured man opened his eyes, gave a violent start, and tried to wrench himself out of the porter's arms.

'Keep quiet my man, nobody's going to hurt you,' said the stranger. 'Are you looking for your friend.'

'He's not here—you won't nab him,' said Furlonger fiercely; but at this moment a little special train rattled in from Warrenstoke, a gentleman jumped off it, saying, 'I am a doctor,' and took possession of the wounded man, who had again fainted.

He speedily declared that his injuries, though dangerous, were not mortal, and that he must be taken to the Warrenstoke hospital at once, as well as three others of the passengers. The stoker and the engine driver were killed, and after all possible help had been given, Clarence found himself standing on the platform, under the fair September moon with the last glow of sunset dying down in the distance, and the flaring lights of the station close at hand.

'We have to give thanks for a great deliverance,' said the stranger, taking off his hat and wiping his brow. 'Is it possible, can I get on to Monks' Warren? I am due there.'

'Are you the preacher?' said Clarence. 'Mr. Merrifield—I—yes, I haven't an idea of the time.' He spoke confusedly, and Mr. Merrifield saw that he was extremely pale.

'You are not hurt? You are overdone—rest a minute,' he said, taking him by the arm and drawing him back to a bench.

'No—I—it came over me—I never saw such a sight. It's nothing, sir, thank you. I was only dizzy for a moment,' said Clarence, who, strong as he was, had the sensitiveness of his artist nature, and who was all unused to scenes of horror.

'I have been in a colliery accident,' said Mr. Merrifield gravely,

'but nothing can make such a scene otherwise than awful. It is seven o'clock.'

'If we can get a trap we might do it across country,' said Clarence, 'that is, in time for the sermon; and though there must be plenty of clergymen there, and I suppose one of them could take your part—preach I mean. I should be glad to get back. My cousin will be on the look out for you, and hear of this accident, and he will be terribly frightened—my brother too.'

Mr. Merrifield evidently felt that if it lay in his power, he ought to be in Monks' Warren New Church at the hour named, and Clarence, who would have felt exactly the same had his own professional engagements been in question, proceeded to enquire for the trap, as the trains would not have taken them in time.

Means of removing the traces of the adventure were provided them; Mr. Merrifield's bag turned up in the carriage which he had left, and his long coat where he had thrown it on the platform. He now appeared as an unmistakable cleric, with a sensible individual face which took Clarence's fancy, and after a telegram had been despatched to Alaric in the hope that it might shorten the period of wonder as to the preacher's non-arrival, or of alarm as to the accident, he proceeded to drive him across country in a trap from the Lindenhurst inn, by the shortest way to Monks' Warren. On the way Clarence identified himself as the brother of Canon Wharton's curate, and the recognition of Furlonger led to all the story of the trespassing fray, which Clarence told from Alaric's point of view. Mr. Merrifield seemed to be a man of few words.

'My family do not preserve in the modern thorough fashion,' he said. 'These foolish lads seem to have had a grievance.'

'It will be a great relief to my cousin to find even one of them.'

'Ah, yes. It seems that there is a great opportunity in his hands—work of an unusual kind.'

'He is an unusual person,' said Clarence briefly.

There was a silence, and presently, as they neared Monks' Warren, Mr. Merrifield said in rather a shy, tentative fashion—

'I think I have understood—or seen in the paper—that you have been professionally engaged with Sir Lewis Willingham and his family, lately?'

'Yes,' said Clarence, 'and I am going to form part of his company at the Clarebridge theatre.'

'At the theatre! I thought—I thought his scheme was confined to acting among friends?'

'Why—he did not find that practicable, and, with the theatre in his own hands, he will be more independent.'

'Is he—are his family likely to be successful in the undertaking. I am acquainted with one of his sisters at Coalham.'

'It is a very difficult undertaking,' said Clarence, cautiously.

'And, pardon me, is it not rather trying for young ladies who are unaccustomed to—to—' David Merrifield hesitated for a word, and finally said, 'public life?'

There was something in the tone of the grave clergyman's voice, and something in the face on which the moonlight shone, that told the keen-eyed Clarence a little of his story.

'There's a great deal,' he said. 'Of course I can't judge what the social difference may be between taking the theatre and acting at private houses; but I should think it would be far pleasanter for the young ladies, as Sir Lewis is manager and will have it in his own hands.' Another silence, and then, 'The young ladies enjoy the amusement.'

'Miss Juliet Willingham is the most of an actress,' said Clarence, 'but Miss Willingham's beauty, which is of a kind to tell at a distance, and the sweetness of her voice makes her a valuable member of the company. She is, perhaps, rather shy.'

A few more remarks passed, and it struck neither clergyman nor actor that it was odd to discuss this subject after the exciting scene through which they had passed. It was nearly as exciting to them both.

As they came up to the raw, new brick building, Mr. Merrifield said, with a touch on his companion's arm, 'I should like to feel that we gave thanks for our safety together; but I believe that you ought to go home and rest.'

'Oh, no. I am coming to church,' said Clarence.

As he spoke, the sound of their wheels was heard, and out rushed Alaric and two or three other gentlemen.

'Here you are—safe? We did not hear of the accident till some one brought word after the service began. They said no one was hurt in the down train.'

He had grasped Clarence's hands so eagerly that he had hardly attention to spare for Mr. Merrifield, who was taken round to the vestry after a few hurried explanations, among which it appeared that the telegram had not arrived. While the anthem was being sung, Clarence went in and sat by Alaric's

side at the bottom of the church. He saw his mother and sisters, unconscious of any alarm, some way in front of him, and Dick, with his dark face becomingly set off by his surplice and stole, in the chancel. Emily, from a seat higher up, glanced back as Mr. Merrifield slipped into his place, and smiled as she saw that Clarence was there too. Some communication passed among the clergy, and 'thanks for deliverance from great danger for some members of the congregation' were given in the general thanksgiving. The sermon, when it came, was simple, straightforward, and well delivered. It spoke of the presence of God in that place, and in all other places, however unlike this one with its holy peace and calm. The preacher did not make any sensational allusions to startle his hearers, but as he spoke of trouble, danger, and adversity, all who knew what had passed that evening could apply it for themselves. Clarence recalled the steady, resolute face that the speaker had worn when he had risked his life to save Furlonger, and with what quiet recollectedness he had done it, and he felt that the mouth spoke out of the abundance of the heart. His life had set him much apart from the externals of religion; perhaps he erred by distrusting and despising them; but a certain reverence lurked in his dislike of professions, which he had seen in early life made without much regard to practice, and combined with teaching which he could not accept. He had the nature that looks up and worships, and a constant love of the noble past. He did not forget Mr. Merrifield's words, and the jubilant music that succeeded to the sermon chimed in with his feelings. As he stood up, a hand was put forward from behind him to reach a hymn book. He glanced round, and to his intense surprise saw a tall, white head and brilliant black eyes—his father's, who, as the service ended and they came out of church, grasped his hand.

'This is not a precedent—not a precedent, Clarence,' he said; 'but I heard of the railway accident, and couldn't hear if you were safe; so I looked in to enquire of the pew opener, and saw you. And after all a place of worship is a place of worship, and that was a Gospel sermon—and, my dear boy, I was glad to thank God for your deliverance from destruction. Though it is not a precedent.'

'Come up to supper, Uncle Philip,' said Alaric, 'and make sure that he is all right.'

Dick Burnet could not help glancing at his Coalham fellow-worker and wondering what he thought of the party round that

supper-table. Possibly David Merrifield thought it a remarkable one, especially when old Mr. Burnet recovered his spirits and talked in the fine, rolling, vibrating voice with which his younger son intoned the Litany at Coalham Church. Somehow every one seemed to fit in. Mrs. Lambourne was the kindest and most tactful of hostesses, but it seemed to David that the influence that harmonised all the various elements came from the delicate-looking, dark-eyed Alaric, whose kinship to his gipsy-faced cousins was shown as plainly as his innate refinement and grace. Mr. Merrifield did not find it hard to believe that he was an 'unusual person.'

They went over to Warrenstoke together on the next morning to see Furlonger in the hospital.

They found the lad likely to do well, but did not otherwise get much satisfaction out of their visit. Whatever Furlonger's previous relations to Mr. Lambourne might have been, the sense of being in disgrace reduced him to the sulky village boy before an offended superior. He touched his forehead with the fore-finger of his uninjured hand, and said nothing but 'No, sir,' to every question about the lost Randall; which, as they had not the power to promise pardon in case of his return, was not perhaps surprising. Alaric felt sure that the natural distrust had surged back again over his scholar, and felt sore hearted in consequence. But both he and David knew very well that the first and last resource of rustic caution is dumbness.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DOUCE DAVIE.

WHEN he parted from Alaric Lambourne, David Merrifield went to finish his holiday at his home. In due time, he was landed at the tiny station, scarcely more than a house and two platforms, beside one of which he already saw the basket-carriage and dark-tinted donkey soberly standing, and his sister Elizabeth on the platform, among the carboys and milk-tins.

'You are all right, Davie?' was her hurried exclamation.

'Perfectly right,' he answered, and the next moment had to answer the same query put in longer words by the lugubrious looking station-master.

'I hope you feel yourself uninjured by the accident, sir?'

'Oh yes, thank you, Mr. Smith.'

'There is no knowing, sir,' proceeds the gold-banded official. 'Now I knew an individual who thought himself entirely unhurt, but who finally suffered from creeping paralysis.'

'No fear of that for me, thank you Mr. Smith,' said David, 'for our train was the guilty one running into an excursion train.'

'Ah! those excursions,' sighed the station-master, shaking his head as if they were a weight on his mind.

'Are they most of a blessing or the reverse?' said Elizabeth, 'Oh, take the reins, Davie. Peter Bell nearly made me too late; he won't go except for Susan and *man*kind in general. Certainly he is one sort of reverse of an excursion train, such as *apparently* was the bane of poor Harry.'

'Apparently,' repeated David.

'Have you heard from him?'

'Yes, from Gibraltar. Chiefly about the lady doctor's advice as to disposing of the child with a spine in our hospital. Poor Harry, he is a good fellow, and will come home a man! All at home well?'

'Quite well, my mother better than usual. She would have come for you, but that Peter is too much for her single-handed, and might stand still altogether. Here is a letter or two sent on for you.'

David opened the letters, while she let 'the silent ass' creep on between the high green banks of the lane. Presently, with a sort of gasp, he uttered the word, 'There!'

'What?'

'Did you know that the old Rector of Beechcroft was dead?'

'No! Has Mr. Mohun offered the living to you?'

'Indeed he has, and pretty promptly too, I suppose to save himself from the swarms of applicants.'

'Well?'

'I think you can guess. Subject of course to considerations.'

'Of what kind?'

'Such wishes of my father as would render it matter of obedience—but that I do not expect.'

'I should have been more doubtful of your decision a few months ago.'

'As how?' said David.

'Well, if the truth must be told, I thought there was attraction enough to make you overcome your modern cleric's contempt for a wholesome country parish.'

'Far be it from me to despise a country parish, and its good old solidity and loyalty,' ejaculated David. 'As you say, four or five months ago, I might have thought more over the matter, but as things stand, it would be base in me to stand in Harry's light.'

'In Harry's? I had drawn my conclusions that he had had his *congé*, and *perhaps* a good thing too.'

'I am not so sure of that. Besides, the poor fellow managed his affairs ill, grotesquely ill. There's no other word for it, and he ought to have a second chance.'

'Well, I am sure whatever poor Agnes Willingham is dragged into, is against her will, and yielded to from the highest motives.'

'You think so?' exclaimed David, his face lighting up.

'I cannot doubt from the talk I had with her in the train.'

'Did she know what was expected of her.'

'Not all these professional theatricals, but it was of acting in general that she talked to me, and I could not condemn it altogether as mamma and Susan would.'

'Then she really had a sort of sanction from you?'

'That's a strong word. I told her exactly what I thought, not guessing that more was involved than mere amateur performances.'

'It all depends on what they have made of her!' said David. 'And for my part, I don't believe they could do her much harm. I met a man at Monks' Warren who has been acting with them, a professional, a cousin of Mr. Lambourne, quite a different being from what one imagines a player, and I gathered from him that—that—in short, it is compulsion, complaisance, whatever you may choose to call it. Now, if so, Harry ought to have another opportunity of saving her from it.'

'What would the patron say?'

'That's all nonsense. If she is such as we have known her, and as I firmly believe she is, her having acted a few times in public with her brother and his family can make no difference, unless they are absolute fools. They ought to go down on their knees with thankfulness at getting hold of such a person.'

'But supposing Harry to be out of the question——'

'Even so,' replied David, 'I should have very great doubts. As I understand the place, it is fit for a man needing time for study, or a delicate man, or a wearing-out man, and ought to be left for the like. Now I don't see anything like that in myself, and I could not willingly give up my work at Coalham.'

Elizabeth knew that 'not willingly' meant a great deal more than the mere sound conveyed. 'Well' she said, 'perhaps I shall soon see what it is like!'

'You!'

'Long ago, to please the cousins, I made a stupid ballad on the old story they had imbibed from their relations in that quarter. Don't you know—about the Devereuxes and the Mayor of Raynham? The prosperity of the town, and the fortunes of the Devereux family date from an adventure in Queen Elizabeth's reign of the first Devereux and a Raynham youth called Miles Rowden. As the present Mayor of Raynham is a descendant of this Miles, and the tercentenary falls this year, they are going to have some great festivities, and Lady Rotherwood has asked me to go to hear my ballad recited in the intervals of Elizabethan Tableaux.'

'Are you going?'

'I believe so. Mamma seems to wish it, and the Jasper Merrifields are sure to be there, besides old London acquaintances; I shall like a dive into the society of my fellow creatures. But as to the Beechcroft living, I suppose you will settle the matter at once, without waiting to hear more about the place, or whether there's the promise of a railway colony, or anything to make it a good hard-working mission?'

'I think not. It is not fair towards either patron or people not to settle such things at once, and there must be some delay in reaching Harry.'

'Surely Harry is too young for the down pillow you believe the place to be?'

I have always had my doubts whether Harry is made of the stuff for tough work in a town, and such a shock to his health as he has had is not likely to mend matters in that respect. For every reason, Bessie, he ought to have the refusal, and unless my father feels very strongly to the contrary, he shall have it.'

'Papa scarcely will,' said Bessie.

Therewith they emerged into the old-fashioned village, looking as it might have done two hundred years ago, with the open village green, and the church in the midst of the shady yard. Yet David's eye detected instantly the clearing away of a few shrubs, and the growth of a red cottage or two, ere they turned up the long elm-shaded lane that led to the home—that would always be the home of homes to him and to his sister, and which

still had the essentials of home, the two parents both on the stone steps, with the dear, half-motherly elder sister.

The possession of such a nest continues the youth of the heart, and prevents the yearning for home ties, especially in men who have been accustomed to spend their time of action away from it, even in their earliest boyhood, and who know it is always open to them.

Thus David Merrifield seemed to feel it, during the few days that he could spend at Stokesley. He and his father were perfectly happy together, in that sort of bliss which is enhanced by being of short duration, and therefore to be *savouré* to the utmost. The admiral did not too often get a son to be his companion in these days, and together they studied every cow in the fields, every pig in the sty, and inspected every new building, or discussed the need of repair, and prospects of each crop with their faithful Purday, now too old for anything but pottering about, directing the younger men, and declaring that nobody could or would work as in old times, nor hear a word of reproof—'all along of they schools that Miss Susan and Miss Bessie was always arter.'

'Master Davie' had many an old friend to visit in the parish, and was so entirely acceptable and at his ease there, that to the minds of mother and sisters, it seemed as though such were the sphere he was born for, and as if, since he could not be Rector of Stokesley, he ought to be in as similar a place as possible. At least so thought Mrs. Merrifield and Susan, and they believed it almost a mistaken sacrifice of himself and his life to a 'horrid town parish,' but Elizabeth could not quite join them. She had the faculty of looking higher, and moreover, better knew what the real sacrifice was, though even with her it was half surmise.

The Admiral took just the view that might have been expected. 'I must say it is a great compliment to you, Davie, but as you say, Harry is Mohun's own nephew, and ought to come first, since he is in Holy Orders. It would have been a snug berth for you, but you are quite right in not looking out for the like yet. You would feel it like commanding in harbour instead of going into action in a line-of-battle ship! Eh! And you are in the right. Only remember, you lads—clergy though you be—fall in love like other folk, and then you may be sorry you threw away a good offer.'

'I am not likely,' said David.

'You've not been making any of those ridiculous vows, just made to be broken,' said his father anxiously.

'Certainly not, sir,' said David, flushing a little, however.

'Ah! she's not come, that's all,' said the Admiral, smiling sagaciously.

David coloured a little more, and, catching a certain knowing look, he laughed, and added, 'You don't want me to make provision for any possible or improbable *she*.'

'Well, wiser men have done so, and been glad of it when *she* came.'

'But as there is no likelihood of her coming,' said David, gravely, 'and, indeed, if she should, she must conform to my present condition, there is no need to accept this provision for her.'

And so it ended, outwardly; but not even Bessie fathomed under that calm, cheerful, impassive exterior how strong the strain had been to keep up the spirit of self-dedication, soul and body, and to crush the yearnings of the nature towards affection and repose.

Mr. Mohun's reply to David's refusal showed him a little hurt and disappointed at the 'preference of the modern clergy for large towns where they became better known, and their lights were less hidden,' and he said that he was quite prepared to meet the like objections from his nephew.

Thus it was plain that a letter was gone in quest of Harry, and as to the unjust judgment of David's motives, he took it as a matter of course, and only good Susan said, 'I am sure' twenty times over.

## CHAPTER XX.

### NO INCUMBRANCES.

ON the occasion when Lewis had gone with Clarence Burnet to reconnoitre, and engage lodgings at Clarebridge, the party at home waited eagerly for his return, which did not take place till eight o'clock in the evening, when they all sat round during his meal devouring his intelligence.

'A very decent theatre,' he said. 'A little fusty, but good for the voice. Burnet says it is quite up to the common run. There's a tradition that Garrick acted in it, and they show the wig he wore in Hamlet. But the scenery is beastly, there's no other

word for it. We must tinker some of it up, and get the rest from town.'

'Will not that be very expensive?' asked Miss Dorset.

Lewis shrugged his shoulders. We must go the whole animal if we are to do anything,' he said. 'There's a permanent staff up to the ways of it, and Buckley is a dab at such things.'

'Yes, but he will kick, if you make him nothing but a stage carpenter,' said Aunt Anne. 'Besides, his father does not half like it.'

'No,' said Juliet, 'he looked as black as thunder at me when I met him in the High Street.'

'Oh! I've settled him,' returned Lewis; 'I've promised to look after the tender infant as if I were the heaviest of fathers.'

'And where are we to be?' asked Selva.

'Burnet warned me that actors are not popular lodgers among the steady going Philistines—keep them up too late, etc.—and so I found it. No tolerable place would have a word to say to us, and after all there is rather a lot of us.'

'Baby and all,' said Selva.

'Baby! You don't want to take the kid. Bring him out in the Christmas Carol, eh?'

'I told you we must take him. 'Oh, Lewis, don't you remember?'

'We can't then. 'If you wouldn't all make such a row (N.B. Nobody was speaking but Selva) I'd explain it. Burnet said we had better look for a furnished house, and we went to the agent, who told us he had hit on the very thing—a Quaker tailor's suburban house, if you please. The old fellow always takes his wife and family away out of the wicked doings of the race week to the seaside, but has no objection to turning a penny by letting his abode. It is only ten minutes' walk to our shop, and all roses and Quaker prettiness and primness. It will just hold ourselves and Buckley. Burnet will feed for himself, and the Major and Armytage will find very good quarters at the hotel where we slept.'

'George Buckley!' said two or three voices, in different tones of distaste.

'Can't be helped,' said Lewis. 'I promised his father to keep him out of mischief, and I can't answer for him unless I give him bed and board and ropes of sand to twist if there's nothing else for him to do; but there's no fear of that.'

'And is there a nursery?' said Selva.

'My dear Sally, haven't I told you it is out of the question to take the boy?'

'Then you won't take me,' said Selva.

Lewis made a face, but was wise man enough to defer the discussion, and when Juliet exclaimed, 'Selva, how can you be so unreasonable?' he quashed the argument by saying—

'The great swell of the county is Lord Rotherwood. There's something coming off in those diggings.'

'I should not expect that family to have much to do with races or theatricals,' observed Miss Anne.

'No; they hold aloof from such vanities,' said Lewis. 'But there's some centenary, or stuff like that in hand, and we might get a job there.'

'No more staying in people's houses!' was the general cry, in which Agnes was this time foremost.

'Never fear. These are quite a different cut from the recent snobs. If they meddle with us at all they will behave,' said Lewis. 'I fancy they are some connection of your beloved Merrifields.'

'Don't Lewis!' cried Juliet, refraining with difficulty from quoting the line about the eloquent blood which mantles in her cheeks; but she had said enough to bring his eyes upon Agnes, who was very glad that Aunt Minnie began to move.

'Leaving him and Selva to fight it out,' said Juliet. 'How can she be so foolish!'

In which opinion the aunts perfectly agreed, though Aunt Minnie observed that it was the way with all young mothers who were good for anything, and Aunt Anne that, though the boy might be troublesome, her little ladyship would be of no use if she were fretting after him.

Lewis and Selva were in full contest, standing, as people do on such occasions, in the most inconvenient place, each with back against a shutter of the deep window of the hall, hindering the closing up of the house and conveying to the sharp eyes and ears of Dolph the impression that Sir Lewis and her ladyship were studying Antipholis and Adriana in earnest.

'How can you be so unreasonable, Selva?'

'Unreasonable, indeed, to refuse to leave my darling, darling boy to strangers for a whole month.'

'Strangers! To nurse and Aunt Minnie.'

'An old maid. As if she knew anything about babies!' scornfully exclaimed Selva. 'I'll tell you what she did, Lewis.'

'Well, what?' for the tones were impressively tragic.

'She wanted to give him rusks instead of Infant's Food. Nasty rusks! Oh, you may laugh! Fathers are always horrid unfeeling brutes. Poor little babies have only their mothers to care for them.'

'Well, she hasn't poisoned him yet,' said Lewis, recovering his gravity with difficulty. 'And, besides, you can give your own orders. I should have thought, for my part, brute as I am, that he was much better in the great airy rooms upstairs than squeezed up in a little den where he may catch anything in the world.'

'There are measles at North End.'

'Half a mile off at least. Now listen, Selva, and have a little sense. I am sure I am the last person in the world to wish you to neglect the child; I hate the sort of woman who does so. But I want you to understand the fix I am in. That idiotical young Buckley picked up bad tastes among those Pettifer snobs. His father spoke to me about it, and I have given my word to look after him and keep him as one of the family; and how is that to be done unless he is in the house? Don't you see? Well, houses are scarce at Clarebridge. It was a rare stroke of good luck that I got this one, and there's only just room for us in it, with Buckley; and if you insist on taking the child he will have to be screwed up in a little bit of a bachelor's room. And what becomes of Buckley?'

'Yes, you prefer him to your own child,' pouted Selva, now thoroughly in a naughty fit.

'How can you talk such rot, Selva? Don't you see that if that baby does eat ruskins or rusks or whatever you call them, it is not quite so serious as a young man's taking to billiards and poker and all that sort of thing.'

'I only know,' said Selva tearfully, 'that I made up my mind that I would never sacrifice my boy to all this theatrical business; no, not if you were all to go down on your knees to me. Going out for a night or two is a different thing, but to take a house and leave him behind for a whole month is what I will never consent to. If I did so once there would be no end to it. So you must choose between Mr. George Buckley and me! That's my ultimatum!'

'You seem to forget——' began Lewis, but she was on her way upstairs, and to call out anything that sounded like authority was against his instincts. So while she went to her baby, he

went to his pipe, and neither appeared again in public all the evening. In their two years of wedded life, they had never so nearly quarrelled, and each felt uncomfortably angered, and quite sure that the other was in the wrong, not to say absurd.

Selva had gone to keep guard while the nurse was at supper. With hot tears in her eyes, she stood looking at her rosy sleeping boy, then threw herself on him and kissed him with 'And did his daddy want to leave him behind for the sake of a horrid smoking stupid man? My boy, my beauty, his mammy's jewel!'

As might have been expected, the little fellow stirred, half-opened his blue eyes, and put out a fat little hand to his mother's cheeks. As if it had been an inspiration, she snatched him up in his white night-gown, threw a shawl over him, and ran down-stairs with him in her arms, to the study where sat Lewis, enveloped in smoke, trying to turn his attention to his part, and to feel resolute not to sacrifice George Buckley's morals to his wife's ridiculous fancies, yet with certain qualms which foreboded that this might become an extremely uncomfortable proceeding, and that, after all, it was better to have a woman too motherly than too unmotherly.

So when the door opened and disclosed Selva, with beautiful eyes, still liquid, and sweet mouth trembling into a smile, with the flaxen-haired rosebud creature half awake, but soothed and happy on her bosom, there was a pleased and softened look to meet her, as she held the child to him, saying, 'Isn't he a darling?'

'A jolly little chap,' returned the young father, kissing them both, chiefly conscious of satisfaction that Selva's ill-humour was appeased.

'And look here,' she said, 'if you will only let me take him, I'll manage somehow! You great stupid men have no notion how to manage, and think bedrooms must be just as you see them. Now I feel convinced that a little clever manipulation will take everybody in. Perhaps I may have to make you sacrifice your dressing-room, but I'm sure you would rather do that than leave this dear child behind.'

'I suppose you would be miserable if we did so,' said Lewis.

'It is not my feelings, but the principle of the thing,' said Selva solemnly, sitting down, baby and all, on the arm of his chair, leaning against him. 'A day or two is a different thing, but if this is to be our profession, and we are to be always

careering about, and going off for a month at a time, why the poor child would be always deserted, and I might as well be a horrid fashionable mother, who never goes near her poor children.'

'You have too warm a little heart for that, Irishwoman that you are!' said Lewis.

'And you'll let me go on a day or two before you, and trust me to look after George Buckley.'

So Selva had conquered, and let it be for others to determine who was in the right. She started in absolute confidence of her own powers of contrivance, and with her went Aunt Anne, wishing to guard against Irish notions of accommodation, also her son and his nurse, a young and lively person, ready to be generally useful, and Dolph, to whose powers she greatly trusted.

The first view of the Quaking house, as it was the family fashion to call 'The Maples,' made her exclaim, 'Oh, there's plenty of room! What menfolk are to doubt of it!' and the Aunt agreed. However, the door was opened by a tall and ancient female, who, 'if not a quaker, looked first cousin to one,' and whose first address to Dolph was, 'I think there must be a mistake, young man. There was to be no children.'

'No mistake!' cried Selva eagerly. 'I am Lady Willingham, and this is the only one—a very little one, you see, quite in arms, and can do no mischief.'

'Missus always said no children, and the gentleman never said as there would be any,' muttered the woman; but she permitted their entrance, as well as that of the cot and perambulator, hoisted down from the top of the fly.

But Selva's troubles were not ended; the sitting-rooms were tolerable though prim, and one had a little conservatory opening into a charming walled garden. Then there was a kind of study, or business room, and upstairs, good bed-rooms; but one of the doors, to Selva's discomfiture, was locked, and the solemn female, Mrs. Rebecca Moggs, informed her that it always was so—it was Mr. Phineas's room, and Missus wouldn't have no strangers messing his things.

Even the putting Miss Anne and her two nieces together in one room and dressing-room, which Lewis the father had to give up, left no more space at liberty than one attic, where Lewis the son must be bestowed; and when Selva turned her attention to the study, and proposed to hire a bed, etc., Mrs. Moggs inter-

posed. Her master would not have that room made into a bedroom, and all his things meddled with and splashed. He had never made no such agreement, and she could not suffer it. It was not what the gentleman had given him to expect, but, in an undertone, 'that came of letting in player folk.'

Selva had a great mind to throw up the whole arrangement; indeed, Miss Dorset would have done so, but she remembered that there was no help for it, and that no other rooms were to be found; she tried civility and blandishment, and at last obtained intelligence of a room in the next house, which on inspection proved to be quite fit to lodge George Buckley, who could have his meals at the Quaking Cottage.

(*To be continued.*)

# STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.

## V.

TROY was lost and won for the sake of a woman. It is curious to see how that woman's name has passed down the centuries without losing an iota of its magic. Helen of Troy has her place in the poetry of all ages, and that not merely as the least faded figure of an older scene, but on a level with the new imaginations and realities of each succeeding epoch. She has cast a spell over the world ever since it has known her, and the secret of it all is in the Iliad and in the spell which she first cast over Homer himself.

It is commonplace to say that the Iliad is the most objective of poems; that Homer narrates events as if they had really happened, and pourtrays characters as if they had really existed, without any reference to his own invention of them. The effect is more like the accurate and vivid account of something actually seen than like a description of something imagined. But vigour and liveliness are not the only things which Homer has won by realising the whole as something external to himself. There is, besides, a charm and delicacy —the last touch that finishes perfection—about most of the characters which is gained by the same means. And if one were asked to point out the character in which this imaginative simplicity and directness has achieved its best, I think one would choose the character of Helen.

Helen is the most beautiful woman of all the world, the wife of Menelaus of Sparta, who, compelled by Aphrodite, has left her husband and her home to flee to Troy with Paris, or Alexander, one of Priam's sons. It is hardly difficult for a poet to make such a woman interesting. In most instances, however, he relies on the greatness of her passion or the terribleness of her punishment to make her so, and it is just these darker and more tragic elements that are conspicuous by their absence in Helen of Troy. There is no passion in her feeling for Paris, rather she despises him; and she never is punished for what she has done. Woes innumerable have befallen both Greeks and Trojans for her sake, and worse things are impending as she herself knows; yet her affliction

is more pathetic and mournful, than poignant or overwhelming; she feels regret, but she knows nothing like remorse; she is sorry, but in the manner of one who is a long way off from the disasters she is lamenting. It must have been this aloofness as much as anything else which made later writers invent different accounts of her. Some said that she was a creature of strange birth, for Zeus, her father, changed her mother Leda into a swan, so that Helen, with her brothers Castor and Pollux was born from a swan's egg. Others said it was only a phantom-woman whom Paris carried off to Troy, while the true Helen remained in Egypt. And yet, in spite of this aloofness—perhaps because of it—Helen is still the most enchanting of all the women up and down all the stories of the world.

She only appears three times in the course of the Iliad: first, in the third book, when she joins Priam and the Trojan elders on the ramparts, to watch the armies marshalled below in the plain; again, in the sixth book, when Hector comes to the house of Paris to persuade him to return to battle; and for the last time as one of the mourners over the body of Hector. The first time we see her she is weaving into a purple web the many toils which the Trojans, tamers of horses, and the mail-clad Greeks underwent for her sake. Iris comes to her and says that Paris and Menelaus are about to fight for her in single combat, commanding her to go and watch them, and putting into her heart sweet yearnings for her former husband, and for her home. So Helen goes out to the Skaian gates veiled in shining robes, and shedding warm tears, attended by her hand-maidens Aithra and Klumene. Priam is sitting on the tower at the Skaian gates, and with him are the old men of the city who have ceased from battle for old age, whose voices are like the voice of grasshoppers in a wood. They see her coming, and 'It is no wonder,' they say, 'that Trojans and well-greaved Greeks will endure so much for her, she is like the immortal goddesses to look upon.' Nevertheless, they are willing she should go home again for the sake of themselves and their children. Priam addresses her with the kindness of a father; she is not to blame, it is the gods who have stirred up the war. He asks her to tell him the name of the man whom he has marked as pre-eminently beautiful in person among the Greek leaders. This is Agamemnon; and Helen gives vent to a quick burst of self-accusation before she names him. He next asks her of Odysseus and Ajax; and then Helen of her own accord names Idomeneus, and her eyes search the field for her two brothers Castor and Polydeuces. The next few lines are among the most pathetic of all in the Iliad. Castor and Polydeuces are not there, 'Either they followed not from fair Lacedæmon, or hither they did follow in sea-faring ships, but now they have no will to come into the battle of warriors, fearing the many reproaches and taunts that are

mine.' So said she. 'But them already the life-giving earth did hold there in Lacedæmon, in their dear native land.'

The key to Helen's mood in all this is the 'sweet' longing that Iris stirred up in her. She is sad, and her sadness bears the edge of self-reproach, but it is "sweet" all the same. It only turns to bitterness when Aphrodite comes to her after the duel is over, and commands her to go to Paris and console him for his defeat. It is by this scene with Aphrodite that Homer explains what all men thought of Helen. Her beauty is a wonder, and a prize worth even the long toil of the Trojan war; but the troubles of that war are not to be laid to her charge. She is the thrall and plaything of the goddess; she does not act of her own will, and is not responsible; while the reluctance of her submission and the desolateness it involves add the ardour of pity to admiration.

We have already referred to the next scene. Helen is directing her hand-maidens at their work when Hector comes. She hears his appeal to Paris and her husband's voluble reply; and Hector's silence makes her uneasy. Again she reproaches herself, but again it is the self-reproach, not of one who has suffered herself to be carried away by passion, but of one whom the gods have used as it pleased them for the destruction of Troy. She can even feel injured that since they had assigned her this hard fate they did not at least make her the wife of a better man than Paris, of one who could feel the sting of men's scorn and taunts. As it is, her lot is bound up with his. They two are to be a theme of song for after-generations. The courtesy of Hector's answer reminds one of the gratitude which Helen pours forth as her lament over him at the end.

'Hector, dearest to my heart by far of all my husband's brethren, for indeed my husband is the godlike Alexander who did bring me to Troy—and would that I had perished ere that day—for now already is this the twentieth year since I came from thence and departed from my fatherland, but never yet from thee have I heard an evil nor an unkindly word; nay, and if any other ever chode me in the halls, one of my husband's brethren or sisters or brother's well-robed wives, or his mother—but his father is tender as a father always—thou softening him with words wouldst check him, with thy gentleness of heart, and with thy gentle words. Wherefore, sore at heart, I weep for thee and for me also in my misery. For no other is left me in wide Troy, tender and loving, but all men shudder at me.'

This is Helen of Troy. Of course it is impossible to convey to those who do not know her from the Iliad itself, any idea of the charm and wonderfulness in which she there appears invested. Still there is a word or two to be said about Homer's way of setting her before his hearers. In the first place one notices the absence of any detailed

description of her. This is the more remarkable as it was by her beauty that she cast so potent a spell over the Trojans and Greeks, and it is in virtue of her beauty that she is still so living to us of to-day. A modern poet would probably have found a way to let us know the colour of her eyes, and how fair her skin was, and how delicate her hands were, and the way in which she did or didn't do her hair. Perhaps Homer's silence on these points is due, among other things, to the fact that in those days the art of painting was practically unknown. The novelist who is so profuse with his graphic touches and his harmonious combinations of colour in describing a beautiful woman is really seeing her with an eye trained by the artistic observation of many generations, and therefore alive to every shade and every detail. To Homer's sense beauty must have appeared much more as a whole. It would hardly occur to him to tell it over bit by bit; he would not analyse and sum up the men and women he saw in the way of a portrait-painter. Hence it comes to pass that, though we all know Helen was more beautiful than any woman that ever lived, the real Helen of Homer's seeing must be for ever unknown. It might seem, at first sight, as if this want of detail would make her figure vague and lifeless. On the contrary; each of us has his own Helen, after his own heart, a creature beside whom many a sweet compound of catalogued charms turns to clay; and perhaps this goes to prove that the highest and most thorough work of the imagination will also leave most to the imagination of others.

For if one thing is plain to every one who reads the Iliad with any understanding, it is the fact that Helen was all but a tangible reality to Homer himself. His very reserve about her is the reserve of one to whom she is too living and present to need talking about. He can only describe her beauty by its effects—by the chivalrous, unaccusing readiness with which the Greeks fight to recover her; by the wonder that falls on the old men of Troy as she approaches; by the fondness of Priam, the courtesy of Hector, the assumption on all hands that she stands above the reach of censure. And it is sheer unself-conscious directness and clearness of vision that has given him three such happy and significant moments for introducing her. The whole make and tone of the Iliad runs counter to the supposition that their effectiveness was foreseen and planned. And yet how admirable they are! How could the lot of Helen with its splendour and its unhappiness, and Helen herself with her alluringness and her strange remoteness, have been summed up and set forth in any other way than by that scene on the battlements? How could the shame and bitterness, the fatality and the blamelessness of her story, be expressed more simply and lightly than by Aphrodite's imperious summons and her momentary resistance and enforced obedience? And what could have told us

more truly what was her own mind about it all, and added more skilfully the due touch of pity to our admiration and wonder than the pathos—not too agonised—of her self-reproaches and the forlornness of her lamentation over Hector? There is about it all the subtle delicacy and simplicity and force of that truth which is stranger than fiction.

In contrast with Helen, assigned by fate now to Paris, now to Menelaus, but inwardly dependent on neither, stands Andromache, the wife of Hector, whose whole life is bound up in him and in their child and home. She was the daughter of Eetion, prince of the Cilician men in high-gated Thebe under wooded Plakos. Achilles had taken her native city and slain her father and her seven brothers—her mother had been struck down by archer Artemis, so that Hector was not husband alone to Andromache, but father and mother and brother as well. She clings to him with a close and piteous love, imploring him to spare himself in war, forecasting with helpless dread the lot that must be hers and the boy's if he is slain; yet glad to smile at his pleasure in the child, and submitting without complaint to his injunction to go back to her home and her woman's employments and leave him to decide the questions of war. At the death of Hector, when Achilles is dragging him towards the huts, Andromache hears the cries of the people in the city, and, leaving the household cares and the preparations for her lord's return which she is in the midst of, she rushes out to the walls like one mad. Seeing him dragged at Achilles' chariot-wheels she swoons amid the company of her kinswomen, and when her senses return she bursts into a passionate wail of desolation and sorrow. She does not mourn so much for Hector as for herself—for the forsakenness of widowhood, for the hard and shameful lot of slavery which she and the child must encounter as soon as the city is captured. It is the same desolation and despair which repeats itself in the lamentation over his body, though now it is less passionate and more pathetic, more full too of pride in what he was, in his valour and fame in arms.

'To me most of all,' she ends with saying, 'shall bitter woes be left. For thou didst not stretch thy hands to me from thy bed in dying, nor yet didst thou speak to me any word of counsel, which I might ever think upon night and day in my weeping.'

There is not much to say about Andromache, because her character and her story are so simple in their pathos; perhaps also because, with changed conditions and surroundings, they are so often repeated. There has never been another Helen—but the parting of husbands and wives, the grief of the weak left to bewail the death of a strong protector, the clinging of a love that has but one stay to hold by—all that which is summed up in Andromache has been enacted over and over again since Homer's day, and perhaps is one of the things which —as people tell children—are 'too sad to talk about.'

The one other woman in the Iliad whom we see much of is Hecabe, the wife of Priam. Hecabe is an old woman, and of all the members of the community among the ancient Greeks the old woman seems to have come off worst. Youth and maidenhood, with their beauty, freshness, and vigour, the manifold energies and endurances of middle life, even the hoary age of a man, full of eloquence and garnered wisdom, appealed to and interested the Greek imagination. But the old age of a woman was different. Grim to look upon, difficult to associate with, puzzling and incalculable in its narrowed and intensified passionateness, its concentrated spites and tendernesses, its uncontrolled outbursts of love or hate or fear; it was a strange and uncongenial thing. They regarded it indeed with reverence, but reverence neither affectionate nor spontaneous, but the offspring of a sense of duty. Old women, from their very helplessness, could provoke the pity and the championship of the gods, more especially of the dreadful avenging gods of the underworld. It is Hecabe and the aged wives of the city, we notice, whom Hector sends to supplicate Athene. Still this religious awe only made men's dislike and recoil the greater. The old woman was an anomaly in human society; they could barely do with her. Hecabe is an old woman seen from this point of view. There is no harshness or exaggeration in the way she is set forth; still, Homer has given her that hastiness of temper, the short-sighted despair, and the pardonable but still petty and virulent vindictiveness which, in his view, belong to weak old age. Her hatred of the Greeks is the bitter animal hatred of a creature bereft of its young. She cannot name them with any patience. Helen has been made to wince under her cutting words. In the last book, when Priam tells her that he is going to beg back the body of Hector, she dissuades him. Fate is against it, she cries, in fierce, wilful hopelessness; but she would fain feed on the very vitals of Achilles to revenge herself for his slaying her brave son, and she exults that all his dragging of Hector round the funeral pyre cannot bring Patroclus back to life again.

With all this Homer has given the character of Hecabe its own measure of tenderness and beauty. Her love and pride are all centred in Hector, and they find their culminating utterance in the lamentation over him at the end. We have seen how Helen bewails in him one who was a friend where many were hostile, and how Andromache mourns that she has lost her lord, her protector, and counsellor, each of them dwelling more on her own calamity than on Hector. His mother alone forgets everything but him. His beauty, the fair dewy freshness in which he lies before her, unharmed through all the dust and dragging by the preservation of the gods, obliterates the memory of what his death involves. He is dead indeed, but he looks godlike in that sleep of death; and the intense love and

pride of a mother finds, even now, room for a moment of exultation, looking on him and thinking how the gods themselves have honoured him.

The story of the Iliad naturally does not admit of more than a glimpse here and there at what the home-life of these Homeric folk was like; still, by putting together the few notices that occur, some idea of it may be gained. The first thing to remark is the position of the women, and the contrast between them and the Greek women of historical times. These latter came to be looked on more and more as the necessary impedimenta of a man's life, pleasant or unpleasant as the case might be, but still only one among the many things required to keep the world going. They had no equal right with men to freedom and its responsibilities, and they inevitably sank to the level of what was required of them. But the women of Homer's day are far from being the mere playthings or slaves of the men. Wives stand practically on the same footing with regard to their husbands as the husbands and wives of our own day. The man has his work in the outside world—the toils of government and of war fall to his share—while the woman, in her domain of the household, is the honoured mistress, directing her hand-maidens and working among them, bringing up her children, ready to welcome her lord on his return home; ready, too, if need be, with advice and persuasion. Their wives and children hold a greater place in the hearts of the heroes than one might think at first sight. The name by which Odysseus is proud to know himself is 'father of Telemachus'; Hector looks forward to the day when men shall say of his son that he is a greater warrior than his father; and it is everywhere assumed that all the Achaians are longing to get back to the wives they have left at home.

What they did when they were there may be inferred from many scattered allusions. They seem to have been gathered into numerous small states, each with its king, who was, however, no absolute monarch, but ruled with the assent and the help of assemblies of the folk. Both in Troy and in the Greek host, whenever the king has some important plan to execute, his first step is to call one of these assemblies; there the matter is debated by the best speakers—and eloquence is a gift highly esteemed—and although the king's will does in most cases actually carry the day, this is more or less for the sake of the story. The mere fact that Homer takes it as a matter of course that these assemblies must ratify every measure of any moment goes far to prove their importance. The kings are of the patriarchal order, having in their hands not only the presidency of the national assemblies and the command in time of war, but the judicial authority as well.

Next in honour to them stand the rich men. Their wealth consists in fair halls, in cornfields and orchards and vineyards, and in flocks of

sheep and herds of cattle; in vessels, too, of wrought gold or silver or bronze, cups, tripods, and cauldrons; in house-furniture such as couches, seats, tables, beds, chests, with the rugs and woven stuff belonging to them, and also in numerous thralls and dependents who till the land and tend the flocks for them. Sometimes these dependents were people who had been forced by misfortune or by some wrong-doing, intentional or not, to leave their own kindred. Patroclus, for instance, was exiled from his home for having killed a playfellow by accident when a boy, and Phœnix had become an inmate of the house of Peleus in a similar way. Then, besides the men and women born in the house, some families seem to have received among them captive slaves from foreign lands, whose skill in any sort of handicraft was held valuable—such as the Sidonian women whom Alexander brought back from the same voyage in which he carried off Helen, and who wove the robe which Hecabe selected as the offering to Athene. The master of the household, besides directing the labours of the men on his land and taking his share of public affairs, seems to have been well versed also in manly exercises, such as running, wrestling, boxing, and hunting the boar or the lion—in countries where it was to be found. He also trains horses for chariot-racing and drives them in the race, being very proud of them and of the prizes they bring him.

Side by side with the great picture Homer sets before us of the war with Troy are a hundred little glimpses of that life at home, of the fold and of the chase which trained the warriors for more serious conflict. The similes drawn from the boar-hunt and the lion-hunt are too frequent, and too simple and obvious in their appropriateness to need much comment, and so are the kindred ones taken from shepherd life, and the encounters between the herdsmen and the wild beasts. One opens the Iliad at random and comes across one of these in a moment. It is Diomedes, strengthened and spurred on by Athene, whose renewed eagerness for the fight is likened to that of a lion who has jumped over into the fold and is wounded by the shepherd, but so little that he is only roused to a fiercer mood than before.

Further on in the same book we find Æneas slaying two brothers, Krethon and Orsilochus, and they are compared to two lion cubs reared in the thickets on the crest of a mountain, who, by and by, go making havoc of kine and the fat sheep about the farmsteads of men, till at last they in their turn are slain with sharp bronze in the hands of men. Ajax, covering the body of Patroclus with his broad shield, is like a lion whom hunters have started in a wood pacing before his young, who stands before them raging in his strength, and draws down all his frowning forehead to cover his eyes. These examples have been taken as they offered themselves, but they will serve to point a further remark. To a careless reader the repetition of the same comparison may seem

wearisome, but any one who will dwell for a moment on each of these sudden little pictures as they are almost thrust upon him in the rapid, onward rush of the story, will see how vivid, pointed, and diversified they are. Homer often forgets the essential point of comparison in drawing out the details of his simile—as, for instance, in the last of those we have read, where the fury of the lion has nothing really to do with the shield of Ajax. He is carried away by the sight, as it were, of the lion and his cubs and the hunters, just as he is also in the first of our similes, where he tells us how the shepherd, having missed his blow crouches down in the steading while his flock, abandoned and panic-stricken, falls a helpless prey to the lion who, leaving them tossed in heaps upon each other, leaps furiously out of the fold again. All this is far enough away from the Trojan war, but in itself how bright, true, and masterly it is! How the very inconsequence of some of the details, coming, as they so often do, right in the midst of the barren and grisly catalogue of the slain and the manner of their slaying, serves to let cool breaths from the wide world all round into the tumult of the fighting. Ruskin, discoursing of Infinity, says, if we remember right, that there is no great picture without some hint of distance about it to illuminate and to calm it. We can hardly suppose Homer knew this as a principle and virtuously acted thereupon; and yet it is curious to see how often his instinct has led him to do so—how often he relieves not merely the tediousness of bloodshed but also the terror or excitement or pity of some momentous crisis with hints of the very peacefullest and most ordinary occupations, such as are going on all over the world outside the scene of the war, or were wont to be carried on in Troy itself in the distant times of quiet. There is not space for many instances, but here are one or two. When the night of the embassy to Achilles and the adventure of Odysseus is beginning, the Trojans, victorious so far, settle down by their watch-fires, and these fires—one of the most beautiful similes in the Iliad—are said to be 'as when in heaven the stars shine about the bright moon very clear, what time the air is all windless, and all the peaks stand out, and the topmost headlands and the hollows; and the immeasurable air is cleft open from the height of heaven, and all the stars are seen and the shepherd's heart is glad' (VIII. 555 *seq.*).

In the eleventh book again there is another, this time not a simile. 'Now as long as it was dawn, and the holy day increased, so long the darts of both sides struck home and the people fell; but what time a wood-cutting man maketh ready his meal in the woody glades of a mountain, when he hath given his hands their fill felling great trees, and weariness cometh upon his soul, and there taketh him about the heart the desire for sweet bread, even then by their valour did the Danaans break the ranks, shouting to their comrades down the lines' (XI. 84 *seq.*).

The most remarkable instance, though, is that which occurs in the midst of the chase of Hector round the city; Achilles pursues him past the watch-tower and the fig-tree along the waggon-track till they come to two fair springs, where there rise two fountains from eddying Scamander. 'For the one floweth with hot water, and there is made a smoke from it round about as it were of flaming fire; and the other, even in summer, floweth forth like to hail or cold snow or water that is turned to ice. And there hard by them are broad troughs for washing, beautiful, made of stone, where the matrons and the fair daughters of the Trojans were wont to wash their shining garments, in the old times of peace, before that the sons of the Achaians came' (XXII. 145 *seq.*).

Of course to properly appreciate these, one must have read up to them; coming upon them as one is meant to do in the course of the story, one is astonished at the way in which they enhance and refine the significance of the scene to which they belong.

All this is wandering a little away from the object we were pursuing, i.e. some idea of the home-life and the ordinary avocations of the Homeric folk. Beside the rich man, and the poor man who was his thrall, there seems to have been a class of artificers and handicraftsmen who were very important persons. They made the ships and the armour, the houses and the house-furniture, in which each household took delight. Homeric art is confined to the beautifying of these things; and they being costly and the fruit of much skill and toil, bring with them a sober, satisfactory joy of possession. The processes of making are not alluded to in any detail, and the wrought shields and cuirasses and tripods are described much in the irresponsible fashion of a fairy-tale. Probably this is due to the fact that the art of working in metal was a foreign one, known to the Greeks more by its products than by their own practice.

Homer mentions one or two artificers by name. There is Phereklos, the man who made the ships in which Paris brought Helen to Troy. He was the son of Tekton (the constructor) who was the son of Harmon (the fitter). He was much beloved by Pallas Athene; Meriones slew him (v. 57 *ff*). Then there is Tychios who made the shield for Ajax. He lived in Hyle, by far the best of curriers; and he made the shield of sevenfold hides of bulls overlaid with bronze. Another of these men, though we are not told his name, is he who made Pandarus' bow.

Here too we may make mention of Podaleirios and Machaon. These were the sons of Asklepios, cunning leeches. 'A leech is as good as many other men,' Homer says. Their way of healing is prompt and astonishingly efficacious. They 'cut out arrows and spread soothing medicines.' Paieon, on Olympus, does this for Ares when he is wounded, and his hurt is healed as quickly as milk curdles when you

pour fig-juice into it. Of course, he is a celestial chirurgeon, but his terrestrial counterparts are not far behind. When Machaon was wounded, and conveyed to the huts by Nestor, this is what he took to help him recover:—Pramnian wine, mixed with cheese of goat's milk and white barley scattered upon it. Plato thought it was an inflammatory mixture, and respected the Homeric heroes for being able to stand it; he uses it to illustrate the excellence of kill-or-cure methods of leechcraft. Skill in the use of drugs was not, however, absolutely confined to Podaleirios and Machaon: Achilles had been instructed in it by Cheiron the centaur, and Patroclus had learnt from him, as we find when he applies the bitter root to the wound of Eurypylus and succeeds in healing it.

It is not possible in a short paper such as this to touch on one-half the little bits in the Iliad which give one a momentary insight into the everyday ways of the world as Homer saw them. Perhaps it is all the better so, for the main object of these papers is to persuade somebody to really read the Iliad, and reading is apt to be flat unless there is plenty left for the reader to discover for himself. Only to realise the better what an amount there is here to discover, let us just run through two books of it as an example, and pick out those lines which deal with some familiar form or employment of human life, and so close this rather rambling dissertation.

We take Books XII. and XIII. Passing over the bronzesmith who made Sarpedon's shield of bull's hides and gold (290), we come to the well-known simile in which the equal balance of victory is likened to the scales in the hands of the honest woman, who carefully makes the weight and the wool even, labouring to earn a scant living for her children (430). But we must go back a few lines; we have passed over the two men measuring the boundaries of their land with their rods and their contentions (420); they stand on each side of the boundary like the Lykians and Danaans on either side the wall.

In the thirteenth book we have Kassandra's lover, Othryoneus of Kabesos, coming to win her, not with gifts of wooing as was customary, but as the prize of a complete victory over the Greeks (865). Further on we hear of a certain lady Hippodameia, dearly loved by her parents, because she excelled all maidens of her age in loveliness and skill and prudence (430). Idomeneus (470) is said not to have been afraid at the onset of Aeneas as a tender boy is afraid. Then about 150 lines further there is the threshing-floor with the black beans and pulse, the whistle of the wind, and the winnower with his shovel; and the next simile likens Ajax the son of Oileus, and Ajax the son of Telamon, inseparable as they fight to defend the ships, to two wine-dark oxen who drag the plough side-by-side through the fallow.

The two books we have lighted upon are none of the richest in these

things. On the contrary, the action is near its turning-point; all the power of the poetry is concentrated on the struggle at the wall and round the ships, so that there is very little to spare for simile and digression, and perhaps most of the others would have given more. But even these two are enough to show that there is a wealth of familiar allusion, of loving and straightforward pourtrayal of the men and women of the fields, and of peaceful times scattered up and down what at first sight seems the impetuous and all-engulphing story of the war with Troy.

FLORENCE HAYLLAR.

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## STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.—V.

### *Questions.*

AUGUST.

17. Compare the women of Shakespeare, or of any one novelist, with those of Homer.

18. Select from Books XIII.–XVIII. (inclusive) the passages you think most striking, and comment on them.

19. Discuss Homer's view of old age as exemplified in Priam, Nestor, and the references to Peleus and other old men in the course of the Iliad.

20. How far does the tragic element in Homer differ from the tragic element in modern poetry and prose literature?

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Will *Daphne* kindly send her address to Miss Hayllar, Harewood, Leeds.

# Church History Society.

## THE REFORMATION.

### III.—THE DAYS OF WOLSEY AND CRANMER.

*Questions for August and September.*

29. Give the order of events of the Reformation Parliament—underlining successive Acts, and inserting contemporary events of English history bearing on these, with dates of beginning and end of Parliament; or

Show the general course the Reformation took in England, contrasting it with the Lutheran.

30. Sketch the characters of Bishops Fisher, Tunstal, Stokesley, and Gardiner; or

Short accounts of Thomas Cromwell (previous to suppression of monasteries), Tyndal, and John Frith.

31. Compare the Act of Submission and the New Court of Appeal with the Constitutions of Clarendon, and with Magna Charta. Show the immediate use of this Court and its subsequent fate; or

Give some account of the assertion of Royal Supremacy and of the abolition of Papal Jurisdiction, mentioning, in this connection, the end of Fisher.

32. Give a brief history of Wolsey, bringing out his action in the King's Divorce case; or

Give a character of Cranmer at this period, with the circumstances of his election to the Primacy, and showing what led to it.

Books specially recommended: Perry's *History* (Second Period); Aubrey Moore's or Dixon's works; and for (32) *Cameos*, or any good English history.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by October 1st.

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*May Class List.*

*Class I.*

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Etheldreda, Honeysuckle | 37 | | Water Wagtail | 35 | | Fidelia, Maidenhair, Laura | 30 | |
| Ierne, Gooseberry | 36 | | Hermione | 34 | | | | |
| | | | Λαμβδα | 33 | | | | |
| | | | Meniza | 31 | | | | |

*Class II.*

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Veritas | 29 | | Stokes | 28 | | Miss Molly | 20 | |
| | | | Trudel | 25 | | | | |

REMARKS.

17. The comparison and contrast of English and Italian Humanists is very well and clearly put by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, *Λαμβδα*, *Fidelia*, *Gooseberry*, and *Menina*. *Trudel:* We must not include Pico, Ficino, and Politian among those who strove to prove Christianity false and whose lives were corrupt. Pico came strongly under the influence of religion, Politian did so latterly, and Ficino could not make up his mind. No doubt, under their influence, some went much farther. *Trudel* does not show the distinct *connection* between Florence and the English Humanists, who studied in her Academy, and some of whom had listened to Savonarola.

18. *Honeysuckle* has given the Oxford Reformers best of those who have been comprehensive enough to admit, besides More, Colet, and Erasmus (the trio of bright particular stars), other great, if lesser, names to that noble constellation. Bog-Oak thinks Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, Charnock, and their patron, Warham, should not have been passed over. *Etheldreda* has done the great Trio best. It would be well if *Honeysuckle* would write in her own words, rather than in those of the book she follows. To a retentive memory the latter is often easier, though less profitable.

19. The lives of Colet are so good that Bog-Oak hardly likes to pick out *Water Wagtail's* and *Honeysuckle's* as slightly the best.

20. *Hermione* and *Ierne* have best understood the manner of Reform aimed at. For it was a Reform, first, of the lives of Churchmen, both clergy and laity, which would lead naturally to a Reform of special abuses. No Reform of doctrine was meditated, but merely a broad and tolerant spirit (and verily the breadth of Colet might satisfy many even in these enlightened days)—a breadth which should enable all opinions not absolutely contrary to the Faith, to find a home in the Church. Little, indeed, did they think of any subversion of Church government. It was a Dreamland of Reformation.

The means thereto were (*α*) the taking everything to the test of Holy Scripture in the original—i.e. Hus's position; (*β*) Education which should supersede scholasticism. A Reform of Secular Government was also desired. But above all their other views was their abhorrence of a Schism. If there had been time before the Reformation for them to have had followers outrunning them, their breadth would possibly have turned into a letting go of all positive Faith.

*Maidenhair* thinks the Oxford Reformers would have gone on to a breach of unity when they saw their Reforms could not be otherwise effected. She forgets we are not left to hypothesis. The two who actually survived into Reformation times—More and Erasmus—we know shrank back from any breach with Rome, believing, consistently with their former teaching, that the Union of Christendom was more vital than its purification.

Subscription for the current year received from *Trudel.*

# The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 240.)

## *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

### DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it well to reserve Truth in consideration of the weakness of the recipients?

Like most of the debatable subjects, the question has been understood in two different ways. It was intended to apply, as *Bath Brick* says, to Truth with a big T; the other aspect of the question was pretty well discussed under the head of verbal accuracy. Chelsea China, however, gives *Gray Squirrel's* paper, as she thinks the practical advice it contains particularly good and useful. *Paper Knife* has grasped the point best. *Jon's* paper is also good. Chelsea China thinks that Truth usually takes care to reserve herself until people's minds are able to receive her. So much more comes out of the same words as we ourselves develop. Nevertheless, the statement of a truth may be so misunderstood as to convey an absolute falsehood. And surely when our Lord taught in parables, which He only explained to His disciples, He sanctioned reserve of Truth. *Bath Brick*, *Feu Follet*, *A. P. S.*, *Blackbird*, have also sent papers, all interesting. The last is strongly in favour of truth and fact, at all costs. *Bath Brick* sends a paper on the efficacy of reproof, and *Felix Fœmina* one on logic. The small number of papers sent in for all the competitions this month suggests that June is a gay and busy month. Probably Chelsea China's editing will show signs of the same fact!

*Paper Knife* says: 1. It is simply impossible to communicate more truth to a mind than it can understand or absorb. 2. No one is in possession of unadulterated truth, nor able to convey his conception of it with perfect accuracy. These two points being granted, the practical duty for the teacher is not so much to reserve truth as to begin from the level of the pupil and work onwards, step by step. If challenged by the pupils (*bonâ fide*), the correct answer to a question more properly put later may surely be given; it may or may not be understood. A false answer may never be returned. A complete answer is probably impossible, but the gravest

responsibility is incurred by those who deliberately withhold truth in answer to a question (or from equals). Where there is no questioning, and the initiative of giving information is taken, what is first taught and what is kept back are simply matters of method and personality. I should like to recommend on the most sacred side of this question, *Pastor Pastorum* (H. Latham, Bell & Co., 1890, 4*s.* 6*d.*). It tells of 'The Schooling of the Apostles.'

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Is it well to tell the truth under all circumstances? For the question rather resolves into that. After a good deal of experience in a large and varied family, I am inclined to say, 'Yes.' Also from a large and varied acquaintance with novels; only in that case, if the truth had been told, where would the novel have been? Still there are cases where some things can be for ever laid in their graves, and they had better be so; and some where it would be mere cruelty to tell the truth to very old or dying people. There is a beautiful example of this in 'Cranford,' where the younger sister lets the older one die without knowing of their father's death, and so deprives herself of the comfort of her sympathy. There can be no doubt here of the beauty of the motive.

We would all spare little children. The difficulty is, boys and girls growing up. If it is a truth that is known to many, that is only protected by the relationship or youth of the hearer, I think it is much better that the right person should choose the right time and tell. Twice I have known cases where terrible family events were made known by the conversation of a stranger in a ball-room: in one case the suicide (many years before) of the hearer's father; in the other, the *fatal* nature of a sister's illness—both having been concealed from the kindest motives.

Another consideration ought, I think, to have weight. These concealments which appear so desirable are often at the expense of the character of some one else. Take the saddest of all cases—the misconduct of a mother. If she is represented as dead and all that is good how explain the father's never speaking, or may be, speaking hardly of her, and if, as may be the case, the father's conduct has been such as to merit the highest admiration and respect, is it fair by him or the children to deprive him of this admiration, or the children of the bestowal of it?

In all questions of health and of heredity, I think the present system of outspokenness a great gain on the reserve of our grandmothers; but I do not consider the stage the right place to discuss these topics, and I think even novels that have them for their main theme had better be kept away from the drawing-room table. In early life I think a broad line may be drawn for girls that what relates to the laws of life and health should be told by parents and teachers, with a warning not to pry into subjects that relate to disease and sin.

Formerly there was much concealment on the subject of insanity. This surely is one of the things that is better freely discussed. It is the most terrible of diseases, but a disease only, and to be combated like other diseases by the remedies given into the hands of wise physicians, and above all by self-command in those who have reason to dread it. Half its horrors melt away when the dread is confided to some good friend or doctor, who, while saying, 'Well, of course, I know your brain is your weak point, but if you take such and such precautions you will keep sane.' This is one of the difficult cases contained in our question; but still I think most doctors will say that the truth is the best, the more so that invalids are much more difficult to deceive than those who are well or in the run of life. In this, as in all cases of heredity, the concealment is at the mercy of servants and others who, however warned, seldom fail to let out a mixture of truth and falsehood that renders many young peoples' days a burden to them, or drives them to seeking information from any channel, and finding many years

after that the bugbear of all their lives was as unreal as the bogie of their babyhood. 'The terror that walketh in darkness' so often disappears when the darkness goes. GRAY SQUIRREL.

SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

**Is self-consciousness good for the character?**

## *SECOND SHELF.*

### VARIETY SPECIMENS.

SIXTH COMPETITION.

**Give a short account of 'Sintram and his Companions.'**

When Mr. R. G. Moulton lectured on various masterpieces of literature, he stated that the true office of criticism was not to find out what the work was *not*, but what it *was*, what was the real intention of the author. This principle has not been observed in the two very lively and well-written essays of *Bluebell* and *Pin*. Criticism of Verena's conduct and Folko's priggishness are quite justifiable in themselves, and might well be given as reasons why the story is less popular than it might be; but these things belong to the mediæval atmosphere of the work, and we must breathe that before we can enjoy it, or understand it. Moreover, Sintram did not pass from his trials into dreamless rest, but into useful work, an extremely significant part of the conception. *A. C. Shipton's* essay is the pleasantest to read, and gives a clear and true picture of the story; but Chelsea China thinks that, on the whole, *Jon* sees farthest into Sintram, though the attempt to tell the story in mediæval form gives a little stiffness to her essay.

The other papers are all careful and clear.

Over the house of Biörn the Norwegian, hung a terrible doom, since the sin of his early days had driven his sainted wife, Verena, to a convent, and brought the fiends of sin and death and despair to haunt his home. But the saddest part thereof was the weird of madness that was upon his son, Sintram, and so threw him ever and anon into terrible moods like unto a possession of the devil. And as the youth grew to manhood, even more untamed did he become, till at length he was guilty of an unknightly attack on the noble pair, Folko de Montfaucon and his wife, Gabrielle, whom chance had caused to land upon Norwegian shores. But when Sintram saw the nobleness of the knight, he was filled with shame, and craving their pardon, brought them to his father's castle, and sought to learn all knightly bearing from them; and in a fight he bore himself so well against an unknown warrior, that Folko knighted him, and Gabrielle gave him a sword and scarf; but, strange to say, none could find the warrior to bury him. But now began a harder trial, for the beauty of Gabrielle was to him as an enchantment, and the fiend of sin, the Little Master, ever tried to persuade him to steal her away from her husband, as Paris stole Helen, and time after time was almost stronger than Sintram's better will. Yet did he never wholly prevail, not though he raised a storm to keep them on the Norwegian coast, not though he almost persuaded Sintram to let the Knight of Montfaucon perish in a misadventure out hunting. For ever and anon, when need was sorest, the sign of the Holy Cross, or the sound of some holy word spoken, made the foul fiend to flee away, for such is the wont of such fiends that naught holy can they abide, but flee thereat. Yet

grew Sintram in dismay at the strength of the combat and his weakness, and betook himself to a lonely castle, there to flee temptation and do penance for his sins. And there the chaplain of his mother's convent came to him with a message of peace; and thither came the knight possessed with a fiend of despair, and was freed of his despair, and died in peace, for a man must be rid of despair or ever he may conquer sin and death. Yet waxed the struggle more bitter fierce, for the Little Master came to Sintram disguised, with the old persuasion that he should carry away Gabrielle; and when Sintram pressed Gabrielle's sword and scarf to his heart and called to mind the glorious hour when he won them from her for his conquest of the mysterious warrior, then the fiend threw off his disguise and appeared as that same one the soldiers could not bury. Truly was that bitterness to Sintram's soul, yea, the bitterness of death to feel that his one noble deed was but a mockery; yet in this hour, too, he conquered by the might of the name he bore within him. At last, one Christmas night, Sintram, in the midst of one of his hours of madness, felt a strange anxiety for his father, as though some evil impended at the old man's castle, and thither went he and found the Little Master as a guest, and drove him forth by the sight of Gabrielle's cross-handled sword, and kept him away by his prayers, striving with the wayward will of his father till day broke, and he returned to his hermit's castle. But the good chaplain came to him and said he must again return to his father, and that the way thither would be full of perils, but that should he conquer in this hour, his victory should be everlasting. Then set Sintram forth and rode through a dark and rocky valley full of fearsome sights and sounds. And one met him pale as snow, riding a weary horse with a passing bell on its neck, and accompanied him on the journey. And the Little Master joined him also, ever tempting him by his fiendish arts, so the other strange companion revealed himself as Death, and Sintram commended his soul to God, and followed Death further into the valley; and as the Little Master pressed upon him he bid him depart in that name before which all evil vanishes. Thereat the foul fiend disappeared, and Death himself grew fair, and faded to a moving cloud. So rode Sintram victoriously to his castle, and learnt that his father's house was delivered from its doom. These are then the companions of Sintram—Despair and Sin and Death; and if ye would overcome them, Christian men, it must be with his same weapons. Thus Despair shall die, and Sin shall flee, and Death himself be turned into a friend.

JON.

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SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

Write a short poem on a flower. *Any* flower will do.

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## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

1. The good enchantress in Fouqué's 'Magic Ring.'

2. In the West Indies the brig *Rattlesnake* was seen by the negroes, who made a song upon it. Captain Marryat's 'Peter Simple.'

3. Marmion's *horse* was named Bevis. Canto IV.
Sir Harry Lee's *dog* in 'Woodstock.'

4. 'For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'

COLERIDGE'S *Kubla Khan*.

5. 'Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
*He* raised an angel to the skies,
She drew an angel down.'

Concluding lines of 'Alexander's Feast and the Power of Music.'—DRYDEN.

6. The dragon in 'Lilian'—

'He was a pretty monster too.'

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CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

*Starling*, 24; *G. Festing*, 24; *K. Anstey*, 21; *Swansey China*, 18; *M. R. A.*, 9; *Helen*, 33; *Olwen*, 15; *L. Halliday*, 30; *Honeylands*, 18; *Cedar*, 24; *L. N. V.*, 12; *Gareloch*, 21; *Mumps*, 24; *Nemo*, 24; *Lal*, 18; *The Cousins*, 12; *Feu Follet*, 21; *Helen Mary Middlemist*, 24; *Parlet*, 12; *Rule of Three*, 33; *Old Maid*, 33.

Half-marks are allowed for Tony Lumpkin. The quotation from Praed's quaint and lovely poem of 'Lilian' has been recognised by no one. Chelsea China is away from her books, but will give the full quotation next month.

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QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Whose handkerchief was worked with a strawberry?
2. Where is the first reference to Namby Pamby?
3. Who thought it wrong to talk about her duty on a week day?
4. Who eloped in a green satin gown?
5. What youth was like 'the panther in the wilderness'?
6. What doctor kept a looking-glass in his private room?

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

Could Chelsea China or any of her correspondents supply me with the words of the 'Battle-hymn of the Republic,' quoted in Kipling's 'Light that Failed'? It was written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, I believe, at the time of the War of Secession.—F. F.

Where can a book, 'Romance of English History,' which was published about forty years ago, be obtained? There was a reprint some fifteen or sixteen years since.—C. M. A.

*Miss Fanny Newton* will be glad to know where the lines come from, called 'The Refectory'? The first verse is as follows:—

'It was a pious custom to record,
Upon each refectory side or end,
The last mysterious Supper of our Lord,
That lowest appetites might
Upward tend.'

What is the duty of members of the Church of England with regard to attendance at public worship on Sunday, when in places where no Church is within reach? Should they attend Presbyterian, French Protestant, or Roman Catholic, or read their own service at home?—OLD READER OF 'MONTHLY PACKET.' *Opinions asked for.*

Where does the expression a 'bolt from the blue' come from?—E. M. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The People's Palace for East London,
Mile End Road, London, E., *June* 27, 1892.

The Editor of the 'Monthly Packet.'

MADAM,—

My attention has just been called to the article in your July issue on 'Women as Librarians,' and I am much afraid that it led your readers to suppose that there are many posts to be obtained, which unfortunately is not the case; quite the contrary, at least at the present time.

If you could see the numbers of letters that I get from women wanting to get work in this capacity, you would agree with me that the field is extremely limited; moreover the pay, as a rule, is poor, the hours long, and the work, though delightful if done thoroughly, is not light, and a woman, like every one else, must have a practical training before she can expect to take the post of a Head Librarian.

So many women think that they can take up the work to augment their income, and that dilettantism will carry them through what may be expected of them, but it is not fair either to the work or intending worker to allow this idea to prevail.

I see the article is advertised as being written by the 'Librarian of the People's Palace' outside the cover, and by 'One of the Librarians' inside; of course I do not know how long you have held the MS., but the writer was only here for one year, and that not at the commencement of the work, and she has been gone now over a twelvemonth. I merely mention this as the article cannot be said to be written by a thoroughly practical worker, and I myself have been rather bothered about it.

What I wish to make quite clear is, that there is not at present a great field open to women as Librarians; I only wish that it were so, and that no one not thoroughly in earnest should take up the work.

If you should have any inquiries anent the Article, and you think that I can be of any use in answering the various queries, I shall be delighted to do all in my power to help; I have already had several pupils, and am very glad to be able in any way to help on the cause of genuine Women's Work. Trusting you will excuse this long letter,

I remain, yours faithfully,
M. S. R. JAMES, *Librarian.*

## APPEAL.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

May I remind your readers of the 'London Flower Mission for Working Girls'? Those who are now rejoicing in the triumph of summer, familiar with that annual resurrection of earth, in the presence of which poets of all races and times have felt their most eloquent descriptions to be as the hesitating utterances of a stammerer, perhaps hardly realise how many there are to whom the words, 'beauty of the spring-time,' 'love of Nature,' must be almost meaningless; for spring and summer are no visitors in London factories and laundries; no story of youth, growth, and decay, from the hope

and joy of early green, to the pathos of autumn brown and crimson, can be read, month by month, in the aspect of smoke-dulled buildings and monotonous streets. These are the avenues and lanes along which many children of London pass daily to their work, their ears filled with rumbling of omnibuses and carts, for the rustling of wind and singing of birds among branches. Yet if spring and summer do seem to have cut altogether the neighbourhood of factories and city toil, it is hoped that those gracious beings may be induced to call and 'leave their cards' at such places in the shape of flowers, the only details of Nature's beauty, which can be put into the hands of London working girls. 'The only,' I said, and yet those who know what it is to love flowers are already far on the road towards the highest love of Nature. From the softened look with which these girls gaze at little bunches of primroses and bluebells, the tender caress of their hardened hands, the cry of pleasure from their roughened voices, one understands that no want of objects on which to expend the inborn human affection for Nature can really stifle it. Other capacities become dull when never exercised. Ladies who meet these girls, evening by evening in recreative clubs, feel that a true fondness for reading, interest in any other times and circumstances than their own, can only be gradually called out, in beings whose life is so rigidly circumscribed to one round of ceaseless toil, the 'casket' of whose souls has long been sealed and shut from the light of refining influences. 'I don't want to see kings and queens,' one of them once said, in reference to Madame Tussaud's exhibition; 'they aren't like us.' But no preparation is needed to develop a love of flowers. In working girls' clubs, as everywhere, the arrival of these little messengers of Nature bring a glimmer of peace and brightness. 'I have some flowers for you this evening,' says one of the ladies, and immediately each girl seats herself and waits patiently and eagerly for her turn, as the bunches are brought round. Rough talking, pushing of each other, any disorders that may have been prevalent the previous moment, cease, their cause forgotten, as girl by girl begins to 'consider the lilies of the field.' There are so many of the most beautiful passages in the Bible, which can hardly come home to those who scarcely know the country; but if they can become familiar with the look and presence of flowers, though the course of their lives may never lead them to the 'wilderness of the solitary place,' they may yet be able to understand what is meant by the words, 'rejoice and blossom as the rose.' It is for such reasons that the 'Flower Mission' appeals to those who have flowers to gather and time to spare, to send some now and then to be distributed in factories and the clubs of our toilers and spinners. We venture to turn again to readers of the 'Monthly Packet,' as a former appeal met with a generous response from them. Should this be read by any who are able to help, and they would communicate with the Secretary,

Miss ALICE EVANS,
78, West Cromwell, Road, London, S.W.,

she would very gladly give them a list of addresses in different parts of London, amongst which they could choose whither to send.

HILDA OAKELEY.

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[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if all Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

*The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.*]

## 'MONTHLY PACKET' COMPETITIONS, DISCUSSIONS, AND PRIZES.

### I.—ITALIAN LITERATURE.—*October to March.*

In October will commence a series of six papers on Italian Literature, specially prepared for intending Competitors in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. An examination paper will be set with each number, and Class Lists will be issued monthly.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) Competitors must send their answers on the 28th of each month to F. J. Snell, Esq., care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand. (2) The name and address of the Competitor must be written on her MS. each month. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for Class Lists. (3) The first paper must be accompanied by an ENTRANCE FEE of *2s. 6d.* Competitors who desire to have their papers criticised must send an additional criticism fee of *2s. 6d.*

*Prizes.*—Prizes in books to the value of the whole of the entrance fees will be given; but the First Prize will not in any case be less than £3.

[NOTE: Fresh Competitions under similar regulations commence regularly in April and October.]

### II.—CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.—*July to December*, 1892.

A. '*Variety Specimens.*'—A *prize* of 5*s.* is given each month for the best answer to the question set under this heading.

B. '*Who, When, and Where?*'—Questions set monthly. A *prize* of £1 1*s.* is given to the Competitor who gives the largest number of correct answers in the six months.

C. '*Debatable Ground.*'—A question, generally of an ethical or practical character, is started every month. *No prizes.* All readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to take part in these discussions.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) There are no fees for any China Cupboard competition. (2) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to Chelsea China, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (3) Papers must be marked *outside* with their special subject, and must NOT be addressed to the Editors. (5) These competitions are open to all readers of the 'Monthly Packet.' (4) The name and address of the Competitor should be written on every paper. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for the Lists.

### III.—CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

*Subjects for July—December.* July: The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg. August and September: Wolsey and Cranmer. October: Dissolution of Monasteries. November: The 'Ten Articles' and 'Six Articles.' December: Calvin and Zwingle.

# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

**NEW SERIES.**

*SEPTEMBER*, 1892.


## URBANUS AD RUSTICUM.

AH, yes! you have the better part,
  Who shun the fretful city's tide,
And weave philosophy with art,
    By that still river's side.

The swallows circle round your trees;
  Peach-blossom crowns your crumbling wall;
And in your borders many bees
    Keep flowery festival.

Your soul has taken Nature's hue,
  And daily to your purgèd eyes
The various maid unveils anew
    Perpetual mysteries.

Yours are the pageants of the dawn;
  For you the sun sinks robed in fire;
The moonlight throws upon your lawn
    The shadow of a spire.

We dwell within a weary land,
  Sad tenants of a leafless street,
With London's laugh on either hand.
    Her pavement at our feet

The Thames sweeps sobbing through the town ;
  Dun vapours taint the morning air ;
Through yellow fogs the sun peers down ;
    All night is black despair.

Yet Nature's voice even here may reach :
  Anon she comes in singing mood,
And startles with a sudden speech
    The spirit's solitude.

A vision through an open gate,
  A touch of wonder in the stars,
A flower, make amends for Fate,
    And snap her prison-bars.

EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## V.

### THE BALL.

THE evening when it came exceeded even Catherine's expectations, never had there been such a ball! The First Lord of the Admiralty being the guest, the naval officers had of course taken the lead, and the room was gaily decorated with ships' flags and trophies, erected in all manner of impossible places. Catherine and her mother were rather late, and the girl came in smiling and flushed with pleasure, carrying a nosegay which had been left at the house but an hour before, without any name or message to disclose who was the sender. Catherine, however, had her own suspicions, and, as Frank Leslie strolled up to meet her, without any show of haste, she held it out to him with a happy laugh.

'Does that mean that you make me its guardian?' he asked, pretending to smell it, but in reality still keeping his eyes fixed on her face. He thought she had never looked so beautiful. Pleasure and excitement had given a brilliancy to her eyes, while the lips parted in a lovely curve, as delicate and fresh as a child's.

'I couldn't trust you with it,' she said, burying her face in the pure white blossoms; 'not yet, at any rate. I only thought that perhaps you might recognise it?'

'How should I? I have never before seen the flowers so graced. The hand that holds them has given them a hundred new charms.'

Catherine smiled delightedly. She loved compliments as she loved sugar-candy, and Frank Leslie's compliments had the

charm of being all her own. He was quick to perceive a blemish. Then she began to look about her and to exclaim admiringly—

'How exquisitely they have done up the room! When I came in I could hardly believe that it was the same dingy place where I used to come every week for my dancing lessons. There is Mr. Mason playing his fiddle, I declare! I do not think that I shall have the courage to dance before him. Do you think there is any fear of his calling out to me not to poke? I should die of shame! But is it not all beautifully arranged?'

'It's not so bad,' said Frank, indifferently.

'Oh, no, it is beautiful! There is Sir Charles Pole. And do show me the First Lord.'

'They are forming a country dance. Will you do me the honour?' he asked, offering his arm. 'Your hero is going to lead off, so that you will have an excellent opportunity of admiring him.'

Catherine's beauty made a little stir in the room, on their way to take their places half a dozen young men crowded round asking for a dance. Her mother, who was watching her, smiled, half with pride and half with sadness, to see the readiness with which she fell into her new position. There was no trace of awkwardness or affectation in her movements, although so many eyes were turned upon her, and when Mrs. Copplestone, a shrewd keen faced old lady, whose tongue made a sharp way for itself in Plymouth, remarked, with unusual graciousness, 'That's a pretty behaved girl enough,' it was felt that Catherine's manner must be beyond reproach. The gentleman to whom she made the remark was an old Irish general officer with stars on his breast, rheumatism in his limbs, and a choleric rage in his heart from which his family suffered, because—in spite of posting up to London, and swaggering—on two sticks—to the War Office, where he hurled pursuasive thunder at the heads to induce them to let him, as he termed it, have his turn in the shindy over the watther—his own infirmities, born of hard service, were, with unutterable meanness, thrown against him, and he was told, as kindly as he would let them tell, that rheumatism and years prevented their giving him a command. When Mrs. Copplestone spoke he was staring, not at Catherine, but at Frank.

'Pretty behaved girl!' he muttered. 'Look at the boy with her, ma'am! God help me, to think that I was once as straight-limbed and clean-skinned as that; and that now, with my heart as stout as ever, I must sit me down and see all the young fools

in the place marching past as proud as turkey cocks, and me only fit to cry after them like the girls they've kissed and left behind!'

And, with his fingers twitching as if they missed the reins that should have been between them, the old General turned his back upon youth and life and laughter, and betook himself to the whist tables.

In the country dance, Catherine's next neighbour was Laura Radcliffe, and while they were waiting their turn, she slipped her hand into her friend's arm and squeezed it.

'Look, Catherine, look! Mamma has lent me her pearl set! I'm engaged to dance the first quadrille with a new partner, Mr. John Newcombe, of Starcross, and directly I came in Mr. Pridham asked me for a waltz. Wasn't it pleasant?'

'Very,' said Catherine, smiling, as she glanced at the little red-haired man who stood next Frank Leslie, opposite to them.

'Do you know everybody? That's Mrs. Parker, coming down the middle now with Mr. Henry Woollcombe, the Mayor. How well she dances! But I don't much like her pale pink satin with tiara, do you? You must see Lady Forest—there, you can just get a peep of her in olive leaf soft satin with blue flowers in her hair—*isn't* she pretty? Quite the prettiest person in the room, people say. Oh, dear, I wonder when we shall get to the top? I feel as if I should sink with all these eyes upon one!'

Catherine's little feet, in their daintily embroidered shoes, had no such fear. Whatever might be thought of Lady Forest, there was little doubt, as Frank Leslie and his partner came down the centre, that they were as handsome a couple as any one could wish to see. Their movements were full of young unconscious grace, and his eyes were fixed upon her with undisguised admiration. Some of the elder ladies who were sitting round the walls, stood up to have a better view. Lady Bloomfield leaned across to Mrs. Armstrong.

'Upon my word, Catherine is making quite a sensation!' she said good-naturedly. 'I congratulate you on her looks. And Mr. Leslie, too, he seems quite smitten! Come a little forward, and you will see them.'

But Mrs. Armstrong did not move. 'No, thank you, though I'm glad you think the child looks nice,' she said in her straightforward way.

'More than nice. But you are not in spirits; is anything the matter?'

'Only that I heard to-day that some friends of ours are in great anxiety about a son who has been wounded in that last affair outside Bayonne.'

'Ah, poor things! My husband learnt from the First Lord that 'twas a more serious business than was believed. Soult is desperate. However, they cannot hold out much longer, that's one comfort. And then there's America!'

'I could not have come to-night, but that Catherine had so set her heart upon it.'

'Naturally, naturally,' said kind Lady Bloomfield, nodding her turban a little out of place. 'And I should think you would find that somebody else had set his heart as well. It would be a very pretty match, I must own; for I understand that Mr. Frank is his father's only son?'

'Nothing has been said,' returned Mrs. Armstrong, hastily, 'and I suppose every girl with any pretensions to looks meets with admiration. I hope that Catherine has too much sense to imagine a lover in every gentleman that pays her eyes a compliment.'

Lady Bloomfield was conscious of a certain tartness in Mrs. Armstrong's tone, which her words had scarcely called for. Mrs. Armstrong was conscious of it, too, and vexed with herself, like many another quick-tempered person made sore by an unacknowledged cause of irritation. When Catherine at last came back to her side, her mother said almost sharply—

'How long you have been over that dance, child! do sit down and rest yourself.'

'Sit down, mamma!' cried Catherine, opening her eyes in surprise, 'I am not in the least tired, I assure you, and I am going to dance this quadrille.'

'With whom? Not with Mr. Leslie again?'

'No, I have given him the next, because Mr. Hawker asked me first, and the cotillon at the end. Oh, mamma!' drawing a deep breath, 'how delightful it is!'

There was no resisting the pretty eyes, or the tone of happy enjoyment. After all, Mrs. Armstrong told herself, a girl's heart is her own, and it is unfair to expect more than it has to give. Because her own thoughts were away across the sea with the young fellow fighting his battle with grim death, should she blame Catherine, suddenly flung into an atmosphere of admiring looks and very openly expressed compliments,

if her visions were of a different nature? And not a word could be said against Frank Leslie, except that he was not George.

Frank Leslie himself had never been so sure of his admiration for Catherine. His critical and fastidious mind, seldom so far carried out of himself but that he could judicially balance this point or that against the other, was fairly taken by storm. He could not wish that her hair had been dressed a trifle higher or lower, he could not even say whether the blue of her sash was exactly the blue which best harmonised with her colouring, and this alone was a sure sign that he had been swept off his feet. In fact, he was for the moment convinced that she was perfect, and that he was at last deeply in love. She had not before been put to the test of public opinion, and on every side he heard murmurs which told him what this opinion was. The little world of that night was at Catherine's feet, old fox-hunting squires thrust out their under lips and swore—loudly—that 'twas the prettiest girl in all Devon—and if in Devon, why then anywhere—and the First Lord himself was brought up by Sir Charles Pole, and made her such fine speeches that her cheeks began to burn, and the fluttering made her look all the more lovely. Frank began to fidget as he found her carried off by other men, and to fume when he saw her led into supper by Sir Diggory Forest. It was a veritable triumph, yet in the midst of the triumph, Catherine's sweetness of nature was not lost. She went into the cloak-room and missed a whole dance, out of compassion for Elizabeth Bloomfield, who was ready to cry over a long rent in her muslin dress, which Catherine gathered up for her. And when Fanny Radcliffe, who was dark and insignificant-looking, was moping in a corner with no hope of partners, yet as much longing to be on her feet and dancing as if she were young and pretty, Catherine would not dance herself till she had got Mr. Hawker to introduce some one, and had seen her jump up and take his arm joyfully.

After this came a country dance, and Frank Leslie's face lightened as he looked down at Catherine's eyes.

'At last!' he whispered, and something in the tone, something very different from its usual languor, brought a blush into her cheek. 'I began to think you'd resolved to dance with me no more.'

'I dare say you've been very well amused,' said Catherine, demurely.

'I have been in the depths of blackness. I did not think you could have been so cruel.'

The set was forming, and they had to take their places opposite to each other, so that no more words were possible, but Catherine was quite conscious that her partner's eyes were fastened upon her, and when the time came for them to join hands, a warm pressure expressed his delight as clearly as speech could have done. She had thought he liked her before, but not until now had she felt convinced that he was sufficiently in love to ask her to marry him, and her own feelings had suddenly grown so mingled that she felt a sort of terror of doubt. Into the midst of this gay assemblage George's face forcibly pushed itself; through the cheerful repetitions of the music his 'Catherine, Catherine!' sounded in her ears reproachfully; she looked round her with startled dilated eyes, almost dreading to see a ghost threading its silent way between the dancers. Her heart was in a turmoil, and she took refuge in the determination to evade giving any definite answer to Frank, or better still, to prevent him from putting the question until, as she told herself, she had time to think it out—perhaps until she could lay the ghost. Somehow the country dance had all the pleasure taken out of it, and not even the admiring glances thrown upon her could bring it back. Her heart was beating, and when the long lines had been danced through, she tried to persuade Frank to take her back to her mother, declaring that she was tired to death. But Frank's usually languid expressions was changed by quite a new look of resolution, and she began to feel yet more uncertain and frightened. He said,

'Not yet; I want to speak to you. If you are tired, I will take you to a quiet corner where you will be out of the noise and glare.'

'But mamma——' faltered Catherine, hanging back and ready to cry.

'She will not be alarmed, she must know by this time that I should take good care of her Catherine.' He dropped his voice into a softness which, before now, she had found irresistible, and all his own. Still—something—somebody was dragging her back.

'Then let us find a seat here,' she said, looking round for a spot where private conversation would be impossible. 'There—there by the window!'

'With all eyes upon us, and that fiddle scraping in our ears,

and you at every one's beck and call!' he exclaimed, jealously. 'No, no, I thank you, trust to me, and I will find the exact spot. This is the way,' he went on, conveying her through the card tables to a small room beyond, which just held a sofa, and two or three chairs. 'Now, confess, is not the solitude charming?'

'Ye—es,' said Catherine, quaking.

'No one will disturb us, and you will rest and grow cool before you go back to that noisy room.'

'Well, for a few minutes perhaps,' and trying to ward off the imminent, she began to talk very fast. 'Do you know that my being here to-night was quite a chance? Mamma wanted me to give it up and to go back to Highcombe, and I can assure you it was all that I could do to persuade her against it.'

'To Highcombe? Why in the world should you have gone to Highcombe when——' he looked as if he would have liked to have said, 'when I am here?' but turned it into, 'when it is mid-winter, and everything so dull and dreary there! Besides, you would have gone in the coach, and what a journey you might have had! No, no, travelling at this season is unendurable unless you are posting in your own carriage with all your comforts about you. I, for one, should not agree to anything less for you.'

Visions of postchaises with red-coated postillions compared with crowded, straw-strewn coaches rose up before Catherine as he spoke, and sent a little thrill through her veins. George, she was sure, would never have thought of the disagreeableness of the coach, he was not half so particular as to her surroundings, although he had once knocked down a big fellow who had shown some signs of insolence towards her. She hurried on her words, keeping her eyes fixed on the ground.

'My cousins wanted me to come because they have had news that poor George is wounded, and they are all so frightened about George. But I dare say the next mail will bring a better account, and I could not find it in my heart to give up the ball.'

'No, I should think not. What would the ball have been without you? And what should I have done? Catherine——'

She started up, blushing and trembling, and tried to draw away her hand.

'Oh, Mr. Leslie! Oh, I must go to mamma!'

The words were hurried, but there was real reluctance in them, although Frank only read a girl's natural shyness.

'No, no!' he exclaimed, with quite unwonted vehemence, 'hear me first! I must speak, I must tell you that my heart is all yours, and that I shall not have a moment's peace unless you bid me hope for a return.'

'I never thought——' she stammered.

'I did not know, myself,' Frank admitted candidly, 'but to-night has shown me. There's no one half so beautiful or sweet. Let me look into your eyes and read my answer. 'Twould be impossible for them to say anything that is cruel.'

'Pray—pray!'

'Say you love me, only say you love me, dearest, loveliest Catherine.'

And there was Mr. Leslie, critical, cool, fastidious Mr. Leslie, on his knees before her, looking up with an ardour which could not be mistaken. Oh! George, George, you never gave her vanity such a triumph. And yet, and yet——

He mistook the cause of her hesitation, and pressed her yet more. His father and mother would welcome her as a daughter; Harriet as a sister; for himself he felt that here was the spur required for his own career. With her by his side to inspire him, he would soon surpass anything he had hitherto achieved, and lay the wreath of fame at her feet. Catherine listened, intoxicated. He was very handsome; with this new energy in his face, unusually so. And though she had always heard he was so particular that no one had been known quite to please him, he was here—at her feet. She turned her charming face to him at last, all blushes and smiles.

'Are you sure you mean what you say?' she said, softly. 'I've always heard that poets were fickle.'

'Never, when they had a worthy object!' he cried in delight. 'You will be my Beatrice, my Laura—I feel as if you had opened the very heights to me.'

'And you are certain that you love me?'

There can never be but one answer to that question. Mrs. Armstrong had been uneasily searching the room with her eyes for some time, when she saw her daughter and Frank Leslie slowly making their way towards her, and something in the way he looked at Catherine gave her an instant enlightenment. She turned pale, and her intended rebuke died on her tongue.

'Mamma,' said Catherine, hastening to her, 'are you tired? Do you wish to go home? I am quite ready.'

'Yes, I believe I should be glad to go,' said poor Mrs. Arm-

strong, trying to recover herself. 'The room is hot, and I am unused to such gay scenes.'

'Let me call your chairs, ma'am,' said Frank, with an alacrity of usefulness which surprised himself. And the vision of Catherine, with radiant loveliness in the eyes she turned upon him from the depths of the sedan chair, was enough to stir him to the supreme effort of keeping by its side as the men swung along, and being in readiness to help her out at her own door. Catherine was quite sensible of the honour—it sent her running upstairs to her mother with smiles dancing over her face.

'Why did you not detain Peggy to help you, Catherine? You know I like her to remain downstairs until the men have gone,' said Mrs. Armstrong, angry with herself for a wish to find an opportunity for blame.

'Mr. Leslie sent her away,' said the girl, demurely. But the next instant she had flung herself into her mother's arms. 'Oh, mamma, he wishes to marry me!'

Mrs. Armstrong kissed her tenderly, though there was a moment's pause before she put her question.

'My dear, I expected it; but are you sure you love him well enough?'

'I—I think so.'

'Be quite certain,' said the mother, anxiously; 'certain beyond a shadow of doubt! My dear, of course nothing is settled between you, nor can be until I have spoken with Mr. Leslie, and heard from his father. So you must not think, because it may be that you have felt flattered at the fine things I make no doubt he has said to you to-night, and perhaps have let yourself be carried away, that you cannot draw back. I will take all that upon myself. You shall not even see him again if you had rather not. Are you sure that he is the one man in the world for you, that there is no other you like better?'

'Oh, mamma, why do you try to frighten me?' exclaimed Catherine, lifting her head and speaking petulantly. 'Who else should there be?'

Mrs. Armstrong was silent. If Catherine's own heart did not answer the question, then, indeed, who should there be? The girl went on—

'I am sure there was no one like him at the ball. How can you object, mamma?'

'I am not objecting. I have not a word to say against him.

Kiss me, my dear, and go to bed. We shall see what you feel when morning comes.'

If Mrs. Armstrong fancied that Catherine was likely to lie awake and ponder the matter, she was greatly mistaken. The girl fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and when she awoke, it was with a sense of something exciting having happened, rather pleasurable than otherwise, which gradually shaped itself into the conviction that many pleasant things were in store for her that day—wonder, congratulations, more triumph. Frank showed all the proper ardour of a lover; he waited upon Mrs. Armstrong at an earlier hour than he had ever been known to bestir himself before, and she was forced to allow that nothing could have been more handsome than the way he spoke. If there was sadness in her heart as she listened, that, she owned to herself, was from her own foolishness. As for Catherine, she showed no signs of drawing back. She was disappointed, it was true, because her mother would neither allow her to accept the pretty posy ring which Frank brought with him, nor permit the matter mentioned, until Sir Thomas Leslie had given his consent. But after all, as Frank insisted upon sending off an express messenger, instead of waiting for the regular mail, it could not be a long delay, and he assured her that his father would never interfere on the matter of his marriage. So Catherine resigned herself, and listened with satisfaction as her lover whispered in her ear the assurances of the night before. Mrs. Armstrong sat with her hands clasped on her lap, looking on the ground. She spoke at last, without lifting her eyes.

'Did you say you meant to send an express, Mr. Frank?'

'Yes, ma'am, at once.'

'Then he would leave a letter at the Parsonage for me?'

To this there could be but one answer, though Catherine turned a little pale, and murmured a reproachful 'Mamma!' Mrs. Armstrong paid no heed; she rose and went to her desk, and wrote rapidly—

'My dear Cousin.—There is an opportunity of sending this by hand, and I feel that, after your letter to me, I should not allow my own reluctance to interfere with your hearing my news at once. Whether or no you will convey it in your letter to George, I must leave you to decide. I believe my own impression is that, however painful, the whole truth is often the kindest medicine. In brief, what I suspected has come to pass; Frank Leslie has declared his love for Catherine, and she tells

me 'tis returned. The messenger that takes this is on his way to ask Sir Thomas's consent, which there seems no reason to think will be withheld. But so strangely are our joys and sorrows interwoven, that while my heart should rejoice with my Catherine, it aches for your George. Let us hope it might have been but the delirium of fever which so moved him, or, if otherwise, then that with returning strength the charm of glory may prove his consolation.'

Catherine was watching her as she wrote, but dared not do more than look, and presently Frank took his departure, declaring that not an hour should be wasted in sending to his father.

## VI.

### WAITING.

THINGS had gone very cheerfully in the Peninsular all that summer of 1813, ever since George Wilmot's regiment had had the good luck to join. The English people, it is well known, have always expected their bricks to be made without troubling themselves to provide the material, and their armies to carry through the impossible, which, to do them justice, they have an extraordinary knack of achieving. Lord Wellington had gone as far in that direction as could well be expected, even from an English commander; and after having been, as usual, crippled for want of men and money, was now, probably to his own extreme astonishment, finding himself reasonably supplied with both. Consequently, between the month of May and the end of 1813, he had won five pitched battles, captured three strongly-fortified positions, Burgos, Pampeluna, and St. Sebastian, and forced back the enemy into his own country. This done, early in December, Sir John Hope, after a smart little affair with pickets, sat down with his left column, supported by the light division, three miles from Bayonne, and there prepared to wait. Soult, however, burning to dislodge him, made a desperate attack upon his position, which lasted three days, and, finding himself foiled, suddenly flung himself upon Sir Rowland Hill and the right column, encamped on the Nive; after which equally unsuccessful attack, he retired behind his entrenchments for the winter.

It was in the first of these attempts, made with the intention of forcing a way through a wood, that George Wilmot, fighting

hand to hand, got the sword cut in his shoulder which very nearly terminated his career. For some days, indeed, it was doubtful which way it would go with him, but youth, a good constitution, and a devoted soldier servant helped to pull him through, and it seemed possible after a time that he would mend.

In the hospital tents, where rough-and-ready experience had to make up for what even in those days was an unusually limited stock of material, a clumsy-looking red-haired private, after getting in the way of half a dozen assistants, and being sworn at by a peppery hard-worked doctor, came triumphantly back to the side of a wounded subaltern, bringing another officer.

'Here her be, sur,' he said, with a broad Devonshire accent, and a yet broader grin. 'He were back along with the rest of 'um, but a harled un out.'

'"Harled un out!"' repeated the new-comer, indignantly. And then he suddenly sat down on the edge of the camp bed, and rocked from side to side with helpless laughter. The sick man, who had been turning his head restlessly, and whose young eyes were weary with pain and wakefulness, stopped tossing and stared.

'Confound you, Peter,' he said at last, in a weakly irritable voice, 'what are you hee-hawing about? As if it wasn't bad enough to lie here like a sick chicken without looking at you making a fool of yourself.'

'Off with ye, ye villain,' said the other, sitting upright, and addressing the red-haired soldier who stood regarding the friends with manifest enjoyment. 'If lies don't bring ye to a court-martial, 'tis because ye're in special favour with the father of them. Let me get at ye!'

'Has he been lying?' demanded the sick man, feebly.

'Faith, for the credit of your constitution, that doesn't deserve such scurvy treatment, I should hope he was! He swore before the colonel, the major, and all the powers that be, that ye were at yer last gasp, and asking for me to see ye through with ut. They sent me off like a cannon ball. Yer not really bad, are ye, old fellow?' Peter—they called him Fat Peter in the regiment because they loved him—got up, and stood looking down upon a white-faced ghost with cropped hair and bandages.

'I don't know that he was far wrong,' said George, out of the slough of Despond. 'Will those English letters never come!' And he took something from his breast and looked at it.

'Ye're an unbelieving beggar, when ye know there hasn't been time. Now if ye'll be reasonable and not fret yerself into fiddle strings, if it would make you better to have a turn at the charms of this Miss Catherine of yours, I'm here and handy,' added Peter, heroically dismissing visions of unwonted though tardy Christmas fare round a camp fire.

'While you sit there and grin,' grunted George.

'Upon me soul, if ye'd sooner have tears, I'll manage to drop one or two. Only I won't consent to the heresy that there's anything in Devon to match with our Irish eyes. That 'ull rouse him,' added Peter to himself, with a chuckle. But when George lay motionless, without resenting the deadly insult, his fellow-subaltern became seriously alarmed. 'George, me boy, don't ye want the Doctor, or some one? I'll dig out a hospital orderly in next to no time.'

'No. Be quiet.'

'There's a step in the regiment since the morning,' he went on, sitting down again at the foot of the bed, and cudgelling his brain for news, while he nursed his left leg.

'Who?'

'Poor Henderson. Hit——' Peter stopped, cursing his own blundering.

'When I was—I know.'

'Hadn't any constitution, poor devil!' blurted out Peter, mendaciously. 'Went all to bits in no time at all.'

'You needn't excuse his dying,' said George, with a twinkle. 'Go on. What more?'

'Heaps of fun promised in the spring. I can tell ye ye'll have to look sharp unless ye mean to be out of it all. Are ye minding?'

He glanced at the white face on the pillow. George was lying with his eyes shut and a frown on his face. 'If I could get him to shy something at the head of me, 'twould ease his soul,' reflected Peter. 'George?'

The sick man opened his eyes.

'Don't ye want something to eat?'

'No.'

'The boys in the right have a brew of punch. I know it, for they asked me to supper. If ye could fancy——'

'Oh, get out!'

'With all the pleasure in life,' said Peter, politely.

'When will that confounded post be in?'

'Faith, it may be to-morrow, and it may be the next day; I'd be sorry to have so much as me dinner depending upon its arrival,' said the other, with mendacious assurance; 'and sure if I let him know the messenger is in, not one wink of sleep will he be getting this blessed night,' he added to himself. 'Miss Catherine, me darling, somehow I'm misdoubting ye. There's more than a lock of hair wanted to keep a woman's heart in the right place, and why have ye never been after letting the poor lad have a word of comfort all this time that he's been looking for ut, without waiting for him to be wounded?'

He glanced at George, and saw to his satisfaction that he had fallen into a doze. Excepting this one patient the tent was empty. For a time it had been crowded enough, but one man had died, two were convalescent, and another had been moved to the rear. George Wilmot's condition was still too critical for moving: that he was alive at all was perhaps owing to Tom Bradfield's nursing. It was unscientific, and the peppery little surgeon hurled strong language at his red head, but it had about it an enthusiastic goodwill which made up for other shortcomings. Tom wasn't going to let a Devon man die when he was there to prevent it.

It was Tom who now came full tilt back to the tent with a letter in his hand, abstracted by unrighteous means from the orderly, who was making the deliberate round of the camp with the English mail. Peter held up his hand to stop him, thinking his friend was asleep; but the next moment they heard a sharp, weak voice—

'Here, hand it over!'

The little subaltern got up and slipped away out of the tent into the cold night. The stars shone frostily; from the nearest canteen came sounds of jovial shouting and singing, and the next moment followed a jingle of steel and clang of horse hoofs, as the officer of the watch and a couple of sergeants trotted by on their way to visit the outlying sentries.

Presently Tom Bradfield came out of the tent. Peter called him.

'And what may ye master be after now, I'd like to know? Has he sent ye away?'

'Ees, fay, sir,' said Tom, scratching his head ruefully. 'He've made me set the candle so as he med see by un, and then told me to go.'

'Faith, Tom, I'm thinking we'd better not be far out of the way.'

'I shall bide where I be, sir. Begging your pardon, sir, and putting two and two together, I should say there med be a young woman at t'other end of thicky there letter? Med her be a Devonshire young woman?'

'Well, and if she is?' said Peter, laughing.

'Whay, then,' said Tom—and even in the dark it was easy to feel how his face had cleared—'then I bain't a bit tarrified, sir. It'll arl come right.'

The subaltern laughed the more and walked away whistling, while Tom went back to the tent and stood at attention.

He must have stood there for some time, with his ears strained to catch the faintest sound, before, getting uneasy, he betook himself to a certain peep-hole which he had constructed to fit one eye, and by means of which he could overlook his patient's bed. What he saw was enough to send him tumbling into the tent. George was lying back insensible, and one hand clutched his father's letter, crumpled into a shapeless ball.

* * * * *

He did not die. Curiously enough, the shock, of which he never spoke, seemed to have awakened some dormant energy of recovery. As he grew better the love of his profession reasserted itself, and, with the desire to be on his feet again by the time the spring operations began, he bullied the doctor, Peter, Tom, and every one who came near him, because they would not undertake to swear that he might not be returned invalided to England. What was worse, to prove that he was right and they wrong, he attempted all kinds of imprudent experiments, which ought to have killed him, but did not; and one day, when his Colonel, who liked him, came to see him—in the larger hospital in the rear, to which he had been moved—instead of finding him where he should have been—in bed—he was greeted by a thread-paper figure attired in an extraordinary jumble of clothes, on which he had forcibly laid hands when he found that his own had been removed, who staggered as he walked, and professed himself ready for any active service to which he might be told off.

The Colonel was a tall man with dark eyes and a peremptory manner, and he first of all swore, and then ordered him into his bed. George did not dare remonstrate, and shuffled ruefully back, while the Colonel rated him.

'Be good enough to remember, sir, that the doctor is your superior officer; and if I hear of your disobeying his orders again, by Jove, I'll have you put under arrest.'

'I won't, sir,' said his subaltern, meekly, pulling up the clothes with a jerk; 'I won't; indeed! I shouldn't have done it now but that I couldn't make him understand that I was all right again.'

'That's his business,' returned the Colonel. 'Yours is to do what he tells you.'

'Yes, sir,' agreed George, still beautifully meek, and very uncomfortable on account of the other man's garments. 'But, I give you my word, there's nothing the matter with me; and I say, sir, you won't send me back to England with the sick men, will you?'

'It's the only place you're fit for,' said the Colonel; but there was doubt in his voice, because he had made out something of George's story from Peter; and, though he was wroth at the notion of one of his subalterns falling in love, yet, if it was well over, it might be placed in the same category as other epidemic complaints, and serve as a safeguard against a return. And George read the doubt.

'Oh, no, sir!' he implored, with all the persuasion of which he was capable. 'Only consider what dreadful hard luck it would be for me to have got bowled over before I had been out here six months, and then to be sent home just as I was fit for service again.'

'You look like it,' said the Colonel, eyeing him. 'Whose clothes are these?'

'Appleton's, sir—chiefly,' returned George, indicating a distant bed, the occupant of which ducked under the sheet as the Colonel's glance fell upon him. 'I couldn't find my own.'

The Colonel turned away his head and stood up.

'You'd better mind what the doctor says, or you'll find yourself on the wrong side of the ditch. I never interfere with his orders.' As he was going away he turned back. 'Didn't I hear you were Eton?'

'Yes, sir,' George answered, with his eyes suddenly bright.

'So am I.'

It was to these last words that Fat Peter always attributed the fact that George Wilmot remained with the army. Certain it is that some of those who went home were in better fighting case than he; but, whether this were the case or not, it is probable

that George's determination to get well had something to do with his improvement; for, while the doctor prognosticated that he must break down, he stood the heavy floods which tried the endurance of the English troops, and, by dint of both audacity and luck, shared in the passage of the Adour and the investment of Bayonne He did not write to them at home as often as he ought to have written, but his father was patient, knowing that wounds of body and heart take time for their healing. Lord Wellington pushed on to Toulouse, and peace was all but proclaimed when, on the 13th of April, 1814, just at the time when the rose-gardens of Bayonne were breaking into their first blossom, and the wide Landes round about were pink and blue with azure stone-crop and rosy *Daphne mezereon*, the enemy dashed out in their most dangerous sortie. They were driven back; but there was heavy loss on either side, and General Hay was killed. George's regiment suffered as severely as any, and he himself was again wounded slightly in the face.

When our troops embarked in the *Garonne*, and carried home their tattered colours and a fresh heritage of noble deeds to hand down to future generations, George Wilmot was high up in the roll of subalterns, and his head crammed full of questions of war. But he went with his regiment to York and did not apply for leave.

(*To be continued.*)

# FROM CAGLIARI TO KAIRWÁN.

BY FLORENCE FREEMAN.

## PART I.

## CAGLIARI.

WHAT a charm there is in a journey through scenes which suggest new thoughts and stamp new impressions on the mind! How speedily the tediousness of the too familiar voyage from Genoa to Livorno is forgotten when the snowy peaks of Corsica rise before us, to be exchanged, later on, for the lesser heights of the greater island lying south! But one night more, and we awake to find ourselves alongside of the Sardinian shore, at anchor in the bay of Cagliari. This fair haven is beautifully encircled to east and west by a belt of mountains, while northward stretches the fruitful Campidano, the only extensive plain in Sardinia, once a granary of the Mistress of the World.

Cagliari has a charming position. The four quarters, into which the town is divided, climb the sides of a hill only a little less than three hundred feet in height. Its crest is crowned by the oldest quarter, the Castello—in Sardinian dialect *Casteddu*—whence you look out on mountains and bay and villages dotted here and there on the wide plain stretching to Oristano. More perfect yet would be the view were it not for the salt lagoons that cover the lowland on either side of the city. Resting from our climb to the citadel, in the pleasant sunshine of the gardens outside the gateway, we regretted that our stay in Sardinia was limited to a day. Had there but been time to drive to Quartu, a small town lying about four and a half miles to the north-west, something might have been seen of the national costume, which has not wholly died out. We had, however, to content ourselves with the sight of a contadino or two who came into town for the Sunday Festa. The garb keeps somewhat of the Albanian

character. But the much-gored skirt, the *fustanella*, here survives only in a little frilled skirt over loose white drawers or knickerbockers, and gaiters with garters below the knee. The vest shows a small portion of white shirt. On the head is worn the *biretta*, a dark stocking-cap, round which a bright red handkerchief is sometimes twisted. Over all is thrown a shaggy covering, the 'mastrucca' of Cicero. It is made of the unshorn skin of the moufflon, which is 'at home' in Sardinia, though we were not fortunate enough to see one. The fleece has always been used by the shepherds as a precaution against the malarious climate of the island.

Cagliari can reckon about fifty churches, all, according to our guide-book, of but small interest. The truth of this statement we could not prove, having only a short time to give to the Duomo, which has to thank the Pisan rulers for its few good architectural features. They built also the 'Torre dell' Elefante,' which apparently takes its name from the massiveness of its walls. We failed to get into the museum. Unaware of its early closing on Sunday, we just arrived to see the doors shut relentlessly before us, nor could the 'Custode' be prevailed on to make an exception for passing travellers. This was a pity, for the museum contains a complete collection of Sardinian antiquities. Many interesting Phœnician and Roman remains were gathered together by Cavaliere Spano, a canon of the Cathedral. We thus failed to see the famous *lapide di Nora* with the Punic inscription testifying to the Carthaginian colonization of Sardinia.

The disadvantages of 'Festa' caused the only cloud upon our day of sunshine in the island. One jeweller's shop alone was open, displaying the gold and silver ornaments worn by the country people. The fine workmanship of the brooches and buttons is very similar to that of the Dalmatian Ragusa. Again, being Festa, it was marvellously difficult to hire a carriage. The '*beau monde*' of the Sardinian capital was promenading to the music of the town band. Could any one seriously prefer a search after *Antichità* to the attractions of the Piazza Yenne? However, after more than three-quarters of an hour's expansion of that faithless word *subito*, a vehicle was forthcoming, and took us a mile and a quarter without the town to the site of the Phœnician and Roman tombs. Unluckily the former were nowhere to be found, nor could any one give information as to their whereabouts. Vain was our search, but the circuit made of the rocky plateau was in itself a reward. We were strongly

reminded of the stony places, pleasant with sweet-scented thyme, on the heights of ancient Syracuse. The Roman tombs were easy to find. Most noteworthy of these is the *Grotta della Vipera*, with fine serpents carved on its entrance. It bears an inscription commemorating Cassius Philippus and his wife Atilia Pontilla, who were exiled to Calaris by the Emperor Nero. A higher road, on our way back, brought us to the amphitheatre, chiefly remarkable, perhaps, for its smallness. The rock, facing seaward, has here proved handy for its construction, most of the seats being hewn out of the stone.

Our sight-seeing was at an end, for it was time to return to the boat. One more bone to pick with the 'Festa'! Surely it hindered our meeting with the charming little Sardinian ass which so commonly draws the smallest of the painted carts in Palermo.

The lights were twinkling in town and harbour as our ship raised anchor and bore us onward to the northern shores of the African continent.

## TUNIS.

### WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

IT is no great distance from Sardinia to Africa. Leaving Cagliari in the evening, we find ourselves at early dawn within sight of our goal. Every one is on deck betimes, enjoying the sunshine and eagerly looking his first look at Africa. Gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the coast, we begin to make out the site of ancient Carthage with its background of hills. These lie to our right, and to the left, standing up boldly against the horizon, are the rugged mountains of Hammam el-Lif, Bon Kournein, and Ressas. To our left rises also the 'White' city of Tunis, its walls and buildings covering the slope of a hill of no great height. The epithet of *White*, given of old to the city, fits it equally well now. All its buildings are covered over with white chalk, and when cupolas and minarets glisten in the sunshine against a sky of brightest blue, the glorification bestowed by Tasso on the 'Flower of the West,' as the Arabs delight to call Tunis, may not be thought too great.

> 'In curvo lido poi Tunisi vede,
> Ch' ad' ambo i lati del suo golfo un monte;
> Tunisi ricca ed onorata sede,
> A par di quante n' a Libia piu conte.'

We anchored then at last in the Gulf of Tunis, but this does not mean that we were close to Tunis itself. The scheme for an actual Tunisian port, which has been so often proposed by Europeans and by different Beys, has not yet been realised. The Lake of Tunis or *El-Bahira*—the 'Little Sea,' as it is known to the Arabs—could, without any very tremendous outlay of money, become a magnificent harbour for Tunis, and give shelter to the European vessels as it once gave shelter at different times to Phœnician and Roman fleets. It has been said that the Tunisians themselves are against this scheme, and even look on the lake with its lack of water as a safeguard against Christian powers. French capitalists have now in hand a project for the restoration of the port of Tunis, the possession of which may one day realise the possibilities held out by Commandant Villot.

'If the Tunis Lake were only dredged and deepened, and the coast fortified, and if a powerful navy were stationed in the Tunisian roadstead, not only the path to Egypt, but the road through the Suez Canal, would once more be closed to the people of the West.'

It is certain that the dredging of this lake, so long defiled by all the sewage of Tunis, would do much to ward off the malarious fevers which are common in the summer months.

La Goletta—the Gullet—is the present port of Tunis. It is an artificial channel, cutting the town of Goletta into two portions and connecting the Lake of Tunis with the Mediterranean. Arabs give the mouth of this canal the name of Foum el-Oued, *Mouth of the Canal*, or Halk el-Oued, *Throat of the Canal*, which the Italians translate by La Goletta and the French by La Goulette. Vessels are obliged to anchor off at some distance, there not being enough depth of water for them nearer to the shore. In bad weather it is neither easy to embark nor to disembark, and sometimes even impossible, as we found to our cost on the day we had chosen for leaving Tunis.

The siege of La Goletta was an important feature in the conquest of Tunis by the Emperor Charles, in 1531. Our Queen has in her possession six remarkable pictures which illustrate the taking of Tunis and the bombardment of the fortress of Goletta. These are part of a series of ten paintings made by Jan Cornelius Vermeyer, who accompanied the Emperor on his African expedition. Mr. Broadley, in his work on 'Tunis, Past and

Present,' has given reproductions of some of these interesting contemporary pictures.

By our late arrival in the port the first train to Tunis was missed, but a luncheon on board was thereby gained, after which we bade farewell to the 'Enna' and went ashore in a small steam-launch. This last bit of sea proved rougher than any part of the whole voyage from Genoa. Steaming up to the landing-place, we caught sight of our first Arab turbans and dusky skins. Speedily there was a rush at the baggage from a group of many colours, both in face and dress, shouting and gesticulating. The Italian oranges and lemons were cruelly, though politely, torn from us by the French officials of the custom-house; and then, choosing out a Mohammed or two to carry our things, we marched to the station, which was at no great distance. Having an hour to wait for our train, we walked up and down the street, thus making our first experience with Oriental life. La Goletta has been built up mainly out of the ruins of Carthage, but it is not in itself a picturesque town. Yet its white buildings, flat roofs and minaret, dazzling against an intense blue sky, must strike the eye of the traveller who comes fresh to Arab architecture and scenery.

We were much amused by a group of natives leaning over a hedge, who might easily have been mistaken for a set of old sacks put out to dry. Mr. Toole, had he but been there—on the African rather than the Australian continent—would certainly have taken a wrinkle, or indeed the Tunisian sack itself, for his well-known costume in 'Dot!'

Soon after twelve we took our places in quite a new kind of train. Its peculiarity is a railed-in ledge on either side of the carriages, where you can stand outside while travelling. It has, however, a disadvantage when smokers, leaning up against the side-windows, forget that the people sitting inside may also wish to enjoy the view. The Italian railway—for the Florio-Rubattino line is older than the French occupation—skirts the northern shore of the Lake of Tunis. Within sight of flamingoes fringing the water, and here and there a camel browsing off the coarse tufted herbage of the sandy soil, we begin to realise that we are in an Eastern land, but look in vain for forests of palms where we may feast on endless dates. That dream is roughly broken by the sight of a few spare palm-trees along the branch line to Marsa. Here, as well as around Kairwán, the rich palm forests have long ago been cut down, owing to the heavy tax laid upon the trees.

The delicious dates that are to be bought in Tunis all come from Monastir. The railway carries us past the ruins of a mighty aqueduct and reminds us that we are within the circuit of Dido's city. What thoughts crowd in upon one! Thoughts of Phœnician and Roman Carthage; of Hannibal and of Scipio; of the Christian martyrs who won the palm of martyrdom, Saint Cyprian, Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas. Thoughts also of a later saint, Louis the Ninth of France, a prey to fever amidst ruined Carthage, on his way to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. With memories such as these pressing upon us, we pass the modern stations of Carthage and of Saint Louis, and pause for a few moments at the junction of Marsa. Here a very fine-looking Arab attracted our attention as he left the train. He was evidently *somebody*, for many people kissed his hand at the station, and he was treated with the greatest respect by all the railway officials. He wore a lovely dress—blue and white draperies, yellow turban and yellow shoes. His face was very fair in complexion, with a charming expression of repose. His beard was short and very white. We learned afterwards that he was the Mudir of that part, and was on his way to his country house near Marsa.

Between La Goletta and Tunis, the country is flat and dreary-looking. In winter, the plain must surely become a marsh. Tunis stands on a kind of isthmus between two lakes, one to the east, the El-Bahira, already spoken of, and the other to the south-west, called Sebkha es-Sedjoumi, or *Shallows of the Salt.* This last does not come into sight except from the heights of Carthage or of Tunis itself. In summer it is almost wholly dried up, becoming a vast salt-basin; hence its name of *Sebkha.*

From 1535 to 1881 Tunis was a regency or fief of the Ottoman Empire, and the reigning Bey acknowledged the sovereignty of the Sultan. But the overlord did not come to the help of his vassal when hard pressed by the French invader. On the 23rd April, 1881, the treaty was signed which has made the regency of Tunis an informally annexed dependency of France. It remains nominally under the dominion of the Bey, but is really under the control of a French Resident. On the pretext that the Bey was unable of himself to repress the inroads of the Khamírs, a frontier tribe, the government of the French Republic sent troops to invade his country. Step by step, in a very short time, this led to the occupation, not only of Tunis, but also of the Holy Shrine of Kairwán. The French are now virtually in possession

of the land which the Italians, with as much right, hoped to make their own. Unless the Arabs rise throughout the land and drive out the French, whom they hate, the scheme of the French Government will, in a few years, be carried out. Tunis will be annexed to Algeria. In the meantime, English travellers in the regency of Tunis are grateful for the occupation, though their sympathies would have been given to the Italian rather than to the French occupier of the land.

PART II.

SOON after our arrival at Tunis we called at the English Consulate, and, in the absence of Mr. Drummond Hay, were received by Mr. Carbonaro, who kindly answered all our enquiries about getting to Kairwán. He also counselled us to go on to El Djem to see the amphitheatre, which almost equals the Coliseum in size. The Sheikh of that part, who happened to be at the Consulate during our call, most courteously placed his house at our disposal. Much, however, as we should have liked to experience Arab hospitality, we found we must decline the offer, seeing that our time in Africa would have to be somewhat short.

It is not easy to describe one's first impressions on walking through the streets of Tunis. Though full of interest, it cannot be called a beautiful city. Its attraction lies in the fresh ideas it gives to those to whom Oriental life is wholly new. You are at first almost bewildered by the motley population, and fancy yourself to be looking on at some monster carnival, so diversified are the costumes that meet the eye on every side, so varied the types of those who bear them. In the space of five minutes, as a French writer says, 'Vous aurez coudoyé des échantillons de toute race humaine.' We were, perhaps, most impressed and certainly least attracted by the dress worn by the Jewesses. Skin-tight trousers and short jackets of coloured silks are supposed to set off figures in which beauty is reckoned by the pound. One wished that the transparent gauze that floated from head and shoulders served as completely to veil them as did the graceful draperies of the Arab ladies. These offer a striking contrast, their faces being veiled by fine black crêpe, which bears all the appearance of a mask, with a parting to show the eyes and a heavy line painted above the eyebrows. A soft, creamy bernouse is gracefully arranged into a complete wrap, which only partially shows the fine, embroidered vest beneath. It was positively startling at first to find oneself in a tram side

by side with some fair Shahrazad, whose 'eyes were fraught with Babel's sorcery, and her eyebrows arched as for archery.' Other interesting studies dropped in, handsome young Turks and dignified Arabs, beside whom French officers—and no doubt we ourselves—looked quite out of place.

But it is in the Sûks—the bazaars—that you for a moment believe yourself to be transported to some scene in the 'Arabian Nights.' There you jostle against men out of every nation under heaven. 'Grave and dignified Osmanli Turks, with their pride of race, their scarlet fezes and yellow slippers; Jews with their bagging pantaloons and their blue cloaks and head-dresses; Arabs with their long beards, their white turbans and bernouses, and their many-coloured tunics; descendants of the Prophet, "Grand Scherifs," as they are called, rejoicing in their green robes and green turbans; swarthy Moors from the desert, and negroes from the Soudan, whose dark faces and limbs stand out in striking contrast to their white garments.' The costumes are bewildering; the combination of colours, pale salmons and pale blues, with fine braidings and thick rows of buttons, most fascinating. It takes a long time to make one's way through the winding passages of the Sûks, so crowded is every part with men selling their various wares. The second-hand costumes hawked about would furnish endless fancy balls. We were delighted with the picturesqueness of the narrow streets, the roofs, and the horse-shoe arches, often picked out in black and white, the white double columns painted in green and red bars, and many other details of Oriental character. Mr. Carbonaro, who had kindly offered himself as our escort to the Sûks, introduced us to one of the chief merchants, who courteously entreated us to Arab coffee—thick, without sugar or milk—served in small cups on a gold salver, which we sipped with decorous gravity in the artistic interior of his shop, surrounded by silks and bernouses, richly embroidered zouaves, costly daggers, and ornaments of every kind. Our merchant himself was a fine man, sumptuously clad, could talk a little French, and was proud to have been at the Paris Exhibition. He showed us some exquisite moirés of quite another kind from those of European make, one superb gold piece especially exciting our admiration. Then we were taken by 'Abu Hassan' to his other warehouses, where he spread before our admiring eyes gorgeous carpets and hangings, with embroideries of the Koran worked in thick gold. We had to tear ourselves away from the enticing things set before us, as

there were many other parts of the bazaars to be visited. In Tunis, as in most Mussulman towns, each trade has its special quarter. There are different markets for various kinds of industry all close to one another, but in distinct passages. On each side are the open shops, where the merchant is reclining on his rugs, or sitting on a bench covered with matting, while he sips his coffee and awaits a buyer. Mr. Broadley gives a graphic description of the Tunisian merchant 'at home.'

'Nearly all the Spanish Moors in Tunis (descendants of those who returned to their country) have adopted some kind of trade, and they invariably show a marked preference for those callings which allow a minimum of exertion and a maximum of indolence. They retail silks, perfumes, incense, jewellery, drugs, and bric-à-brac; and it is difficult to say whether foreigners are more impressed by their dignified languor or their suave politeness. A scent-seller in Sûk el-Attarín (Bazaar of Essences) at Tunis is a lineal descendant of the Abencerrages, while his next-door neighbour represents the lordly race of the Almoravides. They possess pedigrees of wonderful length and correctness, and retain as heirlooms the rust-eaten keys of their long-lost Andalusian homes. They look on trade as no disgrace, and spend their time in filling and sealing hermetically small phials of the attar of roses and jessamine, in gossiping with their neighbours, and in reading and discussing the orthodox *Jowaib*, the official organ of the Panislamite enthusiasts at Stamboul.'

We visited the leather quarter, where harness-fittings, saddle-bags, and cushions of every kind are embroidered. Here also are the slippers in red or yellow leather, plain, or worked in silks with gold and silver thread. These are made in great quantities, but are not considered as fine as those of Kairwán. The making of the red fez—*chechia* it is called at Tunis—occupies many thousand workmen, as the exportation of them is very large. It is the indispensable head-dress of both Mussulman and Jew, with or without the turban.

For sweetness of atmosphere, the Sûk el-Attarín, the home of choice perfumes, is one of the pleasantest markets to walk through. We did not invest in 'ten sorts of waters,' like the Baghdad lady when she went shopping, but made a modest purchase in attar of roses, musk, and frankincense, and passed on to the stall of sweetmeats, where we found our delight in fresh Lakoum. The Sûk el-Bey, where inlaid weapons and boxes of every sort can be bought, was once the slave-market.

Slavery was finally abolished in 1842, but we heard it hinted that it still goes on in a mild way. We paid several visits to the Sûks while in Tunis. It was always entertaining to bargain, with the aid of our very small stock of Arab words, and to drink coffee in such picturesque surroundings. Studies in the bazaars are endless. One amusing sight was that of the small boys spouting the Koran to their teachers, who sat on a ledge. The boys were on the floor, and the shoes of all were in a row at the entrance of the room.

The streets of Tunis wind in and out in the most confusing way; it would seem as if no plan had been followed when building the town. The Arabs compare the shape of it to a bernouse, stretched out, of which the *kasbah*, or citadel, is the hood. All the upper part of the city is reserved for the Mahomedan population; in the lower live the Christians and the Jews. We had to wait till we should get to Kairwán to see the inside of a mosque, for in Tunis entrance is strictly forbidden to Christians. The Djama es-Zitoun, the Mosque of the Olive, in the Sûk el-Attarín, is the largest mosque in Tunis; but, closed in by a high wall, it was entirely veiled from our infidel eyes. We had to take on faith the information that it is rich in ancient columns from Carthage and elsewhere. Of the many other mosques in which Tunis is rich, the Djama Sidi-Mahres is the most conspicuous, from its great central dome surrounded by several smaller cupolas. The minarets surprised us by their likeness to European towers. Of house architecture there are no very distinctive features such as one is familiar with in Palermo or Syracuse, though here and there the doorways are good. But in nearly every street you may come across some ancient column built up into corners, reminding one of the days of Roman power in Africa.

After seeing the little we could of the outsides of the mosques, we went on to the Dar el-Bey, the former palace of the Bey. On the French occupation of Tunis, the Bey was forced to surrender his palace and retire to Marsa. There he now dwells amongst palms and vines beneath the hills of Carthage, only coming into Tunis once a week to hold receptions. The chief beauty in the Dar el-Bey is to be found in the older parts of the building, where the rooms are rich with Moorish decoration, and the visitor is lost in admiration of the fine carving and exquisite Arabesque tracery. This work, the art of which, sad to say, is now nearly lost, is called *Muksh Hadid*, and the finest specimen of it is to

be seen in the Vizier's room leading out of the throne-room. The roof is a miracle of workmanship, and is said to excel even the Alhambra. The European decoration and French fitting-up of the modern state-rooms are terribly out of keeping with all the beautiful old work in the palace. We were shown the former apartments of the Harem, and did not envy the ladies who had been shut up in them, they were so dark and prison-like. The favourite gloried in the biggest room—which also had the biggest looking-glass—but it looked horribly dreary. From the roof of the palace there is a fine prospect of white domes and minarets glistening against the blue sky.

The other palace of the Beys, also now in disuse, lies two miles to the north-west of Tunis. Thither we drove, leaving the town by the Bab-es-Sadoum, one of the chief gates of Tunis, and passing by the remains of the aqueduct, the high, narrow arches of which have stood since the conquest of the Imperial-king. It was built by the Spaniards to supply the garrison of the Kasbah with water. The Bardo palace is in reality a miniature town, having now an altogether deserted appearance. On guard at the entrance were a few specimens of the small army which the Bey is allowed to keep up. We were taken through the reception-rooms and the halls of justice, which have been the scene of how many cutting-off of heads or of strangling with a silken cord. In the large audience-chamber were many large but poor paintings of former Beys, as also portraits of several European visitors. We passed out through the quadrangle known as the Court of Lions, drearily impressed by the air of departed grandeur that filled the whole place. On our way back to the city, we left our carriage and had a good view from the 'Belvedere.' This is one of the two hills commanding Tunis, and was the first point occupied by the French troops. Here they made a strongly entrenched camp, and fortified it by earth-works. The scenery through which we drove, the distant hills, scattered palm-trees, and thick hedge-rows of prickly pear, might have been Sicilian, were it not for the heavily-burdened camel and the Arab goat-herd in his white blanket. One's first acquaintance with camels in real life, and not in a menagerie, gives one a strange impression. You seem to be carried back to old Bible-times, and look for one of the old patriarchs to turn up at any moment. The camels will, at a word, kneel to receive their burdens. Any number of them can be seen outside the city gates, where the low, black, Arab tents are pitched.

# MASTER BARTLEMY.

BY FRANCES E. CROMPTON, AUTHOR OF 'FRIDAY'S CHILD.'

## V.

MISS NANCY sat in a window of the white-panelled drawing-room, engaged in the pursuit of polite behaviour. It was a wet day, and she had been sent to spend a sober afternoon under the eye of Aunt Norreys, the Squire having evinced a dangerous inclination towards encouraging her to accompany him in a walk across the fields, a thing which Trimmer had reasonable grounds for guarding against.

Miss Nancy had finished her apportioned handkerchief hem for the day, and had been pursuing good manners for a full hour, without more diversion than she could find in herself, as was the antique fashion of her upbringing. Aunt Norreys could tell very agreeable tales when she was so inclined; but she was not always so inclined, and Miss Nancy did not dare to press the point. Not that she found it dull to be left to herself; it was a thing she was quite accustomed to, and looking now out at the rain falling softly in straight lines, and the wet lawn, and the stiff laurel walk, and the heavy peonies under the windows, and now in at the white-panelled walls, and amber-satin curtains, and spindle-legged chairs, and equally hideous and priceless dragon china in the cabinets, she had happily pursued one train of thought, until she had arrived at a point when an answer must positively be obtained.

'Aunt Norreys,' said a gentle little voice, from behind the long amber-satin curtain.

'Well, my dear?' said Aunt Norreys, placidly.

'When I went out to ride with Giles this morning, Aunt Norreys, we came home by a new way; I suppose because it began to rain, and Giles wanted to hurry. It was quite new, I never went it before. We came along the St. Edmunds' road at first, but that was not the new part, because I know it as well as

can be. But then we turned into the high pastures, and came behind the church.'

'Was that all, my dear?' said Aunt Norreys, for Miss Nancy had stayed to consider it.

'It was nearly all the ride, because we soon came home after that. But it was not all I was thinking. I saw a place I have not seen before. I think it does not show from the village because of a good many trees. It was such a beautiful, beautiful place, a house all grey, not red, like ours. The trees of the garden were round it. I think,' said Miss Nancy, wistfully, 'I think it was prettier than our house. I should be rather glad if we had a roof that went up and down, and if our chimneys curled like those; and I wish—I do wish that we had a big pear-tree with boughs all flowers, and flowers, and flowers, over the end where the sun is. Don't you, Aunt Norreys?'

'Certainly not,' said Aunt Norreys; 'quite out of place, my dear.'

'I rather do,' said Miss Nancy. 'Giles called it a Portingale. I said to him, "What is this?" but Giles only said, "This here is an 'ouse."'

'Arminel,' said Aunt Norreys, 'I am astonished at you.'

'He *said* so,' urged Miss Nancy, a little discouraged, 'but I believe he meant, *This* is a *House*. He said that it was only an old place where nobody lived. I said whose was it, but he didn't know, and I said why didn't somebody live there, but he didn't know that either. He said it was always like that, and he reckoned—I *mean* he *thought*, it always had been. And I said that I hadn't seen that place before, and what was its name? He said it was the Thankful Heart. I think it is such a very curious name for a house. I asked him what it meant, but he said he didn't know. Isn't it a curious name, Aunt Norreys? Don't you think so too?'

Aunt Norreys nodded her head gently, but gave Miss Nancy no open encouragement to pursue her inquiries.

'I wish I knew about it. I never saw a place like it before. I know names like the Rectory, and Crabtree Farm, and those things, but I don't know a name like the Thankful Heart. I asked Giles, but it was no use; so then we came home, because of the rain.'

Aunt Norreys nodded more decidedly.

'But I know the way to it, if sometime I might go, for I looked as much as I could. You go through the churchyard,

past the window where the white roses are, and there is a gate in the wall, and some steps down from the yard; and they come into a lane, and you go up it until there is no more lane, but only gates. And, after that, there is a way through a field, where there are more buttercups than anywhere else. And then,' said Miss Nancy, leaning forward with her dark eyes shining in her pale little face—'and then you come to the Thankful Heart.'

Aunt Norreys snored aloud.

So Miss Nancy stole out and went upstairs to the brown parlour. Trimmer was not there, and she knelt down at the window-seat and talked it over with the rooks in the elm-tree tops, having a sober friendship with them of life-long standing. They had the advantage of living so near the window-seat that they were very convenient as confidants; for Miss Nancy, however reserved, was occasionally compelled, like many other lonely children, to find some one or something to confide in.

But these steady old acquaintances, wisely and solemnly as they might caw to her, afforded her no practical assistance in the present case, and Miss Nancy watched the rain and the rooks together until Trimmer came in.

'Trimmer,' began Miss Nancy, at tea-time, 'if you please, what does the Thankful Heart mean?'

'What thankful heart?' said Trimmer.

'I mean the house near the church,' said Miss Nancy.

'Oh, to be sure! Well, Miss Nancy, I suppose it is an old house; but I cannot say I have ever seen it.'

'Yes, I know it is a house,' said Miss Nancy. 'But what does it mean?'

'Mean?' echoed Trimmer. 'It means a house, Miss Nancy.'

'But the thing is, why should it have that name?'

Trimmer preserved a discreet silence.

'Trimmer, do you know why?' ventured Miss Nancy.

'No, Miss Nancy, I do not.'

'But it is such a curious, curious name. It makes me wonder so much. Don't you think it might mean something?'

'No, Miss Nancy, I cannot say that I do.'

'But supposing that it did,' persisted Miss Nancy, resting her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands.

'And supposing that it didn't,' said Trimmer, tartly. 'Miss Nancy, take your arms off the table; that is what I am supposing.'

'Yes,' said Miss Nancy, obediently. 'Trimmer, now I have taken my elbows off the table, could you tell me?'

'Tell you what, Miss Nancy?' said Trimmer, with some exasperation.

'About the Thankful Heart, Trimmer.'

'I cannot tell you more than I have done, Miss Nancy. It is an old house, and no more and no less.'

'I don't mean that,' persisted Miss Nancy. 'I mean, *what* is it?'

'And haven't I just told you, Miss Nancy?' demanded Trimmer, with a kind of exhausted patience.

'Yes,' said Miss Nancy; 'but you don't understand, Trimmer.'

However, this sounded so exceedingly rude to an elder that Miss Nancy blushed, and hastened to add, before Trimmer could reprove her—

'I mean, I don't understand.'

'No, Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, severely; 'no, you do not.'

'But I want to understand,' said Miss Nancy. 'Trimmer, don't you think you could make me?'

'You do not need to understand anything but your duties. To obey your elders, and tell the truth, and do your lessons, and mind your behaviour. What more can you want, Miss Nancy?'

'I have tried to obey my elders all to-day, Trimmer, and I don't remember telling anything but the truth, and I have done my lessons, and minded my behaviour a good deal; but *still* I want to understand, and I don't.'

'Then do all those same things more until you do,' concluded Trimmer; which was, though perhaps evasive on Trimmer's part, a saying deeper than she knew.

'Yes. Only still I want to know,' said Miss Nancy, steadfastly. 'But never mind, Trimmer; because, of course, it does not matter.'

So Miss Nancy was led to bring the subject forward for the consideration of Giles, a person of an age unknown—though, as Miss Nancy believed, rather great—and of large attributes, in right of his own self-arrogation.

'Giles,' said Miss Nancy accordingly, upon the first opportunity, looking up from the modest level of the Shetland pony at the cross old face on the height of the Squire's tremendous red

horse. 'Giles, what kind of thoughts do you have about the Thankful Heart?'

'Ah!' said Giles, with an eye of untold wisdom, having never given much thought to the subject, but having a mind above admitting it. 'Do you mean my thankful heart, or somebody else's?'

'I mean the one the house means,' said Miss Nancy, somewhat obscurely. 'The old house near the church.'

'Oh, ay; that same old place. And what about it, Miss Nancy?'

'I want to know what about it, Giles.'

'Ay, well, Miss Nancy, I told you it had never been aught in my time but a gashly old place.'

'Oh, *no*, Giles!' said Miss Nancy, seriously, dimly perceiving the term, whatever it might mean, to be a lowering one. 'Not at all gashly, *I* think. And you said it was an old place before. But I want to understand what a thankful heart is exactly.'

'Well, I reckon it is being thankfully minded,' said Giles, grudgingly, not being himself of that disposition.

'And what ought one to be thankful for?'

'For one's vittles, Miss Nancy.'

'All of them?' inquired Miss Nancy, with a lingering hope that there might be a dispensation in favour of rice-pudding, when partaken of for the fourth time in one week.

'Ay, I reckon so. And the clothes to one's back.'

'Even if they are clothes you do not much like, Giles?' said Miss Nancy, faint-heartedly, with the new leghorn hat stalking gloomily before her mind's eye, and the bottle-green coat that pinched round the neck.

'Ay, to be sure, for all one's clothes.'

'And anything else, Giles?'

'For things mostly, Miss Nancy,' said Giles, though it went to his heart to confess it.

'Then a thankful heart means that you are to be thankful for everything you have, even for the things you do not like?'

'Well, I wouldn't say that,' said Giles, inclined to back out at this view of the matter; 'because I reckon a man wouldn't be thankful for things as he *wasn't* thankful for.'

'But it is generally rather rude to pick out things, you know. I think it does not seem nice only to be thankful for the things you *like* to be thankful for,' said Miss Nancy, deeply. 'Don't you think so?'

But Giles did not think it by any means, and declined to allow that he did.

'It isn't having a thankful heart after all, if you leave some of the things out,' argued Miss Nancy.

On which Giles took refuge in a sudden access of majesty, and the discussion fell to the ground.

'I cannot quite say it,' was Miss Nancy's conclusion; 'but I think that it is really and truly *in* the thankful heart. If you have that, I believe you do feel thankful, always, for everything.'

## VI.

'TRIMMER,' remarked Miss Nancy, with studied affability, 'I do know such a nice walk; you cannot think what a good one it is.'

'Indeed, Miss Nancy!' responded Trimmer, with but moderate warmth.

'You would like it so very much, I feel sure that you would,' pursued Miss Nancy. 'Trimmer, when you want to go a new walk, will you tell me?'

'Yes, Miss Nancy, I will.'

This was not encouraging; Miss Nancy was reduced to plain speaking.

'I should like to go this walk very much. Might we go it to-day?'

If poor Trimmer could have found any reasonable grounds for refusal, she would have gladly availed herself of them, for, like Aunt Norreys, she hated country walks; but Miss Nancy had to be taken somewhere.

'I begin to grow a little tired of the road to St. Edmund's,' said Miss Nancy. 'I know it rather well, you see. And the road through the village, too.'

'Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, determinedly, 'my face is fixed against fields.'

'The new walk is a lane!' cried Miss Nancy, triumphantly. 'It is not fields, nor ditches, nor horses, nor cows. Trimmer, do you think we could go it?'

'I shall see when I get there,' replied Trimmer, guardedly. 'Miss Nancy, do not think that frock is clean enough to go out in, for it is not. And that makes three clean print frocks this week.'

'*I* don't want to put another on, Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy,

in subdued accents, but to propitiate the seat of government, made no further protest, and stood with exemplary patience to be dressed in that plain but spotless garment, considered by Trimmer the only proper one for a young lady taking her walks abroad in the season of summer. Cleanliness came before godliness in Trimmer's requirements. Miss Nancy might accidentally be naughty now and then, but under no circumstances might she be dirty.

'This walk will begin like the village,' announced Miss Nancy, when the expedition had set out. 'You will think it is going to be through the village like the old one, but it is not. Presently you will see it.'

Presently came just on the outskirts of the village, when Miss Nancy opened the churchyard gate.

'Miss Nancy, where are you going now?' demanded Trimmer.

'It is a proper walk, *quite* proper,' said Miss Nancy, stoutly, leading the way in much haste, lest Trimmer should change her mind, past the sunny window where the white roses peeped in and nodded to Master Bartlemy, to a wicket in the churchyard wall, and down a flight of worn steps into a little lane, very narrow and very deep.

'Trimmer, *this* is it!' answered Miss Nancy.

Trimmer did not respond with enthusiasm. 'It looks very dirty, Miss Nancy,' she said.

'No, it is only a very little dirty, Trimmer, and I do not mind it, I do not, indeed. And you do not know, Trimmer, for you cannot possibly know, how beautiful it is down there.'

Trimmer turned down the new lane with the eye of one who has doubts. The churchyard wall was on one side, and on the other an overgrown hedge, so that the churchyard trees and the hawthorn bushes met overhead. This made the lane very attractive to a person of Miss Nancy's age; but a person of Trimmer's could not be blind to the mud in the deep ruts, and Trimmer picked her way with a very dissatisfied face.

'Isn't it beautiful?' breathed Miss Nancy. 'But soon it will be *more!*'

'I hope so, Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, plainly, 'for I was just beginning to think that we would turn back.'

'Oh, Trimmer! When it is just here—at least, only such a little farther!'

'Well, Miss Nancy, I really do not see what you have come to look at,' said Trimmer; but being by no means an unkind

woman, though a strict one, she struggled on to Miss Nancy's goal. The lane ended in old iron gates hung on stone pillars, with great stone balls on their tops.

'And oh, Trimmer, it is here!' said Miss Nancy.

'There is not much to see here, Miss Nancy,' replied Trimmer. 'I suppose it is only that old place you talked about.'

Miss Nancy looked at her beseechingly. 'And don't you like it? But, Trimmer, mayn't I stay a few minutes, and look?'

'Well, you may stay while I walk to the corner and back,' said Trimmer. Miss Nancy thanked her gratefully, and Trimmer turned away with the somewhat old reflection that there was no accounting for the fancies of children. What Miss Nancy could find to look at, she failed to see; and, indeed, exactly where the attraction did lie, does not appear. Could we precisely define all those odd fascinations of our childhood, to which we still look back pleasantly?—if sometimes a little sadly—for alas, alas! there are no such dreams nowadays.

Miss Nancy stood oblivious to all else, clasping the bars of the gates, with her face pressed to them, gazing in with her very heart in her eyes. Upon a meadow so yellow with buttercups that it was like a field of gold; upon a path leading through it to a low stone wall and another gateway, of which the gates were open, as if they had not been closed for a long, long time. Miss Nancy could see within. She saw a wide old courtyard paved with stone, filled with yellow sunlight, where the pigeons came down, and fluttered and strutted; she saw mellow walls, latticed windows, twisted chimneys, peaked roofs, overhanging gables, and apple and pear trees, all pink and white with bloom. Behind, the rolling uplands where the sheep pastured, and the hanging birchwood falling down to the level meadows, and before, the field of the cloth of gold, where the buttercups grew, and in the midst, the House of the Thankful Heart.

'And don't you *ever* need to go inside the gates, Trimmer?' asked Miss Nancy, when she was finally torn from the spot.

'No, Miss Nancy—certainly not. How should I?'

Miss Nancy did not know, and pondered the matter with unspeakable longings all the way home. To visit the Thankful Heart had now become the chief aim of her existence; but she must needs bide her time in patience, for impatience had never in her life gained her anything.

But Patience is a sure horse, however slow, and jogging

steadily forward, carried Miss Nancy at last almost within reach of her desire. There came an evening when over dessert the Squire said, 'I shall be late for lunch to-morrow. Todd is coming from St. Edmund's to go over the upland pastures with me. He is to meet me at eleven o'clock at the Thankful Heart.'

He said it, and Miss Nancy heard it, and though pale with sudden rapture, still survived.

But good steed as Patience may be, she cannot avert the inevitable, and as poor Miss Nancy perceived from her window, the next morning was a wet one, and not a little wet, but sullenly pouring. She watched the weather with a failing heart all breakfast-time, and well aware that in face of it any request preferred to Aunt Norreys could only meet with a most reasonable refusal, ended by trusting to her old expedient of escaping from Trimmer to join the Squire at the last moment. But Miss Nancy was unskilful in strategy, and the enemy had overwhelming advantages, and presently surprised her in the act of flight, arrayed in a singular collection of such garments as lay at her command. An old hat of the Squire's, which could come to no further harm, her own red cloak, her strongest boots, and, by way of great precautions, a cast-off pair of Trimmer's galoshes.

'Miss Nancy!' exclaimed the astounded Trimmer.

'I am just going out with Daddy, Trimmer,' faltered the guilty young lady.

'Oh, are you, Miss Nancy?' rejoined Trimmer, grimly. 'Now you will do nothing of the sort.'

'Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy, desperately, 'I must go.'

'Miss Nancy, take those things off immediately.'

'Trimmer, I *will* go!'

'Miss *Arminel*,' said Trimmer, in a fearful voice, for Miss Nancy's rebellious moments were so few and fleeting as to be an astonishment when they did come.

'I mean, Trimmer, mayn't I go? Oh, Trimmer, if I sit under the apron of the gig?'

'Miss Nancy, you know very well that you may not. Your Aunt Norreys would not listen to it for a moment, and as for your papa—well, I hear him driving away now.'

Which, indeed, he did; and Miss Nancy was left at the head to the stairs in such an agony of disappointment as we have all felt at her age, but happily not often afterwards; for although

one's disappointments may be as keen, they lose at least the utter helplessness of those days.

'Miss Nancy, will you do as you are bidden?'

Trimmer's voice recalled her to herself, and to the fact that she really was left at home, and the day must be faced.

'I feel as if I should soon be naughty; I feel as if I—couldn't—help—it!' Miss Nancy's voice died away wailfully.

'Miss Nancy, you know you never could have gone in this rain, so do not make a piece of work about it. Go and take those things off.'

'I did so want to go, I *did* so want to go,' stammered Miss Nancy, incoherently, obeying more by instinct than anything else, and shuffling miserably after Trimmer with the galoshes treading on each others' toes, and the Squire's hat half-way down her face. 'I wanted more than anything in the world. I thought I could go with Daddy, if I was very good. Oh, Trimmer, and he was going to the Thankful Heart! and you have made him go without me. Oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, Trimmer!'

Trimmer was perforce deaf to this heart-rending appeal, but she was a feeling person in her own way.

It is not, indeed, quite to be ascertained whether Trimmer had not herself undertaken the task, when one day she announced, 'Miss Nancy, Mrs. Plummett's rheumatism being so bad that she cannot go out, I have to go for her to-morrow to take some things to a sick woman. If you are good, you may go with me. It is the shepherd's wife, who lives in the farmyard of the Thankful Heart.'

But there certainly seem to be times when fate has nothing for us but buffets, which are doubtless salutary, but, like other salutary things, not to be taken without a gulp.

When Trimmer came to Miss Nancy's bedroom in the morning, she found her young lady standing on a chair before the looking-glass, the better to obtain a commanding view down her own throat.

'I do not see it sore inside, but it feels as if it soon might be,' Miss Nancy said, turning round a small, woe-begone face with wan cheeks and great anxious eyes, and speaking in that croaking voice which always heralded a sore throat of that form to which she was much addicted, and which was the more to be dreaded because it was inherited from her mother.

'And Miss Nancy the picture of her this minute!' said

Trimmer, almost aloud. 'And she was only ill three days, and it was her throat.'

'Get back into bed at once, Miss Nancy,' adjured Trimmer, 'or I cannot tell how much sorer it may be. Now you shall have your breakfast in bed, and we shall see how you feel after that.'

'Do you think it may be gone by the time I have had my breakfast, Trimmer?'

'Well, we shall see,' replied Trimmer, tucking Miss Nancy up in bed. 'You must lie still now, and perhaps if you eat your breakfast, your throat may be better after it.'

But alas, it was no better, even after Miss Nancy's very gallant attempt at her bread and milk, and the tears would trickle down her cheeks as she began to perceive that she must make up her mind to that only too familiar calamity which she dolorously called, 'having a throat.'

'I haven't brought it on myself, Trimmer, as you said I did before,' she croaked piteously. 'I haven't been in the fields with Daddy all this week. And oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, I cannot go to the Thankful Heart again!'

Trimmer could find no immediate consolation for poor little Miss Nancy under this second grievous blow. It was but cold comfort when she said, 'Well, Miss Nancy, if you cannot go, I will not, and someone else shall take the things,' because Miss Nancy was fully aware that it was no disappointment at all to her.

'And you must not cry and fret,' pursued Trimmer, 'because you will only make yourself feverish. The better you behave now, the happier you will feel after it.'

But it cost Miss Nancy a sharp struggle before she could say that she did not mind it now—at least, not so *much*. But she did achieve it in the end, having her little inheritance of that passive endurance that is often one of the dignified graces of an old house drawing near to its end. The Squire came to see her, and Aunt Norreys sat with her for an hour, and so the morning passed, and Trimmer brought her dinner, which took the cheerful form of gruel. And, unfortunately, Miss Nancy hated gruel.

'Trimmer, need I?' she whispered, having by this time passed beyond the croaking stage.

'Yes, Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, hardening herself, 'you certainly need, so take it like a good girl.'

Miss Nancy looked at the gruel, and fought with herself; but

even in her small degree she had not pondered the thankful heart in vain. She bent her head, and put her hands together.

'For what we are about to receive,' she whispered courageously, wrestling with an enormous sob, 'may the Lord make us truly thankful.' And seasoning her repast with some furtive and very salt tears, Miss Nancy attacked the gruel.

'And now you shall do nothing all the afternoon but amuse yourself,' said Trimmer; which sprightly promise she considered a very felicitous way of putting an enforced sojourn in bed, and so proceeded to invest Miss Nancy with a further dressing-gown, and to prop her up in bed, and bring her an armful of books. But while acknowledging Trimmer's kindness, Miss Nancy could scarcely fail to regard it as only a poor substitute for the Thankful Heart, and she looked at the books sadly.

For Miss Nancy's library was a small one, and the books were nearly all of a warning cast. The stories in the little red volumes of the 'Children's Friend' were chiefly fearful narratives of the sudden deaths of children who flew into passion, or used bad language, or broke the Sabbath, and were apt to have a depressing effect on the mind, not to speak of the peculiar atmosphere of gloom that hung round the boy who asked to be put into his little coffin. And Miss Nancy never could see her way to holding such religious conversations with any of her relatives and friends as the standard of the 'Children's Friend' seemed to demand—conversations such as the children maintained with ease and fluency, and generally with the happiest results as to immediate conversion on the side of the elders.

In fact, Miss Nancy had never been able to find anything to do in the way of her duty, except the old round of obeying Aunt Norreys, and telling the truth, and minding her manners, and trying to be as tidy as Trimmer required, and learning her lessons.

Then there was 'Kate, or the Punishment of Pride,' and a very delightful book, too, only unhappily, Miss Nancy knew it almost by heart; and the same objection applied to Mrs. Hofland's tales. There was nothing left but the dear old 'Looking-glass for the Mind'; and Miss Nancy turned over the leaves with languid fingers, and read of Little Adolphus, and Annabella's Journey to Market, and Alfred and Dorinda, and Antony and Augustus, or Rational Education preferable to Riches; and looked at John Bewick's quaint cuts of these stilted young persons in tall hats, and square coats, and long gowns.

But Miss Nancy's head ached, and her eyes ached also, and when Trimmer came again, the books were laid aside, and Miss Nancy was leaning back on her pillow, and, she said, thinking a little about the Thankful Heart. For like the stories in the dear, impossible old 'Looking-glass,' it, too, had pointed a moral, and read Miss Nancy a lesson that day. And little Miss Nancy, having concluded that this was one of those lessons spoken of by the Rector, which one must learn alone, had addressed herself to the uphill task of learning it, with the silent patience that came of her gentle blood.

'And now, if you behave properly,' said Trimmer, 'I will tell you about what your mamma used to do at Wellmeadow, until you fall asleep.'

'I *am* behaving properly,' gasped Miss Nancy, in faint accents, with her hands pressed tightly over her lips, to keep the sobs back by main force. 'I have tried to behave above everything you can think of, and I am not fretting, I am not, I am *not!*'

'No, Miss Nancy, I see that you are not,' said Trimmer, handsomely; 'and I will say that you have behaved like a young lady to-day.'

Which high testimony filled up Miss Nancy's cup to the brim; it overflowed in scalding tears of various feelings.

'I can go on behaving,' she said, with the counterpane over her head, and a wet pad of handkerchief in each eye; 'I can go on behaving till I fall asleep, but I cannot, I *cannot* be quite thankful enough yet.'

## VII.

VIRTUE was its own reward in the case of Miss Nancy's commendable behaviour under the cruel disappointments she had sustained; or rather, it is to be hoped that it was its own reward, for she had nothing else. At least, she had nothing immediately, and one has to live in the immediate.

So she recovered, and the world went on as if she had not endured anything, as, indeed, it is very apt to do. For Miss Nancy had suffered. To have a throat was painful, but what was it to missing the Thankful Heart twice over? And, in the meantime, the days were passing by, until Miss Nancy had almost fallen into a resigned way of believing that, for some reason, it was impossible for her ever to get thither.

But reparation has a fashion of coming to us from the most

unexpected quarters. Nothing could have been further from Miss Nancy's thoughts on that Midsummer afternoon; yet at the identical happy moment when, kneeling on the floor, she had engulfed herself in the lower half of the cupboard to put away her lesson books—at that moment came Bailey to the door with the Rector's compliments and, Aunt Norreys having accorded her permission, would Miss Nancy do him the honour to take a walk with him?

'Oh, Bailey!' cried Miss Nancy, emerging breathlessly, feet first, after a pause of stunned astonishment passed inside the cupboard, and knocking her head a most resounding bump against the shelf. 'Oh, Bailey, she would, she would! Go and tell the Rector; and run, before he goes away, and say that she would!'

'There, Trimmer!' said Miss Nancy, in the height of her gratification.

'Very well, Miss Nancy; you will have to be made tidy,' responded Trimmer.

Thus rudely brought down, Miss Nancy had leisure to remember her wounds, and, rather late, felt the back of her head. But Trimmer raked her from head to foot with a searching eye, as a preliminary measure, and as a following one swept her away to her bedroom, whence she presently issued with a clean sun-bonnet, and the raw appearance of one who has just been washed and brushed with some severity.

'*Now* you may go, and mind your behaviour,' said Trimmer, who was a terrific dragon on the—now unfortunately out of date—subject of manners.

'Yes,' said Miss Nancy, obediently, and minded it extremely hard all the way downstairs, and set off beside the Rector, with pride only tempered by a deep sense of the manners befitting the occasion.

'You see,' said the Rector, 'as I was about to take my walk, it occurred to me that I should like company.'

'I like being company very much,' said Miss Nancy, seriously. 'Generally I am Daddy's, but I cannot be it always; and I do not enjoy being Trimmer's company so much, because she does not like anywhere dirty.'

'I trust you will enjoy being my company,' said the Rector, with corresponding gravity; and they went out of the gates and down the long shady road to the village side by side, the Rector rather tall, and Miss Nancy rather short, but still hand in hand

like dear friends. And then the Rector opened the churchyard gate.

'Are we going through here?' said Miss Nancy, with a flush mounting in her cheeks. 'I know a walk which goes this way; it goes down a lane.'

'Exactly,' said the Rector.

'It is my dearest walk of all,' said Miss Nancy.

'This is mine also,' replied the Rector.

Something rose up in Miss Nancy's throat then, and her heart beat thick and fast. If she were to be disappointed this time she must disgrace herself, and that, too, before the Rector. And they went on under the sunny window to the wicket in the churchyard wall, and up the forgotten little lane, to the gates of the Thankful Heart.

'Do we turn back now?' whispered Miss Nancy, flutteringly.

'No,' replied the Rector. 'I generally go in—unless you do not like.'

'I do like, I do like. I have wanted to go so much!' said Miss Nancy, almost with a sob. 'So extremely much!'

'Then I am rejoiced indeed,' said the Rector, and opened the heavy old iron gates between the pillars with the stone balls upon them. They went through the buttercup meadow to the gateway in the wall, and into the courtyard—a broad, stone-paved courtyard peacefully enclosed in its walls, with the mellow front of the old house on the fourth side; at one end the pigeon-cote, with the pigeons cooing and nestling in the sun, and at the other, a grey stone basin into which fell the spring from the uplands. There were words cut in the stone over the basin, they said—'Give thanks.' And the water tinkled into the basin, and rippled over its edge, and bubbled always the same words, 'Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks!'

There was a door in the wall at each end of the courtyard, and the Rector took Miss Nancy slowly round the old building. The farmyard was on the north side, empty save for the corner occupied by the shepherd of the flocks on the uplands. On the east side the meadow came unbroken to the walls of the house, and the sheep had come down from the high pastures, and through the fallen fence of the hanging birchwood to cluster under the windows, while overhead the nests of the swallows clustered also and hung down, one beneath another, under the eaves. Miss Nancy thought that she would rather have tall dog-daisies and waving meadow-grass and a soft cluster of sheep close under

her windows and swallows chattering above it, than even elm-trees and rooks.

The garden lay on the south side, a wilderness of mossy apple-trees and overgrown bushes, and under the windows of the house a tangle of old herbs and flowers, with the great 'Portingale' against the wall high overhead.

The Rector and Miss Nancy rambled back into the sunny courtyard and stood to look at the house, with its doorway so deep and wide that it was a room in itself, and its latticed windows in projecting bays, with gables overhead. There grew garlands of old pale-pink roses, so loose-blowing that they were more single than double, and under the windows great bushes of fuchsia and Jew's mallow. But Miss Nancy was looking chiefly at the doorway, and at the great oak beam over it, for there were words cut in it.

'In the Yeare of Our Lorde

. . . .

Given unto God's Poore for ever,
in Token of the Thankful Heart,
Amen.'

'You cannot go inside, can you?' whispered Miss Nancy.

'We will go in if you like,' said the Rector; 'the shepherd's wife will bring the key. But I think you will find it a melancholy place, my little maid.'

The door opened into the hall, with its walls panelled in oak, and its ceiling of oak cut into octagons by the beams, and its broad staircase with shallow steps. There were benches against the wall on either side, and in the middle was a black oak table, plain and massive; for this was the place where God's poor had been wont to dine together. But it was very chill, and bare, and empty; and Miss Nancy shivered.

What she had expected to find she did not know herself; but she *had* had expectations. Yet, alas, which of us attaining his desire finds it to be entirely what he thought? Which of us, at last reaching up to success, does not sigh after all? It is doubtless well so; it may be a sense beyond our own control, it may even be that it comes from above, and would thither return, where there are neither strivings nor shortcomings.

But it was certain that, from the moment of crossing the threshold, Miss Nancy's dream began to be troubled. The Rector led the way, and she crept after him; into one empty room after another, with lattices long closed, where the dawn

looked in morning after morning; doors long open, where the sunset shone through into the passages evening after evening, and hearths long closed, where no light fell; down passages where a footfall echoed strangely; into rooms overhead, with gable windows looking out on the quiet meadows, and lattices of yellow light on the bare walls, and floors that creaked mournfully beneath the tread; and down the staircase that was still and yet not silent, and into the hall again, from which the spirit of the old days had fled. And it was very chill and bare and empty, and Miss Nancy shivered eerily and awoke from her dream.

The Rector turned towards the door, and Miss Nancy did not beg even a few minutes' grace; she only followed very silently. She was thinking, in a desolate way, of a confused multitude of things; but principally she remembered that the sun-bonnet had been uncomfortably stiff, and the strings a degree too tight when she set out on her walk, and she was beginning to wonder now whether she could bear it much longer. Poor little Miss Nancy! If her disappointments had been hard to bear, the awakening from her dream was far, far harder.

But that empty page, so unspeakably drearier than any written one, however crabbed, must be turned over with the others when its time comes; only, at eight years old, one's philosophy cannot bear a very heavy strain, and the sight of the sleepy courtyard brought back the poor, foolish, old dream so pitifully that Miss Nancy felt that she must either untie the strings of her bonnet or choke. Nothing seemed to care. The water rippled in the grey basin, and the pigeons fluttered round the dovecote and nestled in the yellow light, and the sheep bleated faintly on the uplands, and the larks sang high over the meadow.

And so Miss Nancy suddenly and inexplicably burst into bitter tears.

'What, Nancy,' said the astonished Rector, 'have you hurt yourself? Are you tired? What is the matter?'

'I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!' cried Miss Nancy. 'I had meant so hard to be good, but I cannot bear it any more!'

'Bear what, my dear little maid?' said the Rector, much concerned.

'I loved it so much, and I wanted to come to it more than anything. Oh, I did, I did!'

'And now you are disappointed in it?' said the Rector, after a pause.

'I don't know!' was all Miss Nancy could reply between her sobs.

'But I thought you understood that it was only an empty old house, Nancy?'

'I don't know. I didn't think it would be like that,' sobbed Miss Nancy. 'And there is nobody there at all, and yet it says over the door that it was given to God's poor—it says *for ever*.'

'Yes, my little maid,' said the Rector, slowly. 'It *was* given to God's poor for ever, to the poor of Forest Morton parish. But that is the sad part that I told you of. The endowment failed long ago; I mean, Nancy, that there is no longer any money with which to support the old house.'

'Then it is no use that the Thankful Heart was given, and it is all lost, and I am sorrier than ever!'

'And yet, I would say, not lost,' replied the Rector, pacing the courtyard. The spirit of the gift is more than the gift itself, my little maid, and that can never be lost, having passed once for all beyond us and our marring.'

'But what is it?' said Miss Nancy, trying to suspend her sobs.

'I mean the deep thought of the heart, with which the gift was given, Nancy.'

'I think I begin to know it,' said Miss Nancy, 'only I cannot say it. It means that nothing could ever take away that it was given once.'

And the Rector bent his head, and said, 'In token of the Thankful Heart. Amen.'

He sat down on one of the benches under the lattices, and Miss Nancy sat beside him, and wiped her eyes, with a vague sense, however little understood, of a quiet consolation. The water still rippled in the basin, and the larks sang above the buttercup-meadow, but, it seemed, with another note, and there was a deeper rest in the peace of the Thankful Heart.

'Once upon a time, Nancy,' said the Rector, 'there was a man, an old man, who had almost come to the end of his days. He sat at his open window on a Midsummer evening, yes, it might have been such an evening as this. His work lay on the bench before him, but his tools were still, for he was dreaming; and he saw, as if they had been pictures, scenes that had been long ago. He saw a picture in a forest, the heart of a forest,

where the deer and the squirrels lived, and it was cool and green and still. There stood two boys, about the same age, but alike in nothing else, for one was the young Squire, and the other was a peasant boy, bare-headed, bare-footed, and ragged. He stood looking down, with his hands behind his back; and the sunshine fell between the trees on both alike, on the young Squire, and on the ragged peasant boy.

'"But show me what you were doing," said the young Squire.

'"I was cutting," said the boy, in a low voice.

'"Yes, I saw, but show it to me."

'The boy drew his hands from behind his back, slowly and unwillingly, and showed the piece of wood they held.

'The young Squire cried out when he saw it, "Have you done this? How did you do it?"

'"I have a knife of my own," said the ragged boy, and he held it out proudly in his hand—poor boy, it was such a knife.

'"But you could not carve with a thing like that," said the young Squire.

'"My knife is a very good one," replied the boy, with a glow on his brown cheeks. "Give me my wood back, I can make it better than it is."

'"I think it is beautiful already," said the young Squire, simply. "It is the Good Shepherd, is it not?"

'"What Shepherd?"

'"I mean the Good Shepherd Jesus."

'"I do not know what you say. When my father was alive, he was a woodman under the old Squire, and I had clothes; and my mother was there, and once I went to the Church with her, a long time ago. I saw it then. A Man with a lamb on His shoulder."'

'It would be like the picture in the window in this church, I suppose?' said Miss Nancy.

'Yes,' replied the Rector, 'no doubt it would be like that. "And you have remembered it so long?" said the young Squire. "How clever you must be! Now I am not clever at all. If only you might learn reading and writing and Latin, in my place! But I know what I shall do. I shall bring the Priest here to look at your carving. If you will be here to-morrow, I will bring you a new knife."

'The Squire kept his word; he brought the knife in one hand, and dragged the Priest with the other. The boy, too, was there;

and the grave young Priest took the carved figure in his hands and looked at it, and was silent for a long time.

'"My boy," he said at last, and he spoke in a very gentle voice; "my boy, do you know the old carpenter who lives near the Church?"

'"Him who buys the Squire's trees, and makes things of wood?" said the boy.

'"Yes, the old carpenter. You shall go to him, and learn his craft, for God Who gave you those hands to work with, never meant you to be only a vagabond on the face of the earth; surely He designed you to be something better." . . .

'The old man saw another picture. The ragged boy presented himself one morning at the old carpenter's door, with his ragged tunic, and bare head and feet; if it had cost him anything to leave the forest and his freedom, he never told it.

'But now began a new life for him. He learnt more quickly than the old carpenter could teach; it seemed as if he knew the natures of the dead woods by instinct, as he had known the living trees in the forest.

'"But now you must put aside these carved toys that are always in your fingers," grumbled the old carpenter, "you will never make a good workman if you waste your time over them." But he was very kind to the boy, nevertheless, and he learnt to love him very dearly, for his own children were all dead. They went to church together, and the boy sat and looked up with his deep bright eyes at the beams of the roof, and at the pillars, and arches, and the pale pictures in the windows.

'The young Squire was his fast friend until he went away from the village; but the Priest did not go away, and it was he who taught him to read and write, and taught him the Catechism and the Psalms, and, indeed, taught him many things; but he did not need to teach him the knowledge that comes of the seeing eye, and the reverence that comes of the believing heart, for he had learnt those things in the school of the forest, and his teacher had been none other than God Himself. . . .

'The old man saw another picture. The young Squire had come home; they said he was to be married. He came to see the boy, for he had never forgotten him, and he walked with the Priest through the meadows. It was evening, and the old carpenter sat at his door.

'"He has finished his work," he said. "He has gone up to the

little room in the gable, for he is often there; but why, I cannot tell. Let us go up and find him."

'They went upstairs to the little room; they pushed open the door and went in. The boy was a boy no longer, but a tall young man; he was standing up to stretch his arms, and the light shone full on his face; the same face as of old, with marvellous deep eyes and earnest lips, which nevertheless smiled. His chisel was in his hand, and his work before him, a panel of English oak, traced over with a wonderful fret of leaves and flowers, a part carved in relief, and the rest still drawn in charcoal. His tools lay on a stool beside him, very few and simple, for the power was in his own hands, not in the tools they held; the wall before him was covered with his designs, drawn in charcoal, after his only teaching, which he had found in the school of the forest. But there was love, and patience, and reverence in every line, drawn again and again, and yet again, until the artist hand could execute what the faithful eye could see.

'"It is wonderful," said the Priest.

'"It is most beautiful," said the Squire, for he thought that the Priest spoke of the work. "You were born a great carver, and now you shall go to London, and work there."

'"Yes, you shall go to London," said the Priest.

'But the carver looked at the old carpenter, and his eyes fell. And there was a long silence, until at last the old man said, in a broken voice, "Yes, you shall go—you shall go." . . .

'The old man saw another picture. The young carver was setting out from the door, with his little bundle over his shoulder. The old carpenter blessed him, and let him go without a word to stay him; but whenever the young man turned round, the old one was still looking after him, until at last he went over the brow of the hill. And then the old carpenter turned away sadly. "How could I stay him? He, too, is gone," he said, and he went into his house and shut the door.

'But after it was dusk in the evening there came a gentle knocking at the door, and when he opened it the carver stood upon the threshold.

'"Master, I have returned," he said.

'"To stay yet another night, dear son?" said the old man, trembling.

'"Even to the end," said he.

'"My son," said the old man, trembling more.

'"I am resolved," he answered, and his face against the sky was very pale.

'"God reward you, my son," replied the old man, weeping. "seeing that I never can."

'He only bowed his head, and said within himself, "Nay, rather God give me grace still to thank Him."

'He said to the Squire, "He has given me so much, that I may surely give back to Him, even if it be only giving up."

'But that, my little maid, is a hard thing to give; yes, the hardest of all; and doubtless the Priest knew it, for he only said. "It is by the grace of God."'

'I love him for coming back,' said Miss Nancy, sadly; 'but I wish he might have gone to be a great carver. It wasn't a wrong thing to want, was it?'

'No, it was not wrong, my little maid. It was good to desire it; but to so give it up was far, far better. And that picture stayed a long time before the old man's eyes, and he dreamed over it. He saw the carver go up to the room in the gable and look at his work, and turn its face to the wall, and go out again. He saw him toiling day by day in the workroom below, for now it was he who supported the old carpenter, and he thought of him always there in the same place, until ten long years were past. Until one evening the old carpenter said, "Now you shall soon have your release. Come and let me bless you, good son." And in that night the old carpenter died. . . .

'The old man saw another picture. Now the carver was setting out at last to seek his fortune in earnest. And the old man saw that the Priest and the Squire walked with him to the highway, and bade him farewell, and stood to watch him until he had gone over the brow of the hill, but he did not hear what they said.

'"God bless him," said the Squire. "If he had gone ten years ago he might have been a great man."

'"He will yet be a great man," said the Priest, and mused. "Perchance in God's sight he is already great."

'And they went home and thought of him when the evening fell. But sunrise came, and sunset, and moon followed moon, and summer and winter went by, and so the years passed.

'But the old man saw the carver go out into the world to seek his fortune, and saw him find it, for it was to work with all his heart, as a man should work; and he went here and there, and many things befell him.'

'And did he come to be a great carver?' said Miss Nancy.

'He did, my little maid; though success, as we account it, only came to him late in life, and men said he had begun too late; not so, he had waited for God's time with a noble patience. Did he value the success when it did come as he would have done when he was young? Ah, that I cannot tell; but in his day he was a carver, as some say, never equalled, and, as all say, never surpassed; though perhaps it was only after his death that men came fully to this understanding. And at last he would stay no longer to work in cities, for he had through all this latter part of his life an exceeding great longing to see the green forest once more, and if it might be, to lie down under the shadow of the church.'

'He must have grown old, I suppose,' said Miss Nancy, wistfully. 'But generally, in tales, the people who seek their fortune find it before they grow old.'

'Yes, he had grown old,' said the Rector; 'that is, as we count years. But one is fashioned after this manner, and another after that; and, thanks be to the good Fashioner of all, there are some who never grow old. And so, at last, the carver set his face homeward, along the old highway, and began to bring his adventures to an end. . . .

'The old man saw another picture. He saw the carver walking with the old Priest and the Squire through the long grass of the meadows to the house by the church. They found only a habitation for owls and bats; but the carver bought the house and rebuilt it. He went up to the room in the gable and found the half-finished panel, grey with dust and cobwebs, still turned with its face to the wall, as he had left it so many years ago. He said—

'"This was begun at the entering of my life for the love of the beautiful earth beneath; it shall be finished at the close for the love of the fairer Heaven above."

'And so he began the famous twelve Apostle panels, as all men said, his best work; and, as he said, his dearest. It was also his last; for the time began to draw near when he should bring his steadfast life to a good ending. . . .

'And so the old carver awoke from his dream, and thought upon his life, and gave God thanks for it.

'A shadow fell through the doorway. It was the aged Priest and the Squire, who came to sit with him, as they so often did in the evening.

'"Is the work finished?" asked the Priest.

'"Almost," he answered. "This evening it will be finished."

'And so the three old men sat at the open window and talked of what had been in the old time, and of what might be when time should be no more. And suddenly the carver raised his head from his work, and said—

'"I go first. Last night I dreamed of a fair stream."

'And they were silent, knowing that to dream of a fair stream is a sign of coming death.

'The Priest said, "Was that a happy dream?"

'The carver answered, "I walked upon the brink of the stream—a stream all peaceful, flowing full between green reeds. And once more I was a child again; and I beheld the Good Shepherd, even as I thought of Him when I was a child, coming through the lilies in the grass, with little children, as it were lambs, gathered about Him. He said, 'Thou hast learned awhile in My school. My child, now see the end of thy learning.' And I awoke; it was a blessed dream."

'"Only may this work be first finished," said the Priest.

'"It is finished even now," he said; and he laid down his tools for the last time.

'It lay complete before them—twelve panels of oak, wrought as men had never seen the like in all the country side; for that great master had spent upon them all the gathered skill, and patience, and love, of a lifetime. Upon each panel the figure of a holy Apostle; and round about a fret of leaves and flowers, as it were, for beauty; and at the foot of each panel a border of corn, for service; and above each an angel's head with wings, for praise; and in his hands a palm, for victory; and, humbly wrought in a hidden corner, the sign of the carver's own hand—a heart, as it were for thanksgiving.

'"It is finished," he said. "I have not achieved the half I had designed to do, but He Who has deigned to have need of my work will also call me there, where, having here learned awhile, I may in fuller knowledge make an end."

'And he looked up and smiled.

'They said that it was granted to him then to see a vision. It might have been that the eyes which had not failed to discern the beauty of God as it is on earth, were opened then to behold it as it is where we all would be at the last. I cannot tell, only, after a moment, he covered his face with his hands.

'"My God, I thank Thee," he said, and laid his head down upon his work and died.' . . .

'I think it is a little sorrowful,' said Miss Nancy; 'but perhaps it is more happier than more sorrowfuller. And is that quite all?'

'There is a little more, said the Rector. 'The old Priest who loved him so much wrote about his life; and he said that he and the Squire knew not whether they had more grief or joy for his end.'

'And does the story tell what they did after it?'

'A little more,' said the Rector again. 'He had prayed them to let him lie very near the church, for he had loved that little church in the shadow of the green forest most of any place on earth. So they buried him there, not without the walls, but within; for the Priest said he was the best of all men he ever knew. And the Squire set a beautiful figure of the carver there upon the tomb in the church, that it should be well seen how he had worshipped God in life, and now worshipped Him yet worthily after death.'

'And is that quite, quite all?'

'Almost, my little maid,' answered the Rector, slowly. 'He had disposed of all that he had, as men dispose before they die, and they read what he had written. He gave to his friends, the Priest and the Squire, what keepsakes they might choose in memory of the love he bore them. He gave the twelve Apostle panels, his last and dearest work, to the church he had loved so well. He gave his house and his goods to God's poor for ever. And so he humbly prayed God to receive, though so unworthy of His merciful receiving, all that now was left of him—his thankful heart.'

'Yes, I know,' whispered Miss Nancy, 'I know. It was Master Bartlemy.'

*(To be continued.)*

# WORK AND WORKERS.

## BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

### XII.—AUTHORSHIP.

WE sometimes hear of amateur authors. What this means at the present day there is no knowing. In former times it was clear enough. It was the persons who had something to say and were desirous of saying it to the public at their own cost; nay, who thought it almost derogatory to accept any remuneration. Horace Walpole was the type of these.

But now there is no one who is not willing to obtain, if not appropriate, the profits of the sale that is hoped for as a testimony of success; and there are great numbers of writers, not always dependent on their earnings, but finding them an important addition to their income, and thus becoming more and more professional.

There is really no rule as to whence the impetus comes that leads to success. It is not always the sheer love of the expression of thoughts, or of setting the puppets of one's imagination to work, though this was so entirely my own case that I long believed it essential to the commencement of original composition that (as Mr. Keble used to say) one could not help it. But to dwell on women alone, how different was the motive in each case. Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and the Brontë sisters, were all instances of the same kind of instinct, of need of expression; but Maria Edgeworth was the exponent of her father's thoughts, and her earlier works were exercises under his superintendence. Mrs. Trollope, now almost forgotten, but a considerable power in her day, wrote under the most unfavourable circumstances, late in life, for actual maintenance, and at the bedsides of a dying husband and son. Yet her factory tale was in its way almost as

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

effective a protest against white slavery as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was against black slavery; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe really only began to write by the advice of her mother-in-law, who thought her strength and ability wasted in trying to make puddings and mind three baby children at the same time. It was from no burning partizanship of the negroes that she began the story, but the facts grew on her after the serial was started. Her other books show her to have had real power and imagination. Mrs. Gaskell began as a distraction to her mind after a heavy domestic grief, when her youth was over, and thus learnt the charm and developed the faculty. Breadwinning actuated George Eliot's earlier work, so likewise Dinah Muloch (Mrs. Craik) and Louisa Alcott, both of whom worked up through mere 'pot-boilers' to success. Miss Alcott was found a year or two ago to be the most popular author in America, judging by the amount of sales, but it remains to be proved how far this was an ephemeral matter.

One very unpalatable piece of counsel I would give. Do not try to publish very early in life. Many people have a gift of narration, and when they have plenty of leisure, they are much inclined to use it; and there is no reason against their practising it in home MSS. and competitions, but at the very best, they are really incapable of using it to the fullest effect without some experience. Their knowledge of life cannot help being limited, and if taken from books, their work is imitative. They may have indeed the noble freshness that depicts a character after an ideal standard, but if they make him and his doings impossible, the effect is destroyed. Or else they ramble into the commonplace for want of knowing that the notions, to them pathetic and lovely, are the most hackneyed. The real idea, if there be any good and original germ in it, is wasted by being put forward with inadequate powers, and cannot be used for fear of repetition when after-years have given the faculties needful for carrying it out.

Meantime, it is quite well to write. Translation is excellent practice. I once translated the whole of Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi' for a very fastidious man to read and enjoy it. When I returned to writing original stories, I found my facility of correct composition greatly improved. Translation, as regards the purse, is not apt to be profitable, and those who expect to depend on it are often sorely disappointed; but if carefully executed, not too literally, yet not too freely, it is excellent training. It has the

advantage; too, of drawing the translator out of habits of slip-slop.

Almost all the writers we have enumerated had the training of letter writing in a time when it was disgraceful not to write a grammatical letter, with something positive in it. They did not scratch down a little careless slang, but felt it due to the recipient, who bore the expense of postage, to say something worth having. Thus they learnt the habit of thinking and writing good English, and it occurred to them without effort. Questions are sometimes asked about style. Good grammar and attention to punctuation, with a little common sense and avoiding of repetitions, ambiguities, or abrupt turns, are the secret of style. To read aloud and mark what jars on the ear, or is liable to be misunderstood, is a great help. A real kind, critical listener is the chief benefit, really the chief of all, but even Molière's old woman is better than nothing. One's own ear may be awake to blunders, even if the critic be perilously admiring.

And of all things to be avoided is any kind of ready-made facetiousness. Allusions to Scripture, such as 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' or 'the last state of that man is worse than the first,' are absolutely profane, and can only be excused by supposing the writers ignorant or thoughtless; but there are many others adopted as a sort of cheap liveliness; for instance, 'slept the sleep of the just,' was, we believe, once a clever turn in a French book, but it has come to be used merely for slept soundly, and amuses no one, any more than does, 'the light fantastic toe' in a county paper's account of wedding festivities.

Mr. Besant recommends writing poetry (not always for publication) as a training in rhythmical expression. He is right; it is a help to good prose, and the masters of the art wrote prose that may be actually read as poetry; witness 'The Rose and the Ring,' and Dickens's higher descriptive pages. But let no one try to publish poetry, even in a parish magazine, without trying it by the rules of measure and metre. 'Native wood notes wild,' may, by the help of a tolerable ear, and likewise imitation, sound well for some time, especially when they are an unconscious parody of a familiar hymn; but by-and-by comes an unmanageable word or thought, which is crammed by the head and shoulders into the unfortunate stanza which has to swallow it. Half our aspirant poets do not know that verses ought to be capable of being scanned, and as to their blank verse, it is prose measured off in lengths. To put down verses as they rise in the

mind or fancy, by the ear, is a very pleasant occupation, and even more, it often relieves the mind of strong feeling, whether high, meditative, or sorrowful. If so, it has the soul of poetry, but it cannot have the body without conforming to rule, any more than a sweet voice and good ear will make a real singer without knowledge of music. Whoever wants to make any real use of poetic talent, should try the compositions by rules, such as are to be found under the head of 'Prosody' in an Encyclopædia, and in one of the National Society's manuals, 'On the Art of Teaching English Literature, No. 1; by Canon Warburton.' The cost is eightpence. It would be no small benefit to editors if all would-be poets would try their verses by the rules here given.

There are books, generally the first works of some really powerful person, written in *gaieté de cœur* or with real meaning. Such are many books now classics; and later, 'Peter Simple,' 'Harry Lorrequer,' Southey's 'Doctor,' 'Pickwick,' which carry one along by their swing, without much plot. 'John Inglesant' may be numbered among these, perhaps, but as a rule a plot is needful, a central aim, to which the characters must work, and which has to produce its fruits. Even a child's book, in spite of the beloved examples of Frank and Rosamond, needs to drive at something definite, and indeed, in Rosamond, each chapter is a little, well-pointed tale in itself, only all strung on the same heroine.

Another thing required of an author is summed up in a verse of Ecclesiasticus: 'Be not ignorant of anything in a great matter or a small.' Verify whatever you may have set down. Then we should not have full moons twice in a month; Orion shining on summer evenings; birdsnesting in September; primroses and poppies in the same nosegay; rattlesnakes in India; tomatoes in Italy before the discovery of America; cygnets shaming the whiteness of their parents; ladies smelling lovely bouquets of sea anemones, or a philanthropic glow-worm, anxious to be of use, lighting the epitaph on a headstone in a consolatory manner; and lucifer matches in the days of John Wesley.

Methods and ways of working vary, and no rule can be laid down. Some can write best by dashing on, and correcting afterwards; others go step by step; some plan out the contents of every chapter, as did Harriet Martineau; some go on as the characters lead them; some can only write when in the vein, others can perform their daily task, like Trollope, without de-

pendence on mood. The point is really the pains, the polish, and the conscience of the work; and by conscience there is much implied. There is the resolution to let no need of gain lead to pandering to the popular taste when it is for evil; the determination to deal with nothing but what is purifying, truthful, and elevating; the further withstanding of temptations to irreverence, and the honesty of giving thoroughly good, sound, unscamped work, such as may not swell the flood of worldliness and evil.

Woman can often speak with great effect to her own generation, even if her achievements do not obtain lasting fame, and this should be her aim. I have written hitherto only of her work in fiction; where she can deal with more solid subjects, her pen can be most valuable. Essays like Anne Mozley's, histories, memoirs, science teachings made comprehensible to the popular or the childish mind, all these are subjects in which women can worthily excel. A good school book is a very profitable article till it is superseded, as it is sure to be in these days of progress.

For now we come to the business side of the matter. Mr. Besant has written excellent advice to authors, and experience for self and friends fully confirms what he says: the first start is a difficulty, but real merit will in time find its level.

Magazines seem, at first sight, the safe region for trying the wings, but they are so overcrowded that rejection often only means that there is no suitable opening. A paper of any superiority is, however, sure to find entrance somewhere, but there is a profusion of writing 'ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning,' and a good many refusals generally (though not always) show the MS. to be of this quality at least. The same may be said of offers to publishers. Some decline because their hands are full of other matter of the same kind, or because the subject is not in their own line, so that it is better to try, try again and again.

But on no account let eagerness to gain a hearing induce a novice to undertake to advance a sum for the printing or publishing. Such a plan does not, as a rule, come from the superior and trustworthy houses. They take a book on their own risk or not at all, and there are, unhappily, many cases on record where the aspirant has not only never had any return for the money laid down, but has never seen any more of the production itself.

A person who has no veteran *littérateur* to advise and direct the first venture, will do best to consult the Authors' Society.

The address is 4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the subscription a guinea a year, and there a candid opinion may be obtained as to whether a MS. is worthless or marketable, and likewise, where it may be best and most safely disposed of. There is a fee for having a MS. read, but this is well worth paying to spare hope deferred in the case of a mediocre one, or to assist a worthy one.

When a paper is accepted by a magazine, it is desirable always to be clear whether the payment is for first appearance or copyright. This differs in many cases, and it is wiser, except in special instances, to retain the copyright, though at some sacrifice of present gain. If the author arrives at the honour of 'collected works' it is very troublesome to have to deal with varied claims of passing publications, and worse still to see their reappearance with no control over them.

Literature, like other avocations open to women, is all the worse for those really dependent on it, because they are undersold by those to whom remuneration is unimportant, and this out of ignorance and desire to gain a hearing. Therefore, it is right to insist on a fair price, and not to close in haste with any offer for less. Magazines have stated tariffs for the writing in their pages, and this will enable one to estimate the value of his works; but name, fame, and success go for so much that first undistinguished efforts can only bring moderate profits, unless they make a *hit.*

It is wiser to have agreements looked over before signature by an experienced eye. Such, the Authors' Society offers, and it is invaluable in preventing errors, and—where the house is not one of the great ones, free from all suspicion—in keeping a check on the publishers. Coleridge and Southey spoke of the 'thriving bookseller' as like him

> 'who sate like a Cormorant
> Perched on the tree of knowledge.'

And the ungarded now and then receive circulars sent forth from varieties of cormorants' crags, which they would do wisely to consign immediately to the waste-paper basket.

The accredited means of publishing are either selling the copyright at a fair price, which of course is all that the author can ever expect, or—which is the method most in favour for a young untried writer—for the publisher to take the whole risk and half the profits, giving the other half to the author. This involves no

loss to the author, and often is very satisfactory in the hands of any one of the higher and more honourable men of the trade. But there is a possibility with others of heavy percentages on sales, and charges for advertisements which mulct the author heavily. Sometimes the publisher offers a royalty—a round sum on a specified number of copies—and after they are sold, a fixed amount for each copy in proportion to the price; but this is not often done unless the author's name is a guarantee, or the subject is one certain to command popularity.

Again, the author can publish at his own expense, allowing a percentage to the publisher, and inspecting the accounts, but this is unsafe except where the author's position is established, or—as sometimes happens in the case of books intended for distribution—where it is to be sold at a price below the ordinary rate.

If none of these methods are open, there is nothing for it but either to decide that literature is not the vocation of the aspirant, or else to persevere till something is accepted, and the horsehair thus let down by which the beetle is to ascend!

Then come the proofs. How delightful are the first, how well they are revised—probably with a pepperbox of commas ready to drop on them, and sheer delight and diversion in printer's errors! By the bye, printers evidently do not love either colons or semicolons, and many a sentence which ought euphoniously to be divided by the latter, is either made to drag on with an ineffective comma, or cut short off with a full-stop before the sense is concluded. Also, whether by their fault or the writer's is uncertain, the nominative absolute prevails. 'A fair evening, the trees all lovely green,' is no sentence, nor is, 'A fine lad with a roguish mouth and pug nose.' Every sentence must have a verb, or it is no sentence at all—a mere absurd interjection.

The book is out! Notices probably come in. They are not apt to be such as once they were—the fuller ones often valuable and instructive in the way of criticism, favourable or adverse. There is little time or space for such work now. One thing I would say: that it seems to me an unworthy thing to solicit a favourable notice. Surely one's book goes out to stand on its own merits, not to be pushed and puffed. The point is, to learn whether it is good for anything, and what mannerisms are to be avoided. Praise in a review is very delightful, but it must be unsolicited to be worth having. Sometimes people actually sent round in type their favourite sentences for the reviewers

to insert! This is a really absurd puff, pretty certain to prejudice the critics.

On one side, it is better not to be too eager for reviews, or to pin one's feeling on them as Charlotte Brontë did when she cried all night over what was said of 'Jane Eyre.' On the other, it is not wholesome entirely to avoid the sight. George Eliot was not allowed to see unfavourable criticisms, and thus the chances of improvement were missed. Keats' death, through the 'Quarterly'—savage and tartarly—was a myth; and when Mrs. Wood made a malevolent critic slay a book and its author by writing in all the reviews and papers, she forgot how unlike they all are, and how impossible the feat would be. Depend upon it, a good book will raise its head above censure, or, still worse, neglect, at the first. And when the name is made, come the trials of overmuch work, leading to carelessness and to requests for performances, more with a view to the space in the periodical than to the scope of the tale, often leading to conclusions spoilt by crowding of incidents and want of giving scenes their due development.

One thing more it may be well to say. There is at present a taste for sensation, and a certain conventional distaste for a moral, pure, and religious tone. It is a fatal thing to be led away by it. If for every idle word we speak we are to give account, how much more for every word we write? And setting aside this awful aspect: what is written without the salt of life does not live, or acquire fame. Even remuneration is only ephemeral. Evil is a dead weight, sinking the performance.

It is true that women's good heroes are apt to be called prigs. But be content to have them so. If you sacrifice your womanly nature in the attempt at the world's notion of manly dash, you only sacrifice yourself, and mar the performance, unless it is only a very slight sketch from the outside. A woman cannot do a man truthfully from within, any more than one nationality can represent another from within. And if the ideal given is often called a prig, it is because she is incapable of the '*Carle-hemp*' in part, and also in part, because a certain depth of self-respect and of self-assertion, often bordering on self-conceit, is really a needful weapon of defence in the midst of scenes of temptation. Boys and good poor people find it so. There is much to be said for the so-called prig; but if you find your hero growing into one, frankly own it, or else give him some loveable weakness.

C. M. YONGE.

# A BUNDLE OF LEEKS.

BY ALINE GREFIL-BEST.

THERE is a story told of Queen Elizabeth that, on one occasion, a gentleman of her Court, in all the pride of authorship, presented her with a book, in which he claimed to have collected every known proverb. 'Nay,' returned the Queen, promptly, '"Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton."' The precise meaning of this adage does not seem to be clear; but Elizabeth's biographer, Miss Agnes Strickland, declares it to be a somewhat vulgar proverb, and expresses surprise that it should ever have been imprinted on the royal memory. As might have been expected, it was not to be found in the collection, and the author retired, crestfallen.

In these days, a book containing every proverb would be a serious affair; many volumes would be required to do justice to the pithy wisdom of different nations, from the delicate sarcasm of the French, to the broad humour of those from Jamaica. But, without venturing so far afield, perhaps a few of those from our own principality of Wales may prove new to some of our readers, and lead them to explore further the Triads and the romantic legends of the 'Mabinogion.'

As a rule, the sages embodied their wisdom in the form of these Triads, but here and there we find shorter and less stilted proverbs, which deserve to be rescued from obscurity.

The pig is a favourite animal in legend and proverb. One of the most curious stories in the 'Mabinogion'* turns upon the hunting of a gigantic sow—the 'Twrch Trwth'—'Open thy poke when thou canst get a pig,' counsels one saying; and another declares that, 'Happy is the man who is as wise as the

* 'Kilhwch and Olwen.' In this story occurs the beautiful description of the princess' hands—'fairer than the blossoms of the wood-anemone, amid the spray of the meadow fountain.'

pig.' Was this the exclamation of an ignorant but admiring Celt, on witnessing some prehistoric performance of a Learned Pig?

For some of the best proverbs we have no equivalent in English. Fagan, the early Christian missionary, warns us that, 'Where God is silent, it is not wise to speak.' Taliesin says, 'A furze bush would truly hide the sun.' Some unknown writer has left us this proverb, 'None can go to heaven on a feather bed,' which is amplified in the Barddas into the following passage, the beauty of which will probably be marred to the reader by the stiff and laboured translation in which it must be presented—'Heaven cannot be obtained without seeing and knowing everything; but it is not possible to see and know everything without suffering everything. And there can be no full and perfect love that does not produce those things which are necessary to lead to the knowledge that brings (lit. *causes*) Heaven, for there can be no Heaven without.'

On the other hand, 'The deepest water will be smoothest,' sounds like a poor version of the English 'Still waters run deep.' Our somewhat vulgar proverb, 'No one is a hero to his valet-de-chambre,' becomes, 'No man is a hero when naked among thistles,' which is far preferable. 'The bard of Teilo, of quick reply,' translates, 'L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose,' by 'Man desires, but it is only God who gives.' The conclusion of the Sibyl's famous warning finds an equivalent in 'Nid eir i Annwn ond Unwaith,' 'There will be but one journey to hell.'

Here, perhaps, I may be permitted a brief digression on the history of the word 'Annwn,' here translated 'hell.' It is generally taken as meaning the lowest deep into which the soul could fall, while passing through its transmigrations ('Plant Annwn' are wandering spirits; the 'Cwn Annwn' are the hounds of hell, apparitions more terrible than the 'Mauthe Doeg' itself—perhaps allied to the 'Whish Dogs' of Cornish superstition). Its ruler was traditionally said to be 'Gwynn, son of Nudd,' one of the three chief astronomers of the Isle of Britain. But, according to Mr. Davies,* 'Annwn' originally meant the west, and, in the Mabinogion, is represented as lying off the coast of Dyved [Pembrokeshire]. The celebrated description of the 'isle of Brittia,' given by Procopius,† seems to have some strange connection with this. He speaks of the isle as divided by a wall,

* 'Celtic Researches.' † 'De Bello Gothico,' IV. 20.

built by the ancients, running from north to south, and separating the east from 'the barren, serpent-haunted western tract, in which no man could live for an hour.' He then relates a most extraordinary story, 'attested by numberless eye-witnesses,' too long to be quoted here, but well known to us under various forms—the story of the fishermen who lived 'on the coast of the continent over against Brittia,' periodically compelled to rise from their slumbers at dead of night, and ferry the viewless souls of the dead to the opposite shore—the Land of the West, where dwelt only spirits and strange forms not of this earth.

The Triads are more elaborately constructed, and lack the terseness and point of the shorter proverbs already quoted. The following are very suggestive—

There are three likenesses of a man to a devil :—
Frightening a child ;
Obstructing the way ;
Laughing at evil.

There are three fears of a foolish man :—
The fear of man ;
The fear of the devil ;
The fear of poverty.

The three following Triads apparently date from the English invasions of Wales, and show the full bitterness of that race prejudice, which still survives, although in a modified form—

There are three things that are never satisfied :—
A wolf ;
A cormorant ;
The greed of an Englishman.

There are three things that no man is better for having :—
A flea in his bed ;
A thorn in his porridge ;
The company of an Englishman.

There are three things that are seldom heard :—
An invitation to a feast from a miser ;
The marvellous birds of Rhiannon ;
A song of wisdom from the mouth of an Englishman.

The birds of Rhiannon are often mentioned in the legends of Wales. Their song was so sweet that the listener was held spellbound for eighty years. Rhiannon was wife of Pwyll, Prince of Dyved.

The title page of the 'Epic of Hades' has made us familiar with 'the three excellences of poetry' :—

Simplicity of subject;
Simplicity of invention;
Simplicity of language.

'The three qualifications of poetry' are:—
Endowment of genius;
Judgment from experience;
Happiness of mind.

The three primary requisites of genius:—
An eye that can see Nature;
A heart that can feel Nature;
Boldness that can follow Nature.

The three foundations of judgment:—
Bold design;
Constant practice;
Frequent mistakes.

The bards appear to have been keenly alive to the importance of their position. One of them declares that 'he who becomes a bard takes upon himself to be the wisest man, and best teacher of society.' A Triad pronounces the

'Three monarchs of a country' to be:—
The bards, who teach all good knowledge for the education of a tribe;
The judges, who enact the right and the law;
The lords (i.e. kings and princes).

'The three ultimate intentions of bardism' are:—
To reform morals and customs;
To secure peace;
To celebrate (or encourage) all that is good and excellent.

But the Triads do not confine themselves to such lofty sentiments as these. They even descend to the petty details of household furniture, and prescribe the

'Three things proper for a man to have in his house':—
A virtuous wife;
His cushion in his chair;
His harp in tune.

And with this, my brief selections from the Triads must come to an end, lest the reader's patience should be exhausted. Other and more brilliant writers can offer tropical flowers or rare fruits; I can only tender him a bundle of leeks from a Welsh garden.

## THOUGHTS ON 'THE CREED.'

(*Written in Lent*, 1870.)

### II.

*He descended into Hell* (or Hades).—What does it mean? What is the state of the disembodied spirits? It is so perplexing to us that we do not dwell on it, our minds pass on to Heaven. It would seem to be a state of waiting, rest, probably of deepening knowledge, a state of contemplation, one in which there may be a perception of earthly events, and a deep interest in them, with a growing insight into their meaning. Our Lord taught the dead. We have reason to think He converted those who had had no previous opportunity of conversion, or who perhaps had been cut off inopportunely. For us, so far as we see, the time of probation ends with death; it is only in this first stage of conscious existence that we can show whether we have the Faith in God which obeys though it does not see Him. When we have entered upon the second stage we shall have had an experience which will be Sight, not Faith. And perhaps this is the reason why Faith holds so high a place in the Gospel catalogue of virtues making us acceptable to God. It is the test of the whole character, the evidence of our confidence in His Word. This Faith will, no doubt, be deepened and increased, in the Intermediate state—for, whatever that state may be, one thing is certain, that it will be one of direct dependence on our Lord; secondary causes will have ceased to operate;—we shall live with Him, and for Him alone. The souls of the dead 'are in the Hands of the Lord.' He deals with them. Human society, plans, aims, will be nothing; there may be a memory of the past, a hope for the future, connected with those we love; but the present (so far as there is any past, present, or future in that Intermediate state) will, we believe, be occupied solely with the immediate training, enlightening, strengthening of the individual

soul, in preparation for the Resurrection of the body, and the Day of Judgment, and the Heaven which is to succeed. We shall be with Christ, and that certainly involves all that we could wish or hope for.

*The third day He rose again from the dead.*—Rose to the Resurrection life—so also do we when we are buried with Him in Baptism. So also at least we should rise if we could only realise our true position. But we make this life our end and interest. Our future does not look beyond, and so, though having within us the seed of resurrection, we live the life of death.

A Resurrection life,—a life which looked to death as a step—a passage—and passed through it, in hope and desire, to the life which must survive it, would be very unlike what our lives for the most part are now. It would be noble, disinterested, far-reaching, patient, trusting—in one word, happy, for the Resurrection life is spent under the immediate eye of God, and in His Presence is fulness of joy.

*He ascended into Heaven.*—Heaven had been always in His sight, it had been His support, His strength. The blue sky was to Him always unclouded, and gazing at it, He was enabled to bear the miserable darkness of earth. And at length He went Home. He ascended into Heaven, and has left us an example that we should follow His steps. We also must gaze, and in gazing find our strength; for we do see Heaven from time to time, even as we see the clear sky. There are moments of intense peace, of fulness of joy, of deep love springing from the perception of God's Love. And these are to us Heaven. We are accustomed to call them feelings—to think them unreal; we are taught not to depend upon them. It is all right and true in one sense—the feelings will pass; but not because there was no reality in that which aroused them, but because earthly cares and sins cloud our perception. The love and joy and peace on which they were based live still. They are eternal as the God from Whom they spring. It is we who change, we who are transitory; and as Christ ascended into Heaven, and found in the joys of His eternal home the completion of the bliss which He had seen from afar whilst on earth, so also shall we, if (through His mercy) we shall be permitted to ascend like our Lord into Heaven, find the completion of the blessed peace and unutterable love which, it may be, have been for a few moments granted to us here, and then have been lost, but which remain enshrined in memory, as

the foretaste of future bliss, a ray of gladness from that unfading beauty which is to be our joy for ever and ever.

*And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.*—We cannot ascend in thought there. Even in Heaven there must always be that above us which is incomprehensible, unapproachable. The depths and heights of the Divine Nature can never be fathomed by us. If they could be, we should be miserable. Nothing more to wonder at! nothing more to seek as the spring of all goodness and all wisdom! We should be, according to the promise of the serpent in Eden, gods in knowledge; but we should also be men in weakness, and the union of this incompatibility would produce—what? Possibly demons. It is the sense of something above us, superior to us, which is and must always be our happiness. It gives us rest, peace, confidence; the great needs of all created beings; and it would seem as though the words Father Almighty were especially added to touch the hearts of those who might be overwhelmed by the thought of the majesty of the Great Creator. Once recognise Jesus, the Intercessor, seated at the right hand of God the Father, and there is no more room for fear or anxiety upon any subject. The power to which we have entrusted ourselves is Almighty, and all-Loving; and in peril, whether of soul or body, we have but to offer our prayers and we are safe.

*From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*—The Judgment will concern motives, the spirit of the outward act. That makes it so withering; it is the only expression one can use. All that is unreal, false, double-minded will fall off; only that part of the action which constitutes its essence will survive the Judgment. It will be fearful for the evil; but it will also be most crushing and humiliating for the good, or those who desire to be good. So much of every action is in a certain sense double, done from a sense of necessity, because one is pledged; or from habit, because one is accustomed to it; and of the best deeds so much is a cold sense of right, without any actual recognition of God, as the Author of Right. One prays *that* may be accepted, miserably imperfect and unsatisfactory as it is. The perfection of goodness as well as of happiness is to work definitely for God; not for duty, or good to others, or the wish to be useful, but for Him. Only those actions can bring us consciously nearer to Him, and only those can fully bear the scrutiny of the Judgment. And how many are there? One shrinks from the answer! The secondary motives are not indeed

evil, they have their root in the wish to serve God, so we may believe that for Christ's sake they will be accepted, but still they are secondary; they are not the motives of Heaven, but of purified earth; so they will in Heaven be lost in the higher motive which must absorb every other. This distinction the Day of Judgment will surely bring out, and the best and purest will then see their actions in the light of God's Holiness, and be humbled as those must be who are to dwell for ever in that Light.

*I believe in the Holy Ghost.*—It is strange how slow we are in accepting the comfort which this Article of our Creed gives us. Man's self-will is his strongest temptation; it so often takes the garb of virtue. There is in a certain sense so much power in it. *Will* is necessary for any good action worth the name, and it is very difficult to see where right will ends, and self-will begins. And yet wherever there is self-will, this special doctrine, or rather fact of the existence of an Almighty Spirit acting in us, and with us, and for us, to Whom our own will is to be entirely subject, is felt to be an unreal mystery, acknowledged indeed in words, yet in deed, a perplexity and stumbling-block.

But after years of trial and defeat, after long experience of the inherent weakness of self-will, we learn to relinquish it; we give up planning, struggling, resting upon our own judgment; we simply look out for guiding points, indications of God's Will; and then we follow the path, leaning upon the Holy Spirit's support, going on in quiet confidence; often not seeing more than one step before us, but assured that this step is the right one, and so having no anxiety. And then, when we look back, how marvellous it all is! What dangers we have escaped, what trials we have been able to bear, how the way has been smoothed, how well we can interpret the obstacles laid in our path! Belief in the Holy Ghost, which includes living in a continual sense of His loving Presence, and direction and strength, is then the best hope of our lives, the one thought of consolation when all else is wearying, disappointing, distracting.

*The Holy Catholic Church.*—Holy! That word is used continually in one's own mind, not as an essential attribute, but simply as a descriptive adjunct of an abstract idea. It would make a great difference in our feelings if we realised that it implies personal holiness in the members of the Church, that each of us is called upon to be holy; not only because we all belong to a holy society, but because we ourselves have been

hallowed and consecrated. There would be dignity, greatness, encouragement then in the sense of Church membership.

There is, indeed, a kind of religious exclusiveness which may make us shrink from outward wrong-doing, or apparent worldliness, because it is inconsistent with our avowed Christian vocation, and this spirit people sometimes try to rouse by creating a church within the Church. It shows itself especially in conventual and monastic institutions; but it is a mistake to look for the obligation to personal holiness elsewhere than in the original claim of membership with the Holy Catholic Church. Admission to that alone places the individual in a new and holy condition—all holiness of vocation, irrespective of this, affects not the person but the work undertaken.

A clergyman has a holy office, and so far he is holy—his work in life is a hallowed work; yet he himself remains what he was before his ordination. The fact of ordination will influence his outward life, and give validity to his ministerial acts, but it does not necessarily affect his heart, whilst membership with the Holy Catholic Church when recognised must do so.

This is a distinction which would often, I think, clear up difficulties in our minds if we could remember it. There can be no personal consecration to God except by Baptism; every other consecration is simply a setting apart for *work*. We are then all of us alike, 'called to be Saints'—there can be *no* distinction. St. Paul constantly alludes to this in his Epistles, he nowhere recognises any necessary personal saintliness in those set apart for sacred offices or vocations, but the personal claim of Baptism is made upon all alike.

*Catholic.*—There is no word probably so little understood or acted upon. We all more or less limit Catholicity, we do so in self-defence, to guard ourselves against unwarrantable claims, and we do so also in ignorance. Catholic truth, or the Faith held everywhere by the early Christian Church, is contained within a small compass as regards words, though it embraces the facts of Infinity and Omnipotence. The Nicene Creed, as the exposition of the Apostles' Creed, given by the undivided Church, is the first exponent of Catholic truth.

The Church of Rome has added to this primitive exposition a long series of Articles, known as the Creed of Pope Pius IV., and it is here that the Church of England parts company with her—refusing to accept any addition to the original Catholic, or universal belief. It is grievous to think what mischief has been

done, and is done daily, by persons who from ignorance, or stupid forgetfulness, tacitly accept the claims of Rome, by talking of the Catholic Church, when they really mean the Roman branch of the Catholic Church; and who give the title of Catholic exclusively to the members of that Roman branch. There is nothing, it seems to me, about which we are more called upon to be definite and particular than the right application of names.

It is the wisdom of the Church of Rome to claim for herself alone the title which belongs alike to others; and every one who misapplies the term Catholic by assigning it to her exclusively, helps forward the error on which Romanism is based.

*The Communion of Saints.*—That is perhaps the most difficult Article of the Creed to realise. What we see is so unlike what we are called upon to believe. We are one undoubtedly. We shall be seen to be one eventually. But at the present moment, we appear to be nothing more than aggregates of individuals. Union we can understand, but not unity.

Communion, indeed, does not, strictly speaking, imply unity, absolute unity; it means intercourse, reciprocity of feeling between distinct beings. Perhaps there would be more unity if we remembered this. Perhaps we should gain more if we expected less. At any rate, it cannot but be right to seek for, and dwell upon, those points of faith and practice in which we still can discover the unity which is the foundation of all lasting union. Few of us do this. We look so entirely at the outside; we are so quick in seeing things to dislike, and differ from. In fact, I suspect many of us rather pride ourselves upon this fastidiousness and exclusiveness. We fancy it puts ourselves on a pedestal to be able to criticise others. It is all wrong. I doubt whether the greatest saint that ever lived could thoroughly enter into all that is implied in the Communion of Saints; the charity, sympathy, humility, forbearance;—we may know what it means in Heaven, but scarcely upon earth.

*The Forgiveness of Sins.*—We live in a state of forgiveness, a state in which pardon is guaranteed to us. What would it be if we did not? We never, I fear, think. Even those who dread the wrath of God because they have never sought forgiveness, and who have a difficulty in realising its possibility, still live in the assurance of it. If Heaven were to be purchased, as the rewards and prizes of earth are purchased, by competition in virtuous acts, it would be very terrible; the anxiety would be so intense; but when we add to that anxiety, the consciousness of

actual offences, of sins deserving punishment, the fear is overwhelming.

And yet we cannot really understand and feel the blessedness of our position. We are now like children, always brought up in the consciousness of a Father's love, and, therefore, unable to appreciate what it would be to be deprived of it.

Our Blessed Lord appears to have felt it when, in the extremity of desolation, He uttered His mournful appealing cry to God in the hour of His agony and death; but for us Christians it is all theory—imagination. We are redeemed. We cannot think what it would be not to be in a state of salvation. It is a thought which men have, it would seem, never been able to face, for even the heathen trusted in some way to obtain the favour of their gods, but they had no assurance of it.

*The Resurrection of the Body.*—That hope unites in a special manner this world with the world to come. A wholly spiritual existence is one which we feel we can scarcely prepare for. It appeals but vaguely either to our longings or our fears. But if we are to be embodied in another life, then that life must bear a resemblance to this, having the same motive power, exhibiting itself through a material—though a much more perfect—instrument, than is now given us. All things, therefore, which tend to perfect the connection between spirit and matter, to make the latter obedient to the former, must tell upon our future condition. The spirit accustomed to command, the body to obey, are in this way fitted for a higher condition of being. This is one view and effect of the doctrine, or rather of the knowledge of the fact of the Resurrection of the body; the other is given by St. Paul, when he warns us against the sins of the body, and reminds us that we are the Temples of the Holy Ghost.

If we are that now, how much more shall our condition be ennobled hereafter! The subject is so great, so beyond us, that we do not attempt to think of it; and yet it would be well for us, a great help, an inspiriting thought, if we would think. The body is debased now, but only accidentally, from circumstances. In itself it is glorious as the soul, and therefore demanding the utmost care and reverence.

*The Life Everlasting.*—The most incomprehensible of all things, and yet in the constant thought of which we must live if we would make our present existence a preparation for it! The difficulty lies in the impossibility of realising what is meant by the words we use.

The definition of life on earth is beyond the reach of the cleverest philosopher, how much more the definition of life in another condition of existence! We know that it will be life in the presence of God, without fear of loss or end, and we are told of the Beatific Vision for which Saints have longed, as the fulness of joy; but every attempt to bring *that* before us must of necessity fail. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite.

It might, perhaps, help us somewhat to live in the thought of the blessed future beyond the grave, if we considered that it must be the completion of all which is purest, highest, most enjoyable in our present life. If the beauty of Nature has an indescribable charm for us here, surely there will be increased beauty in a perfect world. If the exercise of artistic taste and skill gives us delight here, we may, so it seems to me, innocently look forward to ever-increasing pleasure in it hereafter. The acquisition of knowledge must also be a source of endless satisfaction, and where can there be an end to the treasures of knowledge both past and future? Whilst music, we know, will hereafter be transporting in its perfect harmony.

It cannot be wrong to anticipate pleasures of which God has given us a foretaste, and which we all recognise as being in themselves tokens of His loving thoughts for us. They would be nothing without Him, and doubtless they fall far short of that bliss to be found in adoration and worship, which now, alas! is beyond our full comprehension; and they can scarcely be compared with the joy of obedience, the being permitted to carry out our Lord's commands, and to work (as we may believe we shall work) for the good of other beings in distant worlds; yet I cannot but think that if we were not afraid to look forward to them and to recognise our future existence as a renewed and intensified, rather than an absolutely new life, we should—many of us—be better able to make the thought of it an incentive to exertion and a solace in trial. These pure earthly joys are secondary joys, but they are God's gifts—precious gifts—and the prospect of them hereafter may lead us to a higher recognition of the wonderful love of the Giver.

How small would any of our trials here appear, if we could have the hope assured of that most blessed and enduring life continually with us! How much it would humble us, when we are conscious of impatience under slight pain and discomfort, to remember that such petty suffering is the needful prelude to the eternal life of happiness! We know it indeed; we acknowledge

it, and yet we fret against it. Too many of us can scarcely bear the slightest privation, though it must meet us in the path which leads to the Life Everlasting.

Lent makes one terribly ashamed of oneself. Our Lord bore the Cross, looking to the joy set before Him. We bear—what?

If we would only offer our small attempts at self-discipline to Him, asking Him to put His Spirit into them, and to enable us to bear them in our degree, even as He bore His days of humiliation, how very, very different they would be to us!

Holy Week is comparatively easy. We are close to our Lord then—following Him—but the weeks preceding! God pardon them.

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

## SONNET: LOVE AND BEAUTY.

So Beauty's but skin-deep, and blind is Love?
  Oh, foolish verdict of some shallow brain!
For Love, illumined by the light above,
  Sees clearer far than Hate, which peers in vain
Through the glass darkened by the shade of sin.
  And Beauty from a deeper source does flow,
Being the outward sign of that within,
  Than Ugliness, which leprous-like did grow
At the dire contact of the Serpent's scales
  With God's own 'very good'—created man!
So Love sees all with sight that never fails,
  But knows things as they are in God's great plan,
And sees that Beauty ne'er can fade or die,
But lives for ever to th' Eternal Eye.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER has its associations, though to the womankind who sit at home, it means the sound of popping in the fields around, and the destruction of the coveys of round plump birds, which they have seen run as babies along the ruts, or rise in a stream of flight in the rear of their parents.

The day used to mean a rising very early in the morning by the young and lively, to give their gentlemen their breakfast, and see them off with their ecstatic spaniels before the dew was off. The dogs knew the day as well as the men, and I have actually known two who, when the great day fell on a Sunday, rushed off on their own account without their master, though as a rule dogs know Sunday perfectly well.

Things are changed now in matters of sport, and the freshness of the morning has ceased to be esteemed. Often, too, the harvest is not sufficiently advanced for the doom of the partridge —pat-rich, as the country folk call it. They are all still busy in the fields, and the shout proclaiming the carrying of the last sheaf rings out in turn from farm to farm, though most of the picturesque observances of the harvest home are dying away before the tramp of the schoolmaster, and still more the squeal and hum of the machine.

Certain evenings dwell on one's mind, one in especial, when I stood among the trees, with the gold of the sunset gleaming behind the hill, and on the other side the round red harvest moon slowly rising, while in the stillness the shout over the final carrying rang out, mellowed by distance, and poor Madge Wildfire's death-song comes to memory—

> 'Our work is over, over now,
> The gudeman wipes his weary brow,
> The last long wain wends slow away,
> And we are free to sport and play.

'The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our joyous harvest home.'

Gleaning is not what it was, mowing and raking leave fewer ears, and it is chiefly the holiday of the elder women for old sake's sake, rather than the actual gain; and, indeed, some farmers do not permit it at all. Pigs finish off the remnants, guarded by a boy, to the regret of the schoolmaster, who if he be past his fourth standard, will probably never get him back again, even when he is out of work.

Old-fashioned farmers still give their harvest supper; but the new generation, without mutual hereditary interests between them and the labourers, disregard it. A general harvest-feast for the entire parish has been tried; but to make it a success, there should be a thorough element of geniality and enjoyment in the entertainers. If they only do the thing as a duty, it will fall flat, and the company will look with regret to the ruder pleasures, unrestrained by the gentry. Even the steadiest do not like the evening to end too soon, and dancing and fireworks have their use in keeping up the occupations, especially when the squire's or clergyman's family possess members, to whom it is all a personal delight.

The harvest-feast in church is another thing. It is a modern invention, but is thoroughly enjoyed by the people, if they are encouraged to make their offerings in kind for the sick in hospitals. Very queer things come, and difficult to dispose of—enormous pumpkins, great pieces of honeycomb, apples enough to make the church smell like an apple-chamber, onions which have to be relegated to the porch, and big purple and white turnips, or long-tailed red carrots to be judgmatically disposed of. Sometimes it is the best way to have a weekday evening for these substantial offerings, which are afterwards sent to a hospital; and a Sunday when beauty is alone consulted, and the staple of the decorations can be the three sorts of corn, assisted by grasses stored since summer, together with dahlias, scarlet geraniums, the brilliant, waxy berries of the wild guelder-rose, and the grand dark sceptres of the reed maces, which everybody insists on calling bulrushes.

Loaves of home-made bread are sometimes brought, reminiscences of the time when some of the good old house-mothers used to present their clergyman with a loaf out of their 'leasing corn' as their tithe.

Another tithe, acting the other way, was that when a tenth child was born in a family, without any previous deaths, a spray of myrtle was fastened in its christening cap—there were such things then—and the parson was bound to send it to school.

Such a tithe child have I seen baptised, and in contradiction to those who say that a labourer cannot provide for his old age, it is worth recording that the father, though by no means a distinguished workman, but sober, steady, and with a helpful, thrifty wife, saved enough to provide himself a weekly amount in his old age, though he lived to be over eighty. There was some addition to his savings given from the alms; but even otherwise, he would hardly have come to the workhouse.

Another apple-faced family, where the children amount to sixteen, and without any special powers or cleverness, have from the first been absolutely punctual in payments, small and great, neatly dressed, not only without but within, as measurements for dresses have revealed, and their cottage a pattern of tidiness. The young men are mostly out in the world—two as soldiers and one as a sailor in the Royal Navy, whose pay comes in part to his home. The lads have bought a wheeled chair for an invalid sister, and though grateful for broth or niceties in a stress of sickness, the mother never begs.

Sensation represents the labourer as getting nine shillings a week with twelve small children. The nine shillings once was true; but whether in the land of monogamy there ever were twelve children all small together, may be doubted! The hardest time in a peasant family is when there are five or six children, none able to earn anything, and school laws preventing the elder ones from acting as nurses at home, and letting the mother earn something. It is really the best thing for the family in the end; but it presses hard till the school age is past. Then one has to submit to the girl being a victim to the baby, and the boy to the cows, which in spite of their calm, innocent natures become very demoralising to the small herdsman, who has nothing to do but lounge about, never to be found when his cows are where they ought not to be.

It is drink on one side of the house, and muddle on the other, that cause real poverty, far more than large families, or even ill-health. Yet the sickly woman must be a heroine in spirit who keeps up incessantly the task of being her own efficient servant of all work, without relaxation, and without sal volatile or any

other stimulant than the beneficent tea and coffee, the latter of which is now often preferred!

The last remnants of the harvest holidays are often spent on blackberries. The world has found out how handsome the despised bramble is in its place, with its pearly blossom and its long twining limbs, with their load of fruit, black, red, and green in the several stages, and the five-leafleted foliage, which assumes every tint in the scale between crimson and green.

I have a drawing of a spray of leaf, flower, and fruit excellently drawn and coloured by an invalid village girl. When she was laid low by some spine affection, a lady, to amuse her, gave her a paint-box and a flower-drawing to copy. She did it so well that she was encouraged to go on, and gradually developed a really surprising talent for drawing flowers from nature. She could not originate, but she copied the real blossom admirably, and generally with much taste, and by the help of a clever contrivance of her brother, she could make the lettering of the Old English texts, which she illuminated, wonderfully even and straight. One year she designed the Christmas card for the G. F. S., but her work was not quite certain enough to be absolutely reliable for orders. She did, however, prosper well over illuminated texts, cards, menu cards, and even stools. Having been previously wretched at the being a burden to her family, her spirits rose when she became an assistance to them, and the content thus occasioned really seemed to prolong her life, till the years of influenza finally broke down her strength.

The stubble-fields have their embroidery in the tiny original pansy, barely 'freaked with jet,' and not 'purple with love's wound,' the *Viola tricolor*. It blossoms all the year, summer and autumn more or less, and so do all its splendid garden varieties, of royal dark purple velvet, glowing yellow, copper-coloured, or strangely-eyed, like human countenances, or cats' faces, only all these gradually degenerate till they almost return to their tiny original type in the cornfield. Three faces under a hood, and herb Trinity, are among their names; besides that, maidens call them love in idleness, while their jocund looks win them the name of heartsease, and the French pensée, from their variety, was known to Perdita: 'There's pansies, that's for thoughts.' The Germans regard them as the *Stiefmutter*, showing the mother-in-law predominant in purple velvet, her own two daughters gay in purple and yellow, the two poor little Cinderellas more soberly and scantily attired, squeezed in between. It is a curious instance of

unbending system that Linnæus grouped these with the compound flowers, because like them they have five anthers meeting in a point round the style.

Another lover of stubble is the shepherd's needle, or Venus's comb (*Scandix pecten-Veneris*), whose long spiked capsules are much more visible than the insignificant, umbelliferous blossom. See, too, the neat little grey crosses of the field-madder (*Sherardia arvensis*), a near relation of the Galium, white and yellow, that ramp about in hedgerows, all with multitudinous white and yellow blossoms. The smoother kinds are our Lady's bedstraw, and might afford a springy couch; but their more scantily blossoming brother, all over tiny pricks, is well named cleavers or cliders (*Galium Aparine*), for it is very hard to be rid of. It is called hariff in the Midland Counties. The family culminates in the fragrant woodruff (*Asperula odorata*), over long ago. All have angular stems and leaves in whorls. There are the pretty little Linarias, tiny snap-dragons, or toad-flax; the *Linaria Elatine* and *spuria*—one with heart-shaped leaves, the other with egg-shaped ones—creep about the ground, and show their long spurs and yellow and deep purple flowers nearly all through the year. The ivy-leaved *Linaria cymbalaria* adorns old walls almost everywhere with pendent bunches of leaves, and pretty pale purple flowers, and the very handsome *L. vulgaris* raises tall spikes of yellow and orange flowers in the hedge. All have long spurs, and the peculiar flower, closing like a box, especially seen in the grand banner of old Castle walls, the *Antirrhinum majus*, snap-dragon, with its scarlet body and yellow lip, gay, according to Sir John Lubbock, on purpose to attract the insects on whom the fertilisation depends. It is amusing to see a great dumbledore enter, the lid close on him, and then his velvet tail back out gradually. The papilionaceous flowers have no such convenient doorway, so the bees bore a hole through the wrappings of the keel, which contains their sheaf of stamens, with one loose from the rest to allow for the swelling of the germ into a pod. Darwin has an amusing account of interdependence, showing how the prosperity of a beanfield depends on the number of bumble bees which carry about the pollen, how the bees may be reduced by the field-mice which eat the honey in their baglike cells, and, I think, how the field-mice are kept down by hawks and owls, and so that the unsparing gamekeeper does serious damage to the crops, which are withering into blackness now from the once fragrant black and white labiate blossoms.

The balance of the commissariat of nature is, as has often been observed, most marvellously adjusted, though man, for his own purposes, disturbs it. Yet the instincts intended to keep it up still survive. For instance, certainly in one instance, I believe in two, where the mischievous *anacharis*, the American pond-weed, astray from aquariums, had begun to choke a pond, two swans, which had lived childless for years, began to lay eggs, and produced cygnets enough to keep in check this their favourite food.

Even the much-abused wasp has its value in keeping down the flies. The said wasps are at their worst in the end of August and beginning of September, though there are those who think the commotion they cause by far the worst part of the wasp visitation. In point of fact, the wasp has no desire to sting except in self-defence, and therefore it is wiser to let her alone in her investigations, though when these happen to concern our own dinner and our own heads, they are teasing, but infinitely less so than jumping about and making dabs at her, which may very justly exasperate her. In truth, the modern female ought to have a sympathy with her, as she, like the working bees, ants, and hornets, are the useful spinsters of the community. The wasp, too, is a worthier character than the bee, though less valuable to us. She does not murder her drone, but lets him be serviceable at home, until the final doom, when all die together of frost, except the valiant queens, who, instead of spitefully killing their daughters, and when withheld, bouncing forth with a huge bodyguard whizzing behind them, go out alone in solitude to be the valiant founders of fresh colonies. So much honour do these lonely dames deserve, that I always feel a certain cruelty in the saying

'To kill a wasp in May
Is worth a load of hay;'

though the cruelty is kindness to the fruit, to the meat, and to many people; and I did not sympathise with an old farming-man, who deferred his onslaught on a hornet's nest till there should be more to kill. This hornet's nest was just within the door of an outhouse, where each insect had to crawl over the beam of the doorway before entering. Here he took his stand, and stabbed each as it crossed the fatal beam, till all were gone save the queen, the larvæ, and a solitary loyal guardswoman who stung him as he slew her queen; and the chicken ate up the

grubs, including some just ready to emerge, perfect hornets in shape but all white. We kept the nest for a long time, but it was less beautiful than the solitary wasps', pendent grey paper spiral circular folds enclosing a few cells.

The swarming ants come out now. They are perhaps the best emblems of modern society, for while the little black or brown unwedded females toil for the general welfare, tend the infants, bring home loads, and some at least store up corn, the famous example to the sluggard; the Spanish proverb says, The ant found wings to her own destruction.

Out they burst on a sunny day, 'just come out,' all with pairs of silver gauze wings, all over gravel-walks and lawns. I have seen them very appropriately, though very inconveniently, swarming thus over the whole of a terraced garden prepared for an afternoon tea. They take a short flight in the air, soon descend, and if not eaten by birds, some are captured by their own kind, who bite off their wings, and bring them to fulfil domestic duties underground. Others are said to strike off their wings, and become the mothers of new homes.

As Kingsley says, what would become of us if lions had the power of acting together, and devoting themselves to the common good that ants have? Taking them altogether, they seem to me the most wonderful things in creation, from their self-devotion and ingenuity, with their herds of aphides, whom they pasture, protect, and obtain food for. The great horse-ants, who build tall cones of pine needles in the plantations, have their roads leading up to their home, but we have none of those curious slave-holding soldier-ants, who become demoralised and helpless from being constantly waited on by the poor little black slaves whom they capture.

One glance at the great spiders who have those cottony webs in the furze, and may be seen at the entrance of the funnel-like den in the centre, with their eight legs upon their cords, ready to make their prey sooner or later 'walk into their parlour.'

They do look wicked enough for Web-spinner, that miser who entrapped the poor widow, 'One Madgie de la Moth;' but I have a kindness for the geometrical spider, who hangs up those delicate regular constructions to be gemmed with diamonds on these dewy mornings; also for the hunter-spider, who lived and kept his larder under the stigma of an iris, also for the nest of babies who lived in one common web in my creeping juniper,

generally all in one lump, but they would start all over the threads if the family web were touched with a pin. And the gossamer (*Gottes cymar*) that floats over the grass, all shining in the low sunshine, was once Freya's veil—afterwards the Blessed Virgin's —all the work of tiny spiders, leaping from one bent to another!

Who have we here? An enormous caterpillar as thick as a finger, of a delicate apple-green colour, with a little brown and yellow horn upon his tail, and a short dash of purple and white on each side of all his rings, and occasionally he rears up his head and front legs in a position that causes him and his kind to bear the name of Sphinx. He has been living on potato haulm for some weeks past, and now is come out for his final wandering. I have in past times found a ring of school children in terror round this dreadful animal, and one braver than the rest about to dispose of it with his heavy boot. Now, they are more inclined to present it to their young ladies as a great curiosity. This it scarcely can be called, for it is the privet sphinx (*Sphinx ligustre*), the commonest sort of hawk-moth caterpillar. The spotted and elephant species are much greater prizes. If you keep him, in another day or two he will look sickly, and the beautiful green will assume a yellowish tinge. This is the beginning of his change. Give him a deep pot of fresh soft earth, and he will bury himself, but ere many days are past will rise half out of his grave in mahogany-coloured cerements, where his future proboscis may be detected curled up. Let him alone, and next spring a beautiful brown-shaded and pink large moth will emerge, but generally at some impossible time, and escape unseen. Once, indeed, instead of a moth there escaped from the chrysalis a whole family of little white ichneumon flies, to my exceeding horror and disgust, though I have since come to believe that it does not make much difference to caterpillar felicity whether these creatures live within it, or it comes to its proper development. The great Death's Head moth I have never seen alive. The larva of the puss moth (*Cerusa ermina*), the prettiest caterpillar I ever saw, has two horns, whence at a touch on the back, two pink fibres are protruded, which *may* be whip lashes to drive away the parent ichneumon fly from laying eggs in it. Another very pretty caterpillar may be found now, beautiful pale green, but with black velvet 'revelations' between its rings, as it crawls, or rolls up in a ring, with tufts like those on a tooth-brush along its sides, and one pink one on its tail.

Its country name is hop-dog; but it also eats oak leaves, whence it is named Oak Eggar (*Lasiocampa quercus*). When about to change, it weaves its tufts and any fragments of wood it can saw off into a round cocoon, fastened against a wall. It is a good sort to keep, for it can be seen as through a veil in the act of weaving, with its head going from side to side. The perfect insect is a pretty soft brown moth.

Moths, especially sphinxes, are seldom to be seen in the daytime; but one, the humming-bird sphinx (*Macroglossa stellatarum*), pertains to the delicious sunny days of September, when it is to be met hovering over late roses, blue salvias, dahlias, or any other gorgeous autumn flower, inserting its long trunk, but never settling, and all the time quivering its wings so rapidly, like the little birds it is named from, that there is no detecting what they are like. Caterpillars are wandering at this time of year, their plants are dying off, and they are going to bury themselves or spin their shrouds, or hang their chrysalides up by the tail, assuming the tint of their surroundings. Now may be met the brilliant lackey, so called from resembling the gorgeous liveries of old times. The magpie or currant caterpillar (*Abraxas grossulariata*), like its moth, black and white, has retired, the fraternal companies of the peacock or of the tortoise-shell butterfly, all deep black, which have covered nettles with their common web, have dispersed. And in the very dustiest places may be met the Woolly Bear, all long dark bristles, rolling himself up like a hedgehog and his hairs dangerous to any sore place in imprudent hands. His moth (*Arctia villosa*) is a beauty, black and cream above, red and black below, with a deep red body, laced with black. I have seen it in strawberry beds.

Not so the great splendid Peacock (*Vanessa Io*), and Red Admiral (*Vanessa Atalanta*) butterflies, which sit basking, opening and closing their beauteous wings in extreme enjoyment, and stretching their horns knobbed like all the butterfly race, while those six moths are feathery and painted. Twice it has been my good fortune to see some sixty or seventy magnificent admirals all together. Once it was on a heap of apples, once on some rare foreign shrub, which had somewhat the odour of apples. Whatever attracted them, they made one of the most beautiful exhibitions I ever beheld.

Those apples were in Devonshire, where every one of the little low gnarled apple-trees in the orchard, so beautiful with blossom

in the spring, begins the month with brilliant red, green, and yellow heaps below them. The more beautiful to look at, the more acid and uneatable, so the orchards are safe *even* from the almost omnivorous village boy. Formerly, when cider was a universal drink, and often part of the weekly wages, every farm and every estate had its cider-press—a great granite thing, nearly as large as the round table of the drawing-room of the former half-century, with patterns tooled on the edge, four or five inches thick, and a hole in the middle for the screw on which it was made to revolve by leverage of man or horse. A Hampshire man, who was taken to fetch home a horse from Devon, was delighted with the cyder, which he supposed to be a treat for a stranger. The several dialects of the counties were amazing to one another. 'My sön, yöu talks French,' was said to him.

Now cyder is far less often home-brewed, the granite presses have been made garden decorations, and the apples are often exported, to be used in clearing the colours of all those aniline shades of mauve, which are extracted from coal, and, we are told, were stored in the primeval vegetation by the sunshine.

The Devon saying is, that to eat a roasted apple at bed-time prevents ever having to send for the doctor. An apple, however, is never so delicious as when eaten raw with the teeth in the garden. Then were enjoyed the stubbord, excellent in its prime, but soon woolly, the Duke of Cornwall, of orange hue, freckled longitudinally with red, the red-streaked Ribstone pippin, the deep crimson Quarendon, red even in its flesh. These all belong to the old woman's younger days of apple-eating, and as grafted trees are said to have the same tenure of life as their parent stock, are probably as extinct as the golden pippin, or a huge cooking-apple, of which we once had two old trees, and which a farmer's wife called the Buntry Dew. She is believed to have meant Bonté de Dieu.

This is not a cyder country; but we have apples enough to be the delight of youth, the worry of schools, and to afford plenty of picturesque apple-gathering. Alternate years seem needed for really plentiful crops, and one beneficent mission of spring frosts is to cut off the blossom and rest the trees.

# STROLLING PLAYERS.

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL B. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

### CHAPTER XXI.

### THE QUAKING COTTAGE.

JULIET was sitting in the garden at the Quaking Cottage a day or two after it had been filled and overfilled by its new tenants. The weather was unusually warm for the time of year, and their quarters were so small, that she had taken refuge under the creeper-covered verandah to think out every gesture of Rosalind, in which part she was to make her first appearance, Romeo and Juliet being reserved for the race week, though the rehearsals of it were to be at once put in hand. She had not, however, much chance of study, for Mr. Farquharson's daughter, Lily, came to call, and Juliet knew that it behoved her to be civil, more civil than either Lady Willingham or Agnes would find it easy to be. Lily was a pretty little fluffy-haired girl, with a tremendous cockney accent, and no particular talent for the stage. She had, however, been trained in stage business, and Juliet saw that something was to be learned from her. She was prepared for friendship, and had already told Juliet that she was very glad they had come. 'Pa,' was so particular, and only liked her to be friends with ladies. 'And I shall never be jealous of you, dear, though you *do* play leading parts. I'll never try and put you out. Not like that nasty thing, Violet Vere, who trod on my dress on purpose to make me stumble, and would wear a frock that *killed* mine in "The Two Roses." Oh, no, I'm not mean; I despise it.'

'I promise you I won't tread on your frock,' said Juliet. 'We want every part to be as good as possible.'

'Ah, that's like my Pa! He's such an artist! But you know, Violet was jealous because I'd the best part; and besides, she's just mad if the gentlemen *look* at any one else. Not that *I* care. Pa's most particular, and so am I. I say, it rests with a girl to make herself respected, doesn't it? Don't you give any encouragement to Clinton, he's a bad lot. I could tell you tales of him!'

'Oh, he plays Duke Frederick, doesn't he?' said Juliet.

'Yes, and quite good enough, too. But as Pa says, he's of an envious nature, and he'll make trouble with the other gentlemen. What a handsome man Mr. Buckley is, dear! Is he a great friend of yours?'

'He is the son of my cousin's acting partner. We have always known him.'

'Ah—he's beautiful eyes. Of course, *I* see how it is. Don't be afraid, dear, *I* won't spoil sport. Besides, I'm as safe as safe, for my heart's elsewhere.'

Juliet gave a great start, and to her own annoyance, coloured violently.

'He—he isn't,' she began, just checking herself in saying that he was altogether in another station in life; for suddenly her own eyes were opened, and she knew that only her unconscious sense of superiority had blinded her to the meaning of several recent incidents, and of George's passion for the stage. She was angry with herself, and disgusted with Miss Farquharson, and said, lamely—

'Not at all!' while Lily patted her hand and said, 'Never mind, dear, I'm not a tell-tale. But he'd have been a beautiful Orlando—so princely. But of course Clarence Burnet is higher in the profession.'

'Mr. Burnet can act,' said Juliet. 'Mr. Buckley can't.'

'Oh?' said Lily, with a surprised and enquiring look. 'Law, my dear, you should be more careful. Never say anything you don't want repeated, or you'll make enemies all round. Who's that? Oh my, it's Mr. Buckley himself.'

George Buckley was in a very bad humour. He disliked the idea of being under *surveillance*, and he considered that he had not been properly treated in the arrangement of parts. He quite agreed with Miss Farquharson that he was exactly suited for Orlando, and greatly objected to put up with Oliver. He was

offended by the big letters in which, under Mr. Farquharson's directions, Clarence Burnet's name figured all over Clarebridge, and was prepared to make things as unpleasant for the professional star as he could.

'I thought we were to rehearse this afternoon,' he said, as he joined the two girls.

'This evening,' answered Juliet. 'Mr. Burnet will be here then.'

'A great many have taken tickets to see Clarence Burnet,' said Lily. 'Pa's so pleased to think he can assist a rising actor, and Mr. Burnet said he wouldn't play Pa's great part, Jacques, in his presence on any account. He quite looks forward to playing with him—Pa's so noble-minded.'

'Burnet's not at all the fellow for Orlando, in my opinion,' said George. 'Pettifer had a great deal more dash and style about him.'

'Mr. Pettifer was odiously vulgar,' said Juliet, softly and distinctly.

She had much better have taken Lily's advice and held her tongue, but she was not used to pick her words, and was desirous of snubbing the presumptuous George.

'It was much pleasanter when it was all among *ourselves*,' said George, 'except of course that ladies are always an addition.'

'Oh, I'm sure, Mr. Buckley, I'm not much of an addition,' said Lily, with much play of her pretty eyes; 'but there, I wish some one was going to play Silvius to my Phœbe, though it's not a good enough part, I know.'

At this moment a commotion at the door in the wall, which opened into the little garden, fortunately interrupted the discussion. The excellent Rebecca was parleying with a visitor, in whose face she shut the door, then came up the path.

'It's the person whose name is on the play-bills, Miss. Is he to be let in?'

'Mr. Burnet? Of course,' said Juliet, 'open the door at once, Rebecca; how can you be so foolish!'

'It's not what I'm accustomed to,' said Rebecca, grimly.

Juliet sprang up, ran down the path, and opened the door herself.

'Oh, come in, Mr. Burnet; I'm so glad you've come. Now we can get everything settled!'

George frowned, and Lily's face assumed a look of intense

meaning, as Juliet introduced her to Clarence, and then exclaimed—

'Here we are, but how could you and Lewis think of taking a Quaker's house, Mr. Burnet? Of all the unlikely places for a travelling company!'

'Why, we couldn't very well help it,' said Clarence. 'There was nothing else, and it looked clean and tidy.'

'Tidy! It's a crime in the eyes of Rebecca to lay a book on the table.'

'Don't listen to her, Mr. Burnet,' said Lady Willingham, coming out at the French window of the little drawing-room. 'It does very well, and though I find that *that* wall bounds the Rectory garden, and that the clergy here disapprove of us, and that the garden on the other side belongs to a young ladies' school, I hope we shan't seriously annoy either of them. Have you provided for yourself?'

'Oh, yes, I have found a very decent room, thank you. I'm to be turned out of it if it's wanted in the race week; but I thought I'd take the chance of that.'

'Come in then, and have some food, before we go down to the shop,' said Lewis, also coming out.

Miss Farquharson now felt obliged to depart, which she did, with a squeeze of Juliet's hand, and a whispered 'I *quite* understand, dear!'

Juliet had humour enough to feel thankful that the sympathy had not been given to Agnes; but she was startled, nevertheless.

A scrambling meal at five o'clock in the afternoon, for far more people than the little dining-room was meant to hold, and who all talked at once, demanding corkscrews and salad oil, in eager outspoken young voices, appeared to Rebecca an orgie such as The Maples had never beheld. 'Master was a teetotaller, and missis could not abear oil, and never had it in the house.'

Clarence volunteered to go in search of both articles, and presently reappeared with them, when every one laughed louder than ever, and the pops of the corks sounded at intervals.

The familiar intimacy and intercourse with Juliet which George would have valued, if he alone had been admitted to it, was spoiled by the presence of a favoured stranger, and he sat, silent and sulky, until Lewis asked him what he thought of doing to make the old scenery available.

'The property man, Perry, is an insolent scoundrel, who won't take a hint,' said George. 'But they have a fellow there, a rough

sort of chap, that, as I understand, Perry has given a job to, who has a very good notion of carpentering. Something might be made of him, and I believe we can tinker up a great deal of it. I have a design——'

'You'll see, Burnet, what you think necessary,' said Lewis, as George paused for a moment. 'Shall we come, if you have all finished?'

Old Mr. Farquharson was, as Lewis said, 'a magniloquent old bore,' but he was an enthusiast in his calling, and enough out of luck and past his prime to be very glad of engagements for himself and his daughter. He not only honestly admired Clarence, but regarded him as embodying the chances of a London engagement. In fact, all the Clarebridge set were only too desirous of pleasing him; but in spite of this element of union, the team was not an easy one to drive. Neither Miss Anne nor Agnes were really capable of playing in a theatre, nor were Armytage and Buckley much more so. And it was only by unheard-of exertions that the plays were got into any kind of shape. Lewis himself improved rapidly, and Juliet, with all her faults and all her inexperience, showed more and more that she had the root of the matter within her.

Old Farquharson delighted in her, scolded her and taught her, overwhelmed her with technique which she could not understand, but now and then nodded his head, and said, 'That'll do,' at some half-accidental tone or gesture. Poor Juliet never quite knew what would do, and generally forgot to do it next time; while her anxiety for Clarence's approval grew so intense that her heart beat with fright as she rehearsed her scenes with him, and more than once she was almost unable to speak from nervous anxiety.

As for Clarence, he was living at high-pressure indeed. When he came to Clarebridge he had told himself that he would be wise to keep his intercourse with the Willinghams on a professional footing. Nothing could be further from the actual fact. They all liked him, he was their refuge in every difficulty, their oracle in their new world. He lectured Dolph for playing tricks on Rebecca, and lent a hand in the difficulties of the sort of picnic in which they lived, while at the theatre he worked like a slave. 'As You Like It' was to alternate, during the first week, with a light farcical piece, and with 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' in which he was to play Colonel Kirke, as it was soon found that his name on the bills made a great difference in the demand for tickets. Agnes begged him 'to teach her not to spoil it,' and

he took such pains to teach her to coquette with him, while she obeyed his directions so simply and earnestly, that Ernley Armytage was as jealous as Miss Violet Vere could possibly have been in similar circumstances. Clarence admired Agnes; he was too artistic not to perceive her beauty, and was touched by her unselfish painstaking. He told her that she could play Anne Carew, if she would try to realise the feelings of the faithful wife, who endured suspicion for her husband's sake. Agnes' romance was roused, she became much more interested, and consequently much more effective, and the piece promised to be a fair success, especially as a little sister of Lily Farquharson made a most clever child. But it was another offence to George Buckley that the part of Kirke was not given to him; he sulked, and failed to keep the Willinghams' hours, attaching himself to the Clarebridge actors, and being as rude to Clarence as he dared to be. Mr. Armytage was never rude, but he was decidedly distant, and improved as little as he possibly could, carefully avoiding asking advice on his play.

Clarence neither saw nor heard. If all this outside work was interesting, how engrossing was the rehearsing with, and teaching, Juliet. He was one moment proud of her power, the next miserable to think how every day made her purpose of going on the stage more definite; one hour he rejoiced in her confiding admiration, the next was stung because she forgot him in his acting. At one rehearsal, Shakespeare's fine and delicate wooing was a rapture to speak, the next a misery, because he dared not mean it. It was all very unprofessional and very unwise; but 'then, how it was sweet!'

So he worked at the stretch of his powers all day, and lay awake thinking of the past day and the day that was to come all night, burning the candle at both ends, in utter recklessness of how long it was to last. And at every interval the conception of his London part pressed itself upon him, since an individual conception it was; and not only did he, as the great French actor says, 'get into the skin' of Raymond Rivers, but there were times when the personality of Raymond Rivers seemed to get into his, and possess him, instead of allowing him to possess it, a sure sign of undue strain and excitement.

When he found out that he frightened Juliet, his self-control was worn very thin. She, too, was living hard. She had to keep George Buckley at a distance, without letting her relations guess at the necessity, knowing that both Selva and Miss Anne would

hardly have scrupled to break up the whole party, rather than allow what would have seemed to them so unsuitable. She was finding out a great deal about her chosen career from Lily Farquharson's chatter and her own observation, which also, she kept to herself. She did not waver, but there were moments when the thought of Aunt Minnie, and of the sheltered life which she was casting aside, came over her with overwhelming force. She had undertaken a far more arduous task than she had guessed, in studying two great parts at once; the rehearsals for Juliet were interspersed with those for Rosalind, and, on the very afternoon before the first performance of 'As You Like It,' she had seized a spare half-hour to get a lesson on Juliet's great soliloquy.

They were alone on the empty stage, the others having, more wisely, gone home to rest and eat. He stood silent with the book in his hand, watching her. She was tired and overwrought, his approval was more to her, than with all her anxiety for it, she in any way guessed. She began, and as she gradually worked herself up to the climax, her voice sounded thin and cold in her own ears, her limbs would not obey her will, his eyes looked at her critically.

"'Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught?"'—her voice failed, her nerves gave way. 'I—I cannot do it,' she stammered, and burst into tears.

Clarence threw down the book and sprang to her side.

'Oh, what an idiot I am to let you try it now, when you are tired, and have the other part on your mind! There, don't think of it; it will be all right. You must come home and rest. I'm a fool!'

Juliet dried her eyes and stamped her foot.

'Oh, no, *I* am! But I—I—if I could satisfy you! But—I told you once that I wanted your opinion. So I do; but, mind, I shall have to go on now. Whatever you tell me, I shall have to do it now, if you do think I am a failure. I'll do it, if I do fail!' She was sobbing as she spoke, but she fixed her eyes on him with that look of utterly impersonal appeal that always seemed to him to come from another sphere, and wrung his heart, even while it thrilled it through.

'Do you fancy I think you a failure? I think you have something that all the teaching on earth cannot give you. You have original power, and your face—— Oh, for heaven's sake, don't cry! If you cry, I shall—I shall——'

She did not cry; but she looked up at him with rapture in her face, a delight in his words of praise that chilled him to the heart, and checked his self-betrayal. He grew pale as her colour came back, and moving away, brought her a glass of water, speaking in gentle, encouraging tones.

'I have let you get much too tired; you must promise me not to think any more about Juliet now, nor about the future. Let me take you home. You *must* take care of yourself.'

'You won't tell any of them about it, will you?' entreated Juliet, as he fetched her hat and jacket, and watched her anxiously.

'No, not if you don't get over-tired again,' said Clarence, with admirable prudence.

'I am not a bit tired *now*,' said Juliet, cheerfully; 'and I do assure you I am not given to be silly.'

He smiled and said nothing, but walked back with her to The Maples, talking lightly about the probabilities of the evening. He would not come in, and as they parted, certainly looked the most tired of the two.

'As You Like It' was distinctly a success. Faulty as it might be as a whole, it contained elements of unusual interest. Whatever Rosalind was not, she was charming, and Orlando, in a picturesque dress lent to him by Alaric, and with the sterner characteristics of his face carefully softened by his make up, quite justified his choice of the part. Old Mr. Farquharson was a good Jacques in his way, and Touchstone had never played so well in his life.

Clarebridge took with enthusiasm to the 'Wills of the Wisp,' and there began to be a brisk demand for tickets.

Agnes was more at her ease. The Sunday was peaceful, at any rate for the ladies, and there was something in the tones of the clergyman that put her in mind of Coalham, and though the ritual was very different, one of her favourite hymns was sung. She had managed to extract from Mr. Burnet what David Merrifield's feat of strength had been; her heart was warmed by it, and hot tears of thankfulness came into her eyes as she followed the 'thanksgiving' prayer said aloud by the congregation with all her heart.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE APPROVAL OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

TWO or three mornings after the opening of the theatre, there was a domestic convulsion at The Maples. Rebecca had informed Lady Willingham that her duty did not demand of her to stand it any more, and on being asked what it was that she could not stand, had poured out a flood of grievances.

First, that everybody wanted everything to eat at no times at all. Secondly, that the baby's meals were always wanted at every time, when she was in the midst of her cooking. Thirdly, that Dolph play-acted in the kitchen, and when sent with a message about the dinner, had called out to her to 'stir, stir, stir,' and get 'twenty cunning cooks,' though she was cook enough for any respectable people, and speaking in a voice as if he was the master! And had taken her off to her very face, and made the nurse laugh! And more than all, she wasn't used to people coming in in liquor and calling for their clothes to be brushed, as that there Mr. Buckley had done last evening, not to speak of whistling to the young ladies over the wall, which was not, to her mind, respectable. So she meant to go to her married sisters, and leave them to hire in help. Selva was dismayed. It was a busy day. A *matinée* of 'As You Like It' was to come off at three o'clock, and the other pieces were to be played in the evening. Some of the party were rehearsing a new farce, which had not gone to Mr. Burnet's satisfaction; and Miss Anne had, most improperly, as Juliet thought, shirked this duty, and with a relief of spirit and refreshment of soul, which a few months before she would little have anticipated, had gone off to attend a conference of the Girls' Friendly Society at the house of the Clarebridge Branch secretary. Nobody was at home but Agnes, and everyone would come in hurrying and want to be fed before the *matinée*. The inexorable Rebecca put on her bonnet and went; the nurse and the baby were out walking—it was already half-past twelve o'clock.

'Hadn't I better go after Aunt Nance, and see if the G.F.S. people can send us a respectable girl?' said Agnes.

'That won't get luncheon before we have to go off this afternoon, and you'll tire yourself out. No, I'll have to turn cook and parlour-maid, as I've done many a time at home. But

Lewis isn't an Irishman, worse luck, and the Englishman's set dinner dies hard. Who is that? I wish that door in the wall didn't always lock itself. But that's part of the respectability of The Maples. Oh, Mr. Burnet, as she let him in, you don't mean to say they are all coming back for their food yet?'

'No, I came to look for Buckley. I asked him to come up and go over that scene with the policeman—with old Farquharson and Clinton, but he hasn't appeared.'

'There,' said Selva, 'what can have become of him? He has driven away Rebecca, and we're all in confusion.'

'Well, it must take it's chance then. Can't I lend a hand, Lady Willingham? Shall I go and tell them to get dinner at the Crown?'

Selva, however, had a feminine horror of being unable to provide dinner when required, and she announced herself capable of frying some underdone cold mutton and boiling potatoes, while Agnes and Clarence laid the table.

'I can,' said Clarence. 'I had to play a footman once, and I studied Alaric's butler on purpose. Doesn't Sir Lewis like coffee before playing? Let me make some; I know how. When Alaric and I lived together, he would always drink my coffee when he was tired and used up.'

Clarence had recovered his spirits; the delightful present was too powerful for any forebodings, and the work went on amid much laughing.

'Where's my cousin?' asked Agnes.

'I believe she and Miss Farquharson saw some aprons somewhere which they thought would suit them in the farce, and went to buy them. The rehearsal is over, but I wanted Buckley to go through his part again. But, Lady Willingham, do you know how we were honoured last night. Farquharson feels that we have not come to Clarebridge for nothing. Lord and Lady Rotherwood were in the stalls, and no one knew them. They have never been to the theatre here before, and I gather that we ought to put the fact in the bills.'

'I hope they were gratified. Yes, I don't know if there are still pocket-boroughs, but Clarebridge is certainly a pocket-town of Rotherwood Castle. But they never come to the races,' said Selva. 'There's that bell again! Perhaps it's some one for tickets, they come here now and then.'

'I'll go and see,' said Clarence, and after a moment he reappeared, ushering a handsome well-dressed lady and a pleasant-

looking middle-aged gentleman. He showed them in discreetly through the open drawing-room window, and presently brought Selva a card.

'Lord and Lady Rotherwood,' he said.

'Well!' said Selva, 'it's very polite of Lady Rotherwood to call on me; but I wish she hadn't come now.'

She set herself straight, and went off without any discomposure—for nothing put Selva out of the way—while the other two, as time ran short, continued their exertions.

The next occurrence was the arrival of Juliet and George Buckley together, in a hurry as a heavy thunder shower was beginning to fall, and talking fast and rather loud as they came up the path, evidently in the midst of a dispute. Both dashed in at the drawing-room window, and were shortly followed by Lewis, Ernley Armytage, and Major O'Connor, all hurrying in out of the pouring rain.

'Lewis will ask them *all* to lunch,' said Agnes, who had taken Selva's place, and was, not very skilfully, cooking the mutton.

'Shall I cut some more slices?' said Clarence, anxiously, and presently in ran Dolph.

'I say, Mrs. Moggs, you'd better look sharp for once in your life. Here's two live members of the aristocracy come to lunch, and—Miss Agnes!'

In the meantime Selva's Irish hospitality could allow no one to depart in the rain, and her Irish happy-go-luckiness saw nothing to be ashamed of in a scramble. She asked Lord and Lady Rotherwood, who had come on foot, to have some lunch, before the purport of their visit had come to the front. Then she told Lady Rotherwood that they had had a domestic convulsion, and that they had all been cooking the lunch together. At this hint Juliet fled to the rescue, Lewis looked uneasy, and presently Lord Rotherwood revealed that some festivities on an anniversary, important to their family and to the town of Raynham, were coming off in the ensuing week, and, having been much struck with the performance of the Wills of the Wisp, he wanted to obtain their assistance.

'There are to be two days of it,' said Lady Rotherwood. 'The first we are to join in the entertainments at the county town Raynham, where there are to be tableaux and recitations, and the next we are to receive at home, and should like to give our friends something worth hearing.'

'You see,' proceeded her husband, 'it is an odd sort of affair altogether. My ancestor and one Rowden, a young Raynham fellow, ran away to sea together in the jolly days of Queen Bess, when there was no end of fun to be had. They had the good luck in the end to take an Azore and an heiress, and plenty of Spanish dollars, which made their fortune, and Raynham's too, and as the world is made up of anniversaries, we are bound to keep this—what is it——'

'Tercentenary,' put in his wife.

'Processions and tableaux, and I know not what,' continued the Marquis. 'Have you the sketch of the programme?' he asked, as his wife produced a paper. 'Aye—Service—h'm—h'm. Trades procession. Famous thing for keeping the roughs out of mischief. Dinner. Tableaux in Town Hall. That's to be a mixture.'

'We keep a hand in it so as to ensure its being in tolerable taste,' explained the lady.

'Though it would be ever so much better fun without,' said the gentleman.

'There is to be a course of scenes—all Elizabethan, more or less—with recitations between, and to get help in arranging them would be everything, though we hardly like to ask it.'

'We will do what we can willingly,' said Lewis.

'We hope you will all come to us for those three days,' said Lady Rotherwood politely to Selva. 'We shall have some pleasant people staying with us, and on the second day we have a garden party, a supper or substantial tea, whichever it may be called, and then a representation—theatricals, in fact, if our friends will be good enough to help us.'

'Most happy to oblige your ladyship,' said George Buckley, with an answering bow.

'What is the exact date, Lord Rotherwood?' said Lewis. 'Some of us have a day or two free before the race week, while Mr. Burnet's engagements take him to London!'

'We could play "As You Like It" without him, fully as well as with,' again interposed George. 'I should be happy, Willingham, to play Orlando.'

'We were hardly asking for anything so formidable as "As You Like It," said Lord Rotherwood; 'some little comedy perhaps. Thursday the 18th is our great day.'

'That would suit, I think. Is Burnet here, Selva?' said Lewis, bottling up his wrath with George for a more suitable occasion.

'Well, yes, Lewis, in truth he is,' said Selva, with her eyes twinkling. 'You had better go and find him.'

At this moment, however, Dolph announced the lunch, and the appearance of the table certainly did credit to Clarence's studies under the Monks' Warren butler, and as nearly everything to eat in the house had been produced, the result, though somewhat unconventional, was not amiss.

The Miss Willinghams appeared in a few minutes, the nurse having turned up behind the scenes, and Clarence joined Mr. Armytage and the Major, who proceeded to wait on the party and get their own food in corners as at a ball supper. George Buckley had taken a place at the table, but, after a long enough pause to show what he had intended, saw what the others thought correct, and got up also. Lord Rotherwood set every one at ease by his own easy cheerfulness, while his lady looked imperturbable, and showed no sign of being unaccustomed to picnic lunches.

It speedily appeared that the date of the Rotherwood festivities coincided with Clarence's engagement to his uncle. 'Very fortunate,' said George, effusively, but no one responded even by a look. 'Murther in Irish' was proposed and accepted as suitable, and then Lord Rotherwood made a courteous speech, about the charming rendering of the most charming of Shakespeare's plays which they had witnessed the night before.

'I could hardly believe it,' he said, 'that a friend of mine, Mr. Alaric Lambourne, was not there in Orlando's dress. Your cousin I think, Mr. Burnet?'

'Yes, my lord, it is a part in which I can only endeavour to imitate him,' said Clarence. 'He was, I think, the ideal Orlando.'

'A successful imitation then,' said Lord Rotherwood; 'but if I may suggest, you should not lose the chance of producing the "Comedy of Errors." Perhaps Sir Lewis might consider it?'

'My cousin scarcely ever plays now, my lord,' said Clarence.

'Ah, no—I mustn't say here that he is better occupied. I am sorry, Mr. Burnet, that your more important engagements keep you from Rotherwood, but very glad to have had the pleasure of seeing you last night.'

Clarence bowed, accepting the great nobleman's patronage quite simply as likely to be useful to him in his profession, and after the visitors had taken leave, Selva exclaimed—

'Ah, he doesn't know, Mr. Burnet, that he owes the pleasure

of his coffee to you as well. You were indeed a friend in need! Lewis, Rebecca went off all in a moment, in a huff, and I should like to know, Mr. Buckley, what you did yesterday to offend her?'

Selva was never very prudent, and she was angry with George for his bad manners. He flared up at once.

'She is a most insolent woman, Lady Willingham, and refused to brush my clothes. She doesn't happen to know a gentleman when she sees one, and confounds me with——'

'Come, we're late,' interposed Lewis, 'you must get some one else, my dear, she wasn't a success. Make haste, girls, it's high time we were back at the shop.'

'We have quite enough to do here, *I* think,' said Juliet, discontentedly, 'without going over to Rotherwood; and I hate great houses.'

'Come now, Jetty,' said Selva, 'it's a great occasion, and an introduction for the Wills. There'll be a dance afterwards, no doubt. You and Agnes will enjoy it.'

'Honour of the first waltz, Miss Juliet?' said George, gallantly.

Juliet looked at him, like the tragedy queen she had been called, when she indulged in little tempers in the schoolroom.

'You'd better leave him behind, Lewis,' she said, as they started for the theatre. 'He'll make an exhibition of himself at Rotherwood, and disgrace us all.'

'I can't, Juliet,' returned Lewis; 'I'm responsible for him. But I'll row him within an inch of his life for interfering about the plays.'

Juliet shrugged her shoulders. She thought, that if Lewis knew for how many other pieces of presumption George required 'rowing,' even his patience might have given way. Miss Farquharson was fond of relating various means by which 'she kept the gentlemen at a distance.' But it was difficult when you had to live in the house with the specimen, and pursue your daily business in his company. Juliet felt thankful that he did not play Orlando with her, and then recollected that if she was a 'professional,' she must school herself into absolute indifference on such a point. Well, Mr. Burnet, she supposed, never thought about anything but his part—which was most satisfactory. He overtook her at this point in her reflections, and she gave vent to some of her various annoyances, by saying petulantly—

'Well, I should think all this interruption would be the ruin of "Romeo and Juliet."'

'I hope not; but I am very sorry for having to go away,' he answered.

'You? Oh, of course you cannot help it. But we might have stayed here and studied it quietly, instead of going in for these tiresome tableaux at Rotherwood.'

'If they were well done, they might be very splendid,' said Clarence. 'Plenty of good material for study, at any rate.'

'Yes, I wish I'd seen Lady Rotherwood before I played Lady Capulet. She had a sort of still way of looking round,' said Juliet, her mobile face assuming a reflection of the look. 'And her voice, I wish I could get at it! But she's a great deal harder than Mrs. Pettifer! I shall listen and practise, and you shall hear if I get it right?'

'She struck me as a typical great lady,' said Clarence, by no means gratified, when the Major overtook them, and began a long story of some festivities at Castle Bally-o-voolen thirty years ago, when the history of his branch of the O'Connor family was represented in a series of tableaux, into which six murders and three duels had to be introduced, while the family Banshee wailed behind the scenes.

''Tis the brightest recollection of my youth,' he said, rather sentimentally.

It struck Clarence at once, that their *tête-à-tête* had been intentionally interrupted, but at least Juliet's eyes met his, and they shared the joke of this somewhat Irish view of joyous festivity.

(*To be continued.*)

# STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.

## VI.

A LITTLE more remains to be said about the similes of the Iliad. It is from them principally that we can gather something of what Homer saw and cared for in nature. It would be interesting to study this in detail, but we have already arrived at our last paper, and shall only have space for a few general remarks. First of all, taking the similes as a whole, it is noticeable how closely they are confined to one set of perceptions—those of movement, and, secondarily, those of sound. This is natural in a poem like the Iliad, pre-eminently a poem of action. The march of the host, the rush of the chiefs to combat, the fall of the wounded, the whole great roar of battle—these are the things whose counterpart Homer looks for in nature. There is little of the mere aspect of the world, hardly more than a few conventional epithets—the wine-dark sea, the rosy-fingered dawn—to convey ideas of colour; and nature at rest, nature in her secret, gradual growing and declining is, with some very few exceptions, disregarded. His world is a world of grand, simple, obvious things, of moving, of doing, of the noise and bursting of waves, of the violence of torrents, of the downpour of rain, the crackling of fire, the flight and the cries of birds, the spring of the wild beast. Sometimes this movement is slow, as in the mist creeping along the ground, or the heavy advance of a wave still far from breaking; sometimes it is vague, like the waving of cornfields in a high wind; sometimes, as in the fall of trees, it is single and definite. Naturally he recurs again and again to the sea, and it is nearly always to its most familiar aspect, the roar and the surf on the beach, or at the base of some lofty promontory. Yet one is never weary of it. Simple and straightforward as these momentary pictures are, they are so varied, so fresh, so alive with vivid touches of reality, that one is glad of the repetition. It is the same with the many torrents that go thundering down the hills, carrying away bank, and bridge, and cattle; and the same again with the rain, and snow, and wind. Here and there one comes upon something that startles one by its discrimination and

accuracy; as, for instance, the account of the death of Gorgythion, whose head, bowing aside with its heavy helmet, is compared to a poppy-head drooping with its weight of fruit.

One cannot, however, discover much love of inanimate nature for its own sake in the Iliad. Everything in the world seems to have been more or less glorious and exciting in Homer's eyes, and the earth, and sea, and sky among the rest. But they are only the *mise-en-scène*—the theatre on which men do their deeds; and being only this, he does not pause to reflect or to moralise upon them. Now-a-days, when we have all read so much poetry, about everything that can be sung and some things that cannot, and about moons and winds and stars and seas and nature generally most of all, it is impossible to hear a gale at night, or to see the sun rise and set, or to hear thrushes, or walk about in town or country without being aware that somebody has found a meaning in it and has told you so. Even the 'meanest flower that blows' offers a whole ode to your consideration. Now with Homer it was different.

> 'A primrose by the river's brim
> Yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'

He never personified it, he never saw lessons in it. There were no sermons in stones in those days, nor had the running brooks turned philosophers; so Homer never pored, or brooded, or dreamed. His nodding was a good sound sleep, not invaded by imaginations in which human experiences and human sentiments were lent to the inanimate world; on the other hand, what he saw he saw with the clear, outward vision of a child, and what he sang was never confused by association or afterthought.

Animals, as being not so many degrees removed from men, are much nearer the poet's heart. From the bees thronging out of the hive in the hollow rock, and the persistent flies about the milk-pails in the steading, up to the immortal horses of Achilles, who have the gift of speech, and whom Zeus himself pities and preserves, all the beasts and birds of the Iliad are delineated with something like the vivid power of real affection. There are the flocks of noisy birds, geese and cranes and long-necked swans fluttering and settling on the meadow by the riverside with their shrill cries; there are cranes again flying away from winter and the rain, and uttering clanging cries as they go; there are the grasshoppers sitting on a tree in the wood, and giving forth their dainty voice; there are the fawns that stand dazed and helpless with weariness after running over the wide plain; the ewes which stand in flocks in the rich man's yard at milking-time, bleating incessantly as they hear the cry of their lambs; the stall-fed horse that has broken his tether and dashes out into the plain with high head and streaming

mane; there are the little birds cheeping piteously as the snake devours them, while the mother-bird cries and flutters about them; and the hen bringing each bit as she finds it to her unfledged young, while she herself fares hard. The hare flies screaming before the sharp-toothed dogs; the lazy ass, that has had many a stick broken about his sides, breaks away from the boys who are with him, and makes his way into the crop, and is driven out with much trouble on their part, for their strength is but feeble; the nimble wasps and the bees that have made their home by a rocky path, will not be driven out of it, but keep the men at bay for the sake of their young; the falcon goes swooping down from the rocky peak; the eagle rushes upon the flocks of geese, or cranes, or swans. The myrmidons who gather to accompany Patroclus at the word of Achilles, are compared to strong and ravening wolves that have glutted their hunger on a great antlered stag, and now with bloody jaws come to lap with their thin tongues the dark surface of a dusky spring. Patroclus, rushing at the Lycians, scares them as a swift falcon scares daws and starlings. Menelaus prays to Athène for help in battle, and she puts into his heart the courage of a fly that returns again and again when it is driven away.

Let us go back to the horses of Achilles to conclude with. We have referred already to their grief at Patroclus' death, and to the pity of Zeus for them. Here is the bit at the end of the nineteenth book, where Achilles talks to them. He came up to them shining in his armour like the sun:

'And full sternly he called upon the horses of his father:

'"Xanthus and Balios, glorious children of Podarge, have ye care in some other way to bring your charioteer safe back to the throng of the Danaans, when we cease from battle, and leave him not there, as ye left Patroclus, dead."

'Then from under the yoke the swift-footed horse Xanthus spake to him; but he drooped with his head, and all his mane, falling down from the yoke-cushion beside the yoke, touched the ground;—and it was the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him speech:—

'"Ay, right well will we save thee yet once again, glorious Achilles; yet nigh to thee is the day of thy death. And not we shall be the cause, but great God, and strong fate. Nor yet by sloth or recklessness of ours was it that the Trojans stripped the armour from Patroclus' shoulders; but the mightiest of the gods whom fair-haired Leto bare, slew him in the front of battle, and gave glory to Hector. For us, we might run swift as the blast of the west wind, which men say is swiftest of all; but for thyself it is fated to be slain in battle by a god and a man."

'Thus much he spoke and the Erinyes stayed his speech. And sore-vexed, swift-footed Achilles answered him:—

'"Xanthus, why dost thou prophesy to me of death? It is not well in thee. Well do I know, I myself, that it is my fate to perish in this place far from

my dear father and mother; but, nevertheless, even so I will not give over until I have given the Trojans satiety of war."

'He said, and with a shout held to the front his whole-hooved steeds.'

We read in this place that the Erinyes stayed the speech of Xanthus. Who were the Erinyes? A glimpse of them is caught here and there in the Iliad. In the fifteenth book Iris, attempting to dissuade Poseidon from sending an angry message to Zeus, reminds him that the Erinyes always follow after the eldest-born. In the nineteenth book Agamemnon throws the blame of his quarrel with Achilles on Zeus and Fate and the Erinys that walketh in darkness. Further on in the same book the Erinyes are called to attest an oath; they are the 'Erinyes who beneath the earth do punish men, whosoever sweareth falsely.' The word occurs again in the combat between Pallas and Ares in the twenty-first book. Ares is overthrown, and Pallas exulting over him, says that so he is like to satisfy the Erinyes of his mother Hera, who was angry with him for siding with the Trojans. The ninth book has another reference to them in the story of Meleager. Althea, the mother of Meleager, angry at the death of her brothers, invoked curses on his head. 'And the Erinys that walketh in darkness whose heart hath no pity heard her, out of Erebos.'

There are one or two more notices of them, but these will be enough to give some idea of their nature and functions. It will be seen that they are goddesses of the underworld; along with Earth and Hades and Persephone and the Moirai, they have their place in the dusky twilight region between the known and the unknown. They are half-divinity and half-personification. They are the guardians and the avengers of that mysterious fundamental order of nature, which is maintained not by reason but by irreversible instinct. Hence the wrong which above all it is their business to avenge is disobedience or rebellion or cruelty towards parents. They support the old against the young; that which is holy against the rudeness of profanity. Together with Ate the Erinys may be said to sum up the Homeric theory of sin—i.e. evil under its religious aspect. Both are, of course, only concerned with great wrongs, or with small wrongs that have great consequences. Ate is the malignant power that works in a man before he falls into sin, a blind and fatal madness hurrying him on to commit the crime; whilst the Erinys is the curse, the goading horror of remorse, which is the retribution. Ate is a far less venerable power than the Erinys; she is only a minister of Zeus, whilst the Erinys, dwelling in Erebos with the mighty deities of the underworld, has a dominion independent of him.

There is not a great deal told about what the underworld was like. Hades and Persephone were king and queen of it. It was vast and

dank and grim. Once when Zeus and Poseidon, with earthquake and thunder, were urging on the hosts of men, and even the gods themselves to battle, it is said that Aidoneus, or Hades, leapt from his throne with a cry of fear lest Poseidon should cleave the ground above his dwelling-place and lay it bare to the gaze of mortal men. This nether realm had fallen to his share when the three sons of Kronos, Zeus, and Poseidon and himself, drew lots for the three great divisions of the world, the sea, and the sky, and the kingdom under the earth. It was a land, as men imagined, of forgetfulness, though some dim knowledge and concern for how those they had left still honoured them went down with the dead. At least they were not suffered to pass the river until the funeral rites had been paid; till then the other phantoms refused to receive them into Hades and forced them to wander before the gates in helpless misery. These gates of hell are the proverbial expression for what is most thoroughly detested; Achilles, for instance, says that the man who means one thing and says another is hateful to him as the gates of hell; and Hades is of all gods the most hateful to mortals, for no prayers can soften him.

Not many figures are to be seen in that murky region. We hear of the dread river Styx; of how Kronos sits in Tartaros far away from the light of the sun; of how the souls of many heroes go down hither bewailing their youth and their manhood. Minos and Rhadamanthus are both mentioned in the Iliad, but there is nothing about their sitting as judges of the dead. Sisyphus is mentioned too, but only as the craftiest of men, father of Glaukos—'and Glaukos begat noble Bellerophon.' There meet us, however, in the turmoil of battle a few dire figures that of right belong to this underworld; such as Enyo, who brings the pitiless tumult of war, and Eris the goddess of strife; and Phobos, Panic, beings that are half-demons, half-personifications.

On the other hand, there are many bright and kindly demi-gods that appear from time to time between the forms as it were of the greater deities. There is Iris, the rainbow, the messenger of the gods; and Eos, the rosy-fingered goddess of the dawn; and the Hours who open or shut the cloud which is the gate of Olympus. Homer invokes the Muses as goddesses present everywhere and acquainted with all things. Now and again we come across the nymphs that haunt springs and meadows; Themis called them once with all the other gods and goddesses to a great council in the hall of Zeus, and in another place we are told that the nymphs, daughters of Zeus, planted elm-trees about the barrow of Eetion, Andromache's father, whom Achilles slew. Then there is Hyperion the Sun-god, whose light pierces to the most hidden secrets, in whose name, together with that of Zeus and Earth and the Erinys, oaths may be taken. Down in the sea is Thetis and a whole flock of Nereids, sitting about Nereus their father; Glauke and Thaleia and

Kymodoke, and many more. And when Thetis goes up to Olympus to ask Hephaistos for the armour for her son, she is welcomed by Charis his wife, who takes her by the hand and leads her to sit on a throne studded with silver.

It will be seen that in many places the Iliad does not tell the same story as the Odyssey and the later Greek literature. Aphrodite, for instance, is not here the wife of Hephaistos, and it is Iris, not Hermes, who is the messenger of the gods, except in the visit of Priam to the huts of the Achaians. There is no hint through all the poem of what is to happen to Agamemnon on his return home, though Clytemnestra and Orestes are mentioned once or twice. Castor and Polydeuces again are mere mortal men, who are dead and buried like any others, and the only time Cassandra is named, she is called the fairest of Priam's daughters, without any mention of her fruitless gift of prophecy.

All the Iliad is incrusted with stories—old tales, many of which evidently reach back to somewhere near the beginning of story-telling. Most of them come in by way of allusions to things too well known to need any explanation, which we have to read by the interpretation of later poets and industrious compilers and grammarians. Some heroes who play a great part in other poems are little more than names in this: such as Jason, whose son is said to have sent ships from Lemnos with wine for Agamemnon and Menelaus; and the Cadmeans, whose fortunes are made quite secondary to the adventures of Tydeus in the war against Thebes. Heracles comes in rather often. There is the story of his birth; and of the wall that he made; and how he had to toil at the tasks of Eurystheus; and how he wounded both Hera and Hades; and at another time came to Troy after the mares of Laomedon. Among those who are only mentioned here by the way, but reappear in the Attic drama, is Philoctetes, who is in the island of Lemnos, suffering sore anguish from the bite of a deadly water-snake. Philoctetes is called a skilful archer, but nothing is said about those arrows which Heracles gave him, and without which Troy could not be taken. There is also Alcestis, the mother of Eumelos, who led the men of Pherae to Troy: she is only called the fairest of the daughters of Pelias. There is no hint of her voluntary death to save her husband. Another well-known story is that of Lykurgos, the king of Nysa, who brought upon himself the anger of the gods by his sacrilegious cruelty to the nursing-mothers of Dionysus. Homer says that Zeus struck him with blindness and did not suffer him to live long. The name of Protesilaos occurs several times. In the catalogue of the ships his men are said to be yearning for their lost leader, while his wife is left alone, and his bridal chamber unfinished in Phylake. His ship, the first that touched the Trojan shore, is the ship that Hector succeeds in setting fire to. Here, too, the story has grown since it was

told in the Iliad. Protesilaos was by far the first of the Danaans to land at Troy, and he was killed on the shore; but it is not said that this was the fate appointed for the man who should land first, and that the death of Protesilaos was an act of self-devotion.

There are a good many curious legends about the strifes between the gods which evidently belong to a primitive and barbarous age. One of the favourite themes seems to be the casting some one out of heaven. Thus Hephaistos was cast out, and Ate also; and Hera was hung up by her wrists with anvils fastened to her feet. The story of Briareon and how he saved Zeus from a similar fate is another of them, and so is the story of how Sleep once subdued Zeus against his will. Typhoeus and Otus and Ephialtes, the sons of Aloeus, who imprisoned Ares in a brazen vessel for the space of thirteen months, Oceanus, Lapetus, Tethys, and Rhea and Kronos, are all figures taken from legends well-known, and, it would seem, already in some degree antiquated.

But the best story of all, and the one told at greatest length, is the story of Bellerophon. Bellerophon was gifted with beauty and with the love of the gods, and it was he, who being falsely accused to Proitos, was by him commanded to carry to a kinsman of his a tablet on which many deadly things were graven, that so he might be put to death. (This graven tablet is the point in dispute in the question whether Homer knew the use of writing.) Proitos' kinsman, having seen the tablet, first sent Bellerophon against the unconquerable Chimaera, a creature in the fore-part lion and in the hind-part serpent, and in the middle goat. Bellerophon slew her by the help of the gods. Then he slew the Solymi; and after that the Amazons. And then the king of Lykia, Proitos' kinsman, laid an ambush for him, but Bellerophon slew all the men. At last the king, not being able to kill him, married him to his daughter, and gave him half the honour of his realm. But the end of Bellerophon was unhappy. He grew hateful to all the gods, and then he wandered alone about the Aleian plain, devouring his own soul and shunning the ways of men.

There is not space to say any more about the stories in the Iliad. It is time to hasten to a conclusion.

A great many things have necessarily been omitted. To a certain extent this is perhaps matter for regret; at least the more one reads Homer the more one realises the value of the details. Still, the Iliad as a whole is after all the main thing, and perhaps one or two general remarks upon it will be the best way to bring these very incomplete studies to an end.

There is a familiar passage in the 'Inferno' where Dante, starting on his pilgrimage through the world beyond the grave, comes first of all to a peaceful region in which the light shines, though it is within the gate of hell and on the further side of Acheron. This is the place appointed

for those who have lived blameless lives on earth, but can never enter heaven because they want the grace of baptism. Dante sees four mighty shades approaching:

'Lo buon Maestro cominciommi a dire;
"Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
Che vien dinanzi a' tre sì come sire
Quegli è Omero, poeta sovrano . . . ."

'Così vidi adunar la bella scuola
Di quel signor dell' altissimo canto,
Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola.'

The eagle, a type of keen unfettered energy and joy in living; and the sword, the symbol of rule and mighty deeds, are fitting emblems of the genius of Homer. Let us see for a moment what are their counterparts in the Iliad itself.

Aristotle says in the 'Poetics' that all poetry (roughly speaking) is imitation, and by imitation, without going into discussion on a word that has its difficulties, we may take him to mean the reproduction of actions and characters according to the life as far as given means permit. The highest poetry according to the 'Poetics' is that which 'imitates action first and character afterwards.' And here, I think, we are near the secret of the freedom, the eagle-like soaring power of Homer.

His work is first of all 'imitation'—imitation pure and simple. He sets out to tell us about the 'wrath of Achilles.' He has before his mind a very clear picture of what it all was like; it is a picture in itself 'imitated' from what he had actually seen and known among men, and this picture is in its turn faithfully imitated or reproduced. He does it without afterthought; with no aim but the perfection of his 'imitation,' a perfection which can only be secured by the simple and thorough realisation of his story. Here and there his work lacks polish; here and there, from sheer thoroughness and the tenacity and continuity of this realisation, he becomes rough or tedious for a little while; still, on the whole, what is missed in finish is more than compensated for by vigour, freshness, life. Comparing him with Vergil, for instance, we find that in the 'Aeneid,' Vergil's aim was not simply 'imitation'; he had more than anything else in view, to set forth the glory of Rome and to teach wherein that glory consisted; hence he fails where Homer is greatest; his poem has the beauty of order, of great thoughts, of justice and balance, but not the almost overwhelming energy of life that Homer has.

Next (as the emblem of the sword expresses), the Iliad is the imitation of action first and character afterwards. It is not Achilles himself; it is the *wrath* of Achilles and how it sent many strong souls of heroes

down to Hades, and brought innumerable woes on the Achaians, which is the theme of the Iliad. The character of Achilles—which Aristotle takes as an instance of a well-constructed one, faulty, but lofty and worthy of its place in spite of the faults—does strengthen the action and add splendour and significance to it, but in itself it is not the centre of the whole. We may add that Aristotle saw, too, something 'divine' in the genius which instinctively chose an action of the right compass with its own beginning, middle, and end, and did not assume that because Achilles was one man, all the events of his life put together would make one poem. This supremacy and unity of the action is not affected by any of the attempts to split the Iliad up into lays.

Of course, there is something behind all this; of course, both the Iliad and the Odyssey must have been made in an age and by a genius that had no need of rules, nor of elaborately stated principles. One half the secret of their power over us lies in the forgotten history of the time they sprang from, and in the life and strength and freshness of its youth; and as for the other half of the secret, it lies in ourselves, in that eternal youthfulness which never really dies out of the great heart of the world, whatever we may say about age and prose and utilitarianism; but, born again with every new generation, is ready as of old for great deeds and perilous enterprises, and recognises its former self and its ancient doings in the story of the heroes who fought at Troy.

F. Hayllar.

## STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.—VI.

### *Questions.*

SEPTEMBER.

21. Contrast Homer's view of Nature with that of any one later poet.
22. Select any three or four passages from Books XIX.–XXIV. that strike you as particularly beautiful, and comment on them.
23. What does the Iliad tell us about Niobe, Meleager, Lapithae?
24. In what points does Scott resemble Homer?

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In the August number, page 220, line 7, it is said that Zeus, the father of Helen, changed her mother, Leda, into the form of a swan. This should be, "Zeus, her father, wooed her mother, Leda, in the form of a swan, so that Helen, like her brothers, was born from a swan's egg."

There is, I think, no legend that represents Leda herself as changed into a swan.

F. H.

# Church History Society.

*Class List for June.*

*Class I.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Etheldreda | 40 | Ierne / Honeysuckle | 38 | Veritas | 31 |
| Hermione / Water Wagtail | 39 | Gooseberry | 34 | Λαμβδα / Countess | 30 |

*Class II.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fidelia | 29 | Stokes | 26 | Trudel | 20 |
| Laura | 28 | Simple Simon | 23 | | |

*Class III.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Nil Desperandum | 17 | Miss Molly | 16 |

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

21. Luther's early history has been well and fully given, especially by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, Λαμβδα, and *Veritas*. *Water Wagtail:* The thunderstorm seems to have occurred after the death of his friend, though some writers mix up the two. *Gooseberry* and others: The school (not university) to which Luther was sent was Magdeburg first, but Eisenach afterwards. Staupitz was Vicar-General of the *Order*, not of the convent; and it was not he, but an old (generally unnamed) monk who taught Luther that 'the just shall live by faith.' Staupitz was sympathetic also. *Fidelia:* It was the Augustinian Monastery at Erfurt that Luther entered. *Fidelia* says nothing about his doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, which was founded on the extremest teaching of St. Augustin, and from the time of his conversion (especially after his journey to Rome) held a central place in his teaching. *Miss Molly* omits all his mental struggles. *Countess* omits the celebrated visit to Rome. *Trudel:* Luther, at the time of his visit to Rome, had no objection to 'a man forgiving sin,' either in the Confessional, or by Indulgence. Even the Sale of Indulgences did not excite him till it came nearer home. And his Theses were not directed against the practice of Indulgence (only against their sale and abuse); still less were they directed against the Church's ordinary forms of penance; e.g. the seventh Thesis says: 'God never remits any man's guilt, without at the same time subjecting him, humbled in all things, to His Representative, the Priest.' Private Confession and Absolution were retained under the Lutheran system.

22. The history of Indulgences and their gradual abuse are best done by *Etheldreda* and *Hermione*. *Miss Molly:* There was no sale of Indulgences before the Council of Nicæa, nor for more than a thousand years after. Λαμβδα, *Veritas*, and others do not mention the Year of Jubilee. *Fidelia* and *Laura* omit the 'Treasury of the Merits.' *Water Wagtail*, *Honeysuckle*,

&c.: Indulgences had been applied to the souls in Purgatory before Tetzel, notably by Sixtus IV. in 1477. *Trudel* omits this. *Simple Simon* and *Nil Desperandum:* If anyone ever really 'bought a pardon beforehand' it was from individual ignorance or superstition. The Church never sanctioned or taught it. The following points should have been mentioned by all, and have been by most. In early times Indulgences meant the remission of canonical penance in this life, in whole or in part, and they profited those only who came with a right disposition (this latter clause is still the authorised Roman teaching). They were granted by Bishops, not necessarily by the Pope, e.g. there was an inscription in the Temple in London to the effect that Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, 1184, granted sixty days' remission of canonical penance to all who should pray in that Church. Next, *plenary* Indulgence (remission of the temporal pœna of all sins, not of guilt or eternal punishment) was granted to all who went on Crusade or sent a substitute. Gradually all was made easier and vulgarised by Pardoners, till repentance was relaxed and souls murdered. Then Alexander Hales (d. 1245) invented the *Thesaurus Meritorum*, saying rightly that Christ shed all His Precious Blood, when one drop would have cancelled the sin of the world. To this, not seeing the impiety of thus adding the finite to the Infinite, were added the merits of the Saints. The Church could dispense these to the truly penitent. Doctor after Doctor (notably Francis Mayron, himself a Minorite) denied the existence of this Treasury, which became a dogma under Clement VI. (1343). Afterwards (1477) Indulgences were made applicable to souls in Purgatory. The Year of Jubilee (the first in 1300) took the place of the extinct Crusades, and gave plenary Indulgence to all who visited Rome, giving definite alms, probably founded on the Deutero-canonical text, 'Alms doth deliver from death, and shall purge away all sin.' Lastly came the actual sale, in vogue at least a century before Tetzel. We shall see Trent prohibiting the sale (never since attempted) and the Tridentine Divines calling Indulgences of a thousand years 'portents' and 'apocryphal.' One bright ray in the dismal picture is the hymn 'Glory be to Jesus,' which is a translation of the Italian Indulgence Prayer, '*Viva, viva, Gesu*,' sung at the Sale, showing that the poor deluded buyers had after all a thought Whose Blood it is which 'for our pardon cries.'

23. *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Honeysuckle* have best continued the controversy to the end of 1518. Λαμβδα only gives Tetzel's opposition, and omits that of Prierius, whereby the Papal Court, as it were, pronounced against Luther; Hoogstraten's, the decision of the Inquisition; and Eck's, 'the representative of the Schools.' She also leaves out the citation to Rome (August 7, 1518), the hearing before Cajetan at Augsburg (October 12—14), Luther's appeal in November to a General Council, and the Pope's Bull in December, explaining Indulgences. Of these, Eck, the citation, Cajetan, and the appeal should at least have been given. *Miss Molly* confuses Eckhart, a German Mystic and Provincial of Dominicans in 1304, with John Mayr of Eck, or Eckius, opponent of Luther. *Gooseberry* talks of Luther going to Rome to answer for himself, which he never did. And where does *Trudel* find that he escaped into France in 1518? or that the Pope, who only re-asserted the principle of Indulgences, declared it 'lawful to catch Luther and put him to death.'

24. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Ierne* give very good accounts of the Concordat of Bologna. But *Trudel* says Leo X. gained Francis' *consent* to the Pragmatic Sanction 'which made the Pope Head of the Church.' She must mean the Bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., to which he consented. As to the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, which Leo persuaded him *to give up*, it was the act of Charles VIII., in 1438, legalising in France the chief decrees of the Council of Basle.

Fresh subscriptions have been received from *Countess*, *Aspirant*, *Simple Simon*, *Nil Desperandum*, and *Speranza*.

# The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 360.)

## *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

#### DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do thinking people regard the problems of life differently now from what they did, say, sixty years ago, and if so, is the difference a gain?

Chelsea China feels that the wording of the question was dubious, and justifies the remarks of *Sixty-Five*, which neverthless touch skilfully on the problems concerned. Five papers have been sent in. *Leslie* gives her decision in favour of the old. She thinks that people have become much more far-seeing, and able to judge the real issues of the problems; but that this is not a gain, because it makes the present generation age more rapidly than the former one, and forget that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' *Jon* draws a very fair balance, sentiment inclining a little to the old, but admitting an increase of depth and width. *Bath Brick* is very fair and clear, and *Blackbird* very interesting and thoughtful.

It seems to Chelsea China that some of the writers are a little like the judge who did not like hearing the evidence on both sides because it confused him. Moral telephones, telegraphs, and railways do carry the thoughts a long way, and show them much strange scenery. It is no longer possible to think the world all resembles our native village, or that every one shares our own standard of thought or our own possibilities.

The effect of all the varied considerations that come into play seems to make the problems more complex. As, for instance, in 'Magnum Bonum,' the good old-fashioned father thinks it enough to flog the naughty boy because he deserves it, while the modern schoolmaster wishes to consider whether flogging would have a good effect on his character. Or, as it is cleverly put in 'Old Kensington,' 'To fight the devil and all his works is one thing; but to know where the devil is and which are his works is quite another.' Not, be it observed, that right is less right, or wrong, wrong, but that the wheat and the tares are seen to grow so very thickly together and to be so difficult to sort. It does not in the least detract from the glory of goodness to see that it is relative, and that what would be a fall from one standard is really a struggling upwards from another. Or 'Woman is meant for a helpmeet for man.' 'Patient Grisel' obeyed that precept according to her light, but if it is believed that womankind is the complement to mankind to make the perfect whole of humanity, the principle may be exactly the same, but the individual decisions will be much more varied and complex.

MY DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

On reading the question in Debatable Ground I asked myself if I was qualified to answer it. Whether being sixty-five years of age I could really say that sixty years ago I was a 'thinking person.' As I was able to answer truly that the problems of life had occupied my thoughts very considerably sixty years ago, I venture to contribute to the debate a short summary of my views then and now on some of the problems of life.

One of the problems that most exercised me at five years old was, the position of women as compared to men. I did not put it in that form, but a garden scene recurs to me. Two boys hidden in the tall peas eating cherries gathered off the wall and brought to them by a little girl—she was seen and duly whipped; the boys went free, though their part in the affair was known! I pondered in vain the solution of the problem why boys may do what girls may not. I ponder still, why Society ostracises the victim of the man she is not ashamed to admit to her charmed circle? If I solve the problem by reflecting that a woman is easier to crush than a man, that a woman betrayed will be embittered, that an embittered woman is dangerous to the comfort and self-complacency of society, dare I call the cynicism a 'gain'?

Another problem that puzzled me much at five years old was, 'Where does the dust go?' Nurse could not tell me. At five I thought the solution lay in wheeling it to the edge of the world and throwing it over. I often wonder now, when I read some of the current novels—the frothy articles of the day in the newest and frothiest magazine—where does all this dust go? Must it ever be stirred up from one place, one season to another; can *it* never be carried to the edge of the world and tipped over?

There is a pretty image in one of Miss Ingelow's poems (more read some years ago than now) of a little girl whose portrait was painted as she stood among the lilies that 'o'ertipped her much'—

> 'O how far their aspect differs,
> Looking up and looking down.'

The things we looked up to we have learned to look down upon; but some things we looked down upon we have, perhaps, learned to look up to. For *when I was a little girl* five years regarded sixty-five with some considerable reverence, and how to grow old quickly was an anxious problem! Now sixty-five must solve the problem, How to grow young again, how not to lose touch with all the young life around! Sixty-five is grateful to the five-year old who permits embraces and encourages advances. One greets the young life as a fresh explorer going forth with new hope to find the passage to the Fortunate Isles beyond the troubled sea of Life, and gazing on that high courage, we cannot check the longing hope that this voyage may be less a failure than our own has proved; that when this vessel enters port it may be with flags flying and all hands safe, and much treasure stored in the hold. Yes, I think the change of view *here is* a gain, the lives of others have become even more interesting to us than our own. I fear to trespass on your space unduly, but these reminiscences will, perhaps, be pardoned to

SIXTY-FIVE.

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DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

It would be idle to assume that thinking people of sixty years ago did not regard the problems of life seriously enough, but perhaps problems were not so complicated then as now, so I think the first part of the question may be answered by 'Yes,' for excepting, of course, those far-seeing people, or those (of whom there are always some to be found in advance of their time), the majority of thinking people of to-day do seem to consider problems more deeply and to be more aware of their own share and responsibility in the matter. At least, I am sure this is the case with women, probably because they have to face and to be aquainted with problems which our grandmothers

regarded as beyond a woman's province. Also are not social problems in particular regarded differently now than formerly? Surely they are, judging by the movements and efforts that are being made in every direction of this labyrinthine section of the problems of life. Here, again, the part of women is vastly different from what could be contemplated sixty years since. Surely their position is considered for them and by them in a much more extended and liberal spirit than of yore.

As for the difference being a gain, here, again, I think 'Yes.' Perhaps the time to decide has hardly come, and yet we can hardly think but that there is a great gain already, at least from the woman's side, and on certain points in social questions. A gain in the acknowledgment of women's capabilities and the possibilities of their extended usefulness and happiness in varied walks of life. And now so many women have to remain single. In the way in which they are considered in the perplexing problems which specially gather round them, there is surely gain. I don't think our grandmothers and great aunts did regard life from quite the same point of view. For one thing, they certainly did not move about so much, they were more domestic, less public, more 'easy-going,' and more 'comfortable,' perhaps to their belongings; there was more devotion to home life, more attention to the nearest duties, before rushing off to find new spheres of action. Here, perhaps, is something of a loss. But if all women would study the home problems first, there could be no doubt of the gain on the modern side of the question.

Yours faithfully,

BATH BRICK.

(By the way, do you think there are more thinking people nowadays, or is it only that there are more people to think?)

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Yes, I think they view many of them very differently, and that it is only to be expected it should be so. The discovery of evolution has so changed our whole way of looking at the material universe, that it would be almost impossible for a generation that has grown up under its influence to look with quite the same eyes as its grandparents, even on questions which seem to be wholly outside its domain.

To begin with, the writer of one of the 'Monthly Packet' serials remarks in a recent number, that the girls of the present day (and the same remark applies to the boys, and the men and women, too) are accustomed to decide for themselves in many points which used to be regarded as foreclosed. And perhaps that is the essential difference that the sixty years have brought about. Even thoughtful people then regarded a large proportion of the problems of life as having been decided for them, placed beyond the reach of argument and speculation. Thoughtful people now hardly ever *really* feel that of anything, though they may sometimes think they feel it. Consequently many lose both the faith and the moral standard that their predecessors kept as a matter of course; but those who still keep them can hardly fail to hold them more intelligently, and to realise their value more fully. The dividing line between the world and the Church is becoming more plainly marked than it ever has been since the conversion of Europe. It may seem to make the world worse for a time, but I am sure it will in the end be a gain for the Church, and, through her, for the world also.

Secondly, the general view of woman's position has changed. She used to be looked on *only* as the help-meet to man. Now, though no really thinking person can ignore the difference between the two sexes, yet most recognise that she has a right to a full life of her own, that she has a duty to the world at large, as well as to her own family, and that blind obedience to husband or father is not the highest ideal.

Thirdly, social questions have very much changed their aspect. The distinction between class and class used to be looked on as a divine ordinance, whereby—as in the case of parents, clergy, etc.—special advantages were

given to the few to be used for the benefit of others. Now we look on the separation into classes as an unhappy accident, which cannot at present be wholly ignored, but which we should aim at smoothing away as much as possible, till it disappears altogether. These two points I consider as wholly gains.

Next, art of all kinds used to be looked on as a mere recreation for leisure moments, if not as a distraction from the serious work of life; now it is looked on as the most powerful factor in the education of the world. This also, I believe to be a great gain, though not without danger.

Lastly, amusement in the eyes of our grandfathers was a thing to be tolerated only out of consideration to human weakness; now it is considered almost as essential as food and clothing. A gain on the whole, I should say, but one that involves great danger.

There are several other points which might be touched on, but I have no space for any more. BLACKBIRD.

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SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Are clubs and evening classes for working girls desirable in country towns and in the suburbs of London?

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## PRIZE LIST FOR THE HALF YEAR.

*Helen*, with 192 marks, wins the prize of one guinea for the Search Questions. *Rule of Three*, 186; *Old Maid*, 183; *L. Halliday*, 150; *Mumps*, 162; *Gareloch*, 156; *Nemo*, 129; *Feu Follet*, 119, have sent six sets of answers.

IN THE VARIETY SPECIMENS.

*A. C. Shipton, Honora Guest, Cora Langton, Fuzzy-wig, Bluebell, Jon.*

Chelsea China begs *Helen* and *Bluebell* to send addresses, to save time, to Chelsea China, care of Miss C. R. Coleridge, Cheyne, Torquay. She apologises to both, as she has had the addresses; but *Bluebell's* was destroyed in the printing.

All shall be published next month.

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## *SECOND SHELF.*

## VARIETY SPECIMENS.

SEVENTH COMPETITION.

Give poetical quotations containing the names Mary, Isabel, Anne, Alice, Katharine.

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JULY—PRIZE WINNER.

*Cheshire Cat.*—Miss Louisa M. Bourne, Western-sub-Edge, Broadway, Worcestershire.

Chelsea China felt quite overwhelmed when seventy-six long list of poetical quotations containing Christian names appeared. The packets were so big that the competition might have been in serial novels! *Cheshire Cat* is the undoubted prize winner, having reached the incredible total of 799. Of these Chelsea China disqualified devotional hymns addressed to the Blessed Virgin. Her name she has accepted in all lists, where it occurs, as may be said, poetically, but actual addresses might be multiplied to any extent. This reduces *Cheshire Cat* to about 760; but even so, she is far ahead of the others, and her list is extremely various and well chosen. It

is manifestly absolutely impossible to print it, an extra number would be required.

*Incubu*, 434; *Co*, 380; *Mary Morrison*, 352; *Woodpecker*, 323, are the next in order. Next come *Winifred Spurling*, 301; *Leslie*, 210; *Cymra am Byth*, 204; *Tin Tack*, 177, and many others passing the first 100. *Feu Follet's* admirable arrangement of list and authors must be praised, though she only reaches 158.

Chelsea China must apologise for having, when travelling, sent a post-card to say no contractions were allowed. Some one list would have counted higher but for this mistake.

The subject has been very popular. The next shall be of something the same order, but with limitations.

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SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Find *prose* quotations describing *happiness*. Only one from each author. Number not to exceed *twenty-five*, and variety and interest to be considered in awarding the prize.

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## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. Where was a learned foreigner put in the stocks?—Dr. Riccabocca at Hazel Dean, in 'My Novel' (BULWER LYTTON).

2. Who found a gold ring inside a horse?—Gyges the Lydian, who saw a gulf made by an earthquake, and, looking in, saw a hollow brazen horse, inside he beheld a corpse of superhuman size, and from its hand he took a ring, which ring had the power of making its wearer invisible.—PLATO'S *Republic*, Book 2.

3. Who put his hand into the wolf's mouth?—Tyr, son of Odin, put his hand into the mouth of the Wolf Fenris.—*Scandinavian Mythology*.

4. What did Mary convey to Anna?

> 'The Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
> Which Mary to Anna conveyed.'
>
> COWPER.

5. Who threw her betrothal ring in at a window?—Edith of Lorne: '*The Lord of the Isles*,' Canto 5 (SIR WALTER SCOTT).

6. (1) Nectabanus?—Dwarf: '*The Talisman*' (SCOTT). (2) Skovmark?—Dog: '*Sintram*' (FOUQUÉ). (3) Imlac?—Wise man in '*Rasselas*' (JOHNSON). (4) Peter Wilkins?—Hero of '*Tale of Supernatural Adventure*' in the 'Novelists' Magazine,' by ROBERT PULLTON, 1750. (5) Zelica?—Heroine of '*The Veiled Prophet*': '*Lalla Rookh*' (MOORE). (6) Dulcinea?—Heroine of '*Don Quixote*' (CERVANTES).

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CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

*Helen*, 30; *Hexagon*, 17; *Torquay*, 4; *Mumps*, 29; *Judith*, 6; *Sundew*, 27; *Desdemona*, 17; *Aptley Guise*, 29; *Clio*, 29; *Bunny*, 23; *Double Dummies*, 18; *Alice Thornley*, 14; *Feu Follet*, 17; *Francess Bird*, 18; *Cedar*, 18; *Only Herself*, 6; *C. A. B.*, 10; *Wood Sorel*, 19; *Greta*, 22; *Old Maid*, 33; *Rule of Three*, 30; *Laleham*, 30; *H. L.*, 17; *Starling*, 21; *Sandford and Merton*, 29; *Moira*, 27; *Honeylands*, 14; *Swanzey China*, 35; *Sybil*, 17; *Mab*, 20; *N'Oublie*, 15; *Parlet*, 18; *L. Halliday*, 30; *K. Anstey*, 24; *G. Festing*, 36; *The Cousins*, 8; *Sir Percival*, 16; *Lal*, 24; *Hedwig*, 36; *Nemo*, 10; *M. R. A.*, 18; *Gradatim*, 11; *North Wind*, 22; *The Cousins* 18.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Who 'smiled too much'?
2. Who made a filagree basket for her cousin's birthday?
3. What hero was likened to an Italian with white mice?
4. Who had his house burnt once a year?
5. Who ate his dinner at an acute angle?
6. What was the fate of 'Chanticleer'?

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### QUERY.

*Wheatsheaf* would be glad to know if there is a cheap edition of Parkinson's 'Paradisi in sole Paradisus terrestris'; also of Gerarde's 'Herbal,' and the price and Publisher of both; also where she could get 'Basil St. John: an Autumn Story,' a novel published about twenty years ago?

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#### ANSWERS.

*Old-Fashioned's* letter deferred for want of space.

The lines—

'I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die'

are two lines of the second verse of a lovely little hymn by the late Professor Sharp. If *Maud* would like to have the whole poem—it is very short—I shall be happy to copy it for her, if she will send me her address.—E. FERGUSON, Edenholme, Cheltenham.

Who wrote—

'Tears which bedew my Delia's eye
To think a gentle kid must die'?

William Shenstone, in—

THE DYING KID.

A tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must in his prime of life recede.
* * * *
His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

(Copied from 'Casquet of Gems,' F. Warne & Co.).—J. T.

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Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association.—An opportunity is offered to ladies desirous of training as Technical Education Lecturers on Domestic Sanitation and Health. Apply, Mrs. Boulnois, 7, Devonshire Road, Liverpool.

Quotation from 'Lilian,' by Winthrop Mackworth Praed :—

'There was a Dragon in Arthur's time,
When Dragons and Griffins were voted prime.
* * * *
He was a *pretty monster too*,
With a crimson head, and a body blue,
And wings of a warm and delicate hue,
Like the glow of a deep Carnation.'

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The paper on 'How Stories Come' is most interesting, and my heart warms to the writer of the last paragraph, because I am by nature a *story-thinker*. I never remember the time when I had not a story running side by side with my active life; indeed, the story was generally the more active of the two. Mine comes sometimes in a dream, but sometimes as a problem. I wonder if any of the fifteen ever tried this, and with what result. How could the tragedy of *Othello* work itself out in these days—i.e. a most loving husband putting his wife to death to save her from worse, the *wife being absolutely innocent*. Will the story of the Tower of Jhansi occur to any one, I wonder. I could not work that out because it was true, and also because I do not know India; but I tried in the present day only, as some one of the writers says, the story evolved itself quite beyond my control, but would not come right, till suddenly the key to the whole came as if a map had *unrolled* on a wall. Could Chelsea China propose something of this kind for Debatable Ground, not copying Miss Thackeray's exquisite 'Old Friends,' because they take the accidents, but the *moral* questions of old times which remain. I could find no place for Iago.

GRAY SQUIRREL.

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Have I any right to ask, but was Clarence Burnet educated at Winchester?—No, he never had that advantage. His early life may be found in 'Jack o' Lanthorn,' by C. R. Coleridge (A. D. Innes, 3*s.* 6*d.*).

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*Gray Squirrel's* idea has sometimes occurred to Chelsea China, but it is difficult to divest the 'Moral problem' from its accidents. For instance, the moral *problem* in *Othello* would not be what *Gray Squirrel* states, but 'Given a loving husband, deceived into causeless jealousy, what *would* he do nowadays?' A modern man, so unreasonable as Othello, could not be so noble. In 'Beauty and the Beast' it perhaps is,—Ought you to marry a benevolent monster to save your father from ruin, or to break the monster's heart when you are under an obligation to him? It was much nicer when he turned opportunely into a Prince. But if *Gray Squirrel* can state her suggestion in any debatable form, Chelsea China will be glad to adopt it.

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The first of a series of papers on Italian Literature, in connection with the Higher Cambridge Local Examination by Mr. F. J. Snell, will appear in the October number. *See next page.*

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[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

*The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.*]

## 'MONTHLY PACKET' COMPETITIONS, DISCUSSIONS, AND PRIZES.

### I.—ITALIAN LITERATURE.—*October to March.*

In October will commence a series of six papers on Italian Literature, specially prepared for intending Competitors in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. An examination paper will be set with each number, and Class Lists will be issued monthly.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) Competitors must send their answers on the 28th of each month to F. J. Snell, Esq., care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand. (2) The name and address of the Competitor must be written on her MS. each month. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for Class Lists. (3) The first paper must be accompanied by an ENTRANCE FEE of 2*s.* 6*d.* Competitors who desire to have their papers criticised must send an additional criticism fee of 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Prizes.*—Prizes in books to the value of the whole of the entrance fees will be given; but the First Prize will not in any case be less than £3.

[NOTE: Fresh Competitions under similar regulations commence regularly in April and October.]

### II.—CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.—*July to December*, 1892.

A. '*Variety Specimens.*'—A *prize* of 5*s.* is given each month for the best answer to the question set under this heading.

B. '*Who, When, and Where?*'—Questions set monthly. A *prize* of £1 1*s.* is given to the Competitor who gives the largest number of correct answers in the six months.

C. '*Debatable Ground.*'—A question, generally of an ethical or practical character, is started every month. *No prizes.* All readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to take part in these discussions.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) There are no fees for any China Cupboard competition. (2) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to Chelsea China, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (3) Papers must be marked *outside* with their special subject, and must NOT be addressed to the Editors. (5) These competitions are open to all readers of the 'Monthly Packet.' (4) The name and address of the Competitor should be written on every paper. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for the Lists.

### III.—CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

*Subjects for July—December.* July: The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg. August and September: Wolsey and Cranmer. October: Dissolution of Monasteries. November: The 'Ten Articles' and 'Six Articles.' December: Calvin and Zwingle.

# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

*OCTOBER*, 1892.


## MARRIAGE.

I MET an ould creena* I knowed right well
On the top of Carnashee.
'The top o' the mornin'!' says I to her.
'God save ye!' she says to me:
'Och, if it's you,
Tell me true
When are ye goin' to marry?'
'I'm here,' says I, 'to be married to-morrow,
Wid the man to find, an' the money to borrow!'

'As sure as ye're young an' fair,' says she,
'One day ye'll be ugly an' ould.
If ye haven't a husband, who'll care,' says she,
'To call ye in out o' the could?
Left to yourself,
Laid on the shelf,
*Now* is yer time to marry!
'Musha, don't tell me ye'll be married to-morrow,
Wid the man to find, an' the money to borrow!'

* Old woman.

'I may be dead ere I'm ould,' says I,
'For nobody knows their day;
I'll never be fear'd at the could,' says I.
'But I'm fear'd to give up my way.
Good or bad,
Sorry or glad,
'Tis mine no more when I marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,
Wid the man to find, an' the money to borrow.'

The poor ould creena went down the hill,
Shakin' her finger at me.
''Tis on top o' the world ye think yerself still
As sure as on Carnashee!'
But that was the day
Dan MacIlray
Got my promise to marry.
An' here stand I, to be married to-morrow;
The man, he's found—but the money's to borrow!

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## VII.

### ONE WAY OF LOVE.

IF Catherine underwent a little disappointment in being obliged to keep silence when she was dying to tell her friends of her engagement, the few days of delay soon came to an end. Sir Thomas Leslie acted as his son foretold; though he did not show any great delight at the news, he admitted that Frank was old enough to choose for himself. Lady Leslie wrote with more warmth; but the letter which pleased Mrs. Armstrong most came from Harriet. It was full of evidently genuine expressions of satisfaction; and so Mrs. Armstrong said, as she gave it back to Catherine—

'Very prettily turned, my dear. I did not know that you and Miss Leslie had been so friendly.'

'Nor did I, mamma,' said the girl, in an odd voice, twirling the letter between her fingers. She was endeavouring to keep the summer out of her thoughts, but she could not always succeed; and a little jealous thrill went through her when she reflected what it was which had excited Harriet's delight. Poor Mrs. Armstrong, on her part, was trying to accept the situation and her son-in-law cordially. She had to own that scarcely a fault could be found with him; he was courteous to her, and, she believed, was really in love with Catherine. It was true that now and then he affronted her from the ultra-fastidiousness which made one of his charms in Catherine's eyes; and one afternoon, after a visit from two elderly ladies, during which Frank had sat by with so bored an expression as to act like a shower-bath upon the kindly, if rather personal, remarks with which they were primed, Mrs. Armstrong said hastily—

'Catherine, it's very bad manners of Frank to look so glum when he is in my house. If he's displeased, he should learn not to show it.'

Catherine coloured.

'Every one says that Frank's manners are very fine,' she said, a little stiffly.

'Every one isn't always right, then. I don't call it fine manners to turn the cold shoulder upon the poor Miss Rosedews, just because they weren't quite to his taste.'

'But, mamma, you must own they make the most awkward speeches! And old Miss Kitty looks so funny with her claret-coloured quilted Barcelona silk kerchief, trimmed with fur, and her gloves sewed with white!'

'Never mind. What they look like has nothing to do with it; and their speeches are all made out of goodwill. You can let him know what I think!'

'Oh, no, mamma—I couldn't!' She added pleadingly, 'You know, he's made so much of everywhere—and he wouldn't understand.'

But, though Mrs. Armstrong sometimes lost patience and gave vent to her haste, she was too conscious of her own prejudices not to make a brave fight against them, and bite her lips to keep back sharp words. Catherine was as dear to her as an only child could be, and she reproached herself with her want of sympathy. She had never thought it possible that she could fail her child at this crisis of her life, yet everything which related to it cost her an effort, and in spite of herself chafed and irritated her. Very often she went downstairs, resolved to fling herself with greater zest into their plans and hopes; but her resolutions generally ended in failure. For one thing, she told herself that these plans and hopes were not at all what she could understand. Frank Leslie seemed quite content to lounge in the window-seat and watch the line of Catherine's chin or the curve of her eyebrow, which to Mrs. Armstrong's practical mind seemed sheer waste of time; while he did not display any of the haste to be married which she could have understood. It was true that he spoke of a poem on which he was engaged, and, for the convenience of libraries and Greek books of reference, he wished to stay another year at Oxford; but she found herself contemptuous of the love which could be set aside for a poem. It would have been easier for her if she could have talked it over with any one, and discharged some of her displeasure in grum-

bling; as it was, it stiffened her manner, and although Frank appeared loftily unconscious and indifferent, Catherine, who knew every tone of her mother's voice, resented the coldness.

She had her compensations in the stir of wonder which the news of her engagement created among her friends. Frank Leslie's unapproachableness, his good looks, his reputation as a poet, and his position in the county, all served to invest him with a romantic interest; so that Catherine's girl acquaintances, less carried away by her beauty than the men, talked very much as if here were a second King Cophetua descending to his beggar-maid. It was lucky for poor Mrs. Armstrong's temper that this view of the matter had not reached her; but Catherine liked the glory of having captured such a hero, who had shown himself blind to the charms of her pretty rivals.

'Oh, Catherine, weren't you surprised? Weren't you ready to drop? When was it? Was it after the cotillon which I danced with the strange gentleman Mr. Hawker brought up? Is it true that Mr. Leslie walked by the side of your chair all the way home?' asked Fanny Radcliffe, eagerly.

'Yes, quite true,' said Catherine, smiling.

'Well, I'm sure! As I said to Laura, if it had been any one else, one would not have thought half so much of it, but for Mr. Leslie! You must have been flattered!'

'Oh, Catherine will have her head turned now,' said Laura, with a little tartness. 'She's never been averse from compliments!'

'I should like them, too, if I could get them,' Fanny allowed, sighing. 'And that's your ring? Well, it's as pretty a taste as I should have expected of him, and I can't say more. I dare say that Sir Thomas and Lady Leslie will make you a present, too. Upon my word, you'll be quite set up!'

It was in the draper's shop that these remarks were made, under their breath, so that the shopman should not hear, as he measured some satin ribbon on his yard.

'You can take me off another half-yard,' said Laura, aloud; and then, in a whisper: 'But do tell us, my dear, if it's true that the very day of the ball you heard your poor cousin was dead of his wounds?'

Catherine turned very pale. 'Dead! Oh, no! Who could have said anything so cruel? Dead! Poor George! As if I should have gone!'

'Then he wasn't hurt?'

'Oh, yes, he was hurt—he was wounded; we are very uneasy about him—but dead! I wouldn't have been so heartless for the world!'

'I was sure it wasn't true,' said Fanny, soothingly.

'Well, if you'd heard that he was wounded, it wasn't so far from true,' Laura commented, drily. 'But I dare say you wanted to go, and, after all, a cousin isn't very near, unless it's quite a particular one. I'm not blaming you, my dear.'

Catherine had never found it more difficult to speak. Luckily, Fanny came to her rescue.

'Catherine had to think of Mr. Leslie, of course,' she said; 'we all know he only attended the ball to see her. And how lucky it was that your dress suited you so well! You'll keep it by you always, I should think. Have you decided what you shall wear at your wedding?'

'No,' said Catherine, quickly. 'It is settled that we shall not be married for a year, so there's plenty of time for that.'

'And perhaps you'll be forced to go into mourning first,' suggested Laura, not indisposed to cast a shadow over Catherine's prosperity.

'Oh, don't talk of mourning!' said the kinder Fanny. 'Her cousin will get well, and come home to dance at her wedding; and if he has been wounded, 'twill make him so interesting that, unless you take care, he'll cut out Mr. Leslie. What is his name?'

'Wilmot—George Wilmot,' said Catherine, in a low voice. Every word gave her a sharp stab, causing her to feel as if all that had passed between them was known to the world, when it was really nothing but the idle drifting of talk made personal by her own consciousness. It needed her whole self-control to keep the signs of discomposure from Laura's sharp eyes; but fortunately there was a question about a remnant of the satin ribbon, which served to turn attention from herself.

Even after better news came of George, which was not till the heart of January, she could not shake off the burden as she had expected; George's name, modest as it was, was for ever cropping up in unexpected ways. Everything in England—even the dresses of the ladies—was now touched with military ardour; and when it was known that Mrs. Armstrong had a cousin who had been badly wounded, the visitors who came to the house could not leave without mentioning his name and asking for details. Once or twice Catherine, with a little amazement, fancied that

the wounded soldier was more thought of than the poet; at any rate, it was certain that he was a greater hero to Mrs. Armstrong. She wished sometimes that Frank would exert himself a little more to be popular. It was flattering to have his prettily-turned speeches bestowed upon herself, but she wanted other people to be impressed with them as well. And, disguise it as she might, it was not pleasant to feel the homely, kindly amusements she had hitherto enjoyed treated so contemptuously. Not that Frank was ill-natured; he was only intensely bored by the card-parties and the hot suppers at nine o'clock, and he could not understand why it should give offence to the hospitable entertainers to refuse persistently to attend them. Then, if Catherine coaxed him into going, she was pretty certain to repent. Either he sat in a corner and yawned, or his speeches had a satirical tone of superiority about them, which she understood too well, and which kept her hot and anxious throughout the evening. Before her engagement it had all seemed delightful, and she had been as merry as the other girls over the round games; but now there was far more uneasiness than pleasure, and the hours dragged so heavily that she thought the moment of release would never come, yet dreaded seeing Frank spring up, all his face expressive of a vast relief. To be sure, the end was the best. For then, although it was winter, yet, if the night happened to be fine, Mrs. Armstrong preferred walking back to going in a chair; and, as there was generally some one living in their direction to offer her an arm, Frank and Catherine were together under the stars, and he responsive to the changed atmosphere.

It was on one such night in February that their road took them by the Hoe. The mists of the day had cleared away; the moon was shining kindly on the water, and the breathing of the great sea came up as regularly as an infant's. Frank revelled in the delicate beauty, but Catherine could not at once shake off the uncomfortable impressions of the evening.

'What a world!' he exclaimed. 'And to think that we might have been feasting on it here, instead of cooped up in misery all those weary hours!'

'We can't be always looking at the moonlight,' Catherine returned, with a little vexation.

'Why not? Isn't it a hundred times more pleasant than those idiotic games with counters, at which one is expected to be amused? Then the supper! Heavens! what one is invited to eat and drink! Mulled elder wine and a whole cod!'

'I saw no harm in the supper,' said Catherine, feeling a touch of jealousy on behalf of their friends' hospitalities.

'My dearest! But in time I shall get you out of these conventional usages. Don't let us be pestered by their remembrance now, when we might be drawing in the divine darkness of the sky.'

'But, Frank,' she persisted, 'even if you dislike it so much, don't you think you might hide your dislike better? You did look so much as if you despised them all, and it vexes mamma.'

He sighed.

'I'll try. I do try.'

'And you'll not laugh at her friends? She sees the inclination in your eyes even when you don't do it.'

'I'll do what I can, I promise. When you are so lovely, dearest, I am ready to promise you anything!'

'But if some day you shouldn't think me pretty any more? It's not an impossibility.'

'I can't conceive it,' Frank said, seriously. 'I can never think of you as any but the loveliest creature. And your rose-coloured ribbons suited you to perfection to-night; the only consolation that I had among those frumps was in designing a dress for you, of plain Indian muslin over amber satin. It will be charming.'

'Mamma will not give me another dress just yet; there's my green to be worn out.'

'Oh, you can't wear your green again—you can't, indeed! A hateful shade like that only deserves to be consigned to oblivion. To please me, Catherine, promise that I shall never see it again.'

'But that's the second!' cried Catherine in dismay. 'Mamma will be ruined if you take these dislikes to my clothes! I'm never quite sure that something may not be offending you.'

'No, no; your own taste is perfect when it's left to you—of that I'm convinced. But Mrs. Armstrong knows very little about the harmony of colours. When you're my own——'

It was delightful to receive such critical admiration; yet there was a certain strain about it, and although Catherine declared she was the happiest girl in the world, the consciousness that Frank never failed to see a blemish often made her uneasy in his presence. When his eyes rested upon her, she was uncertain that there might not be something awry or amiss attracting his attention; at no period of her young life had she felt so self-conscious or shy. Nor could she find comfort in telling her fears

to her mother; Mrs. Armstrong had no more mercy for what she called foppishness than she had for any touch of affectation. A man, she held, should have worthier subjects of interest than a woman's dress, or the harmony of colours; and when she talked about the soldiers who were fighting across the sea, Catherine could tell by her tone that she was trying to send a shaft through the unconscious Frank.

Still, there was a great deal which the girl found pleasant. Frank went away to Oxford and wrote letters more delicate and charming than she could have conceived possible, and sonnets which, in strictest confidence, she showed to Elizabeth Bloomfield and the Radcliffes, finding them more sympathetic than her mother.

And as the spring came lightly on, the east winds tempered by the soft moisture of the west, Frank travelled down from Oxford, stopping at Highcombe, and coming on in a post-chaise with Sir Thomas and my lady and Harriet.

There had been no communication between the Parsonage and the Armstrongs, except through the occasional letters exchanged by the parson and his cousin. He told her about George, his recovery, and his last wound—across his left temple—but he never again alluded to that love which had betrayed itself in the struggle with death. Catherine was at all times a bad correspondent, and, when her mother suggested she should write to her cousins, was full of excuses. Frank wanted her; or she must write to Frank; or she had nothing to say worth the postage. She never spoke of Highcombe; and when Lady Leslie talked of her coming to see them, there was more reluctance than eagerness in the way she answered. Yet the meeting with her future relations had been very successful. Catherine was so used to charm and to be admired that she would have had no fears a few months before, but the consciousness of Frank's critical scrutiny took away her self-possession, and made her entry as nearly as possible approach awkwardness. She need not have feared. Sir Thomas was both deaf and a fancied invalid, chiefly occupied in doubt whether, with a wet wind blowing in from the south, he was not most imprudent in venturing from home. Lady Leslie—very stout and good-tempered—adored her son, and was glad he should marry; while Harriet's heart told her that the engagement took a rival out of the way. It was she who talked the most, and kissed Catherine with the most heartiness.

'I hope you're flattered, Catherine, by having papa come all this way to call upon you,' she said, in an aside. 'I assure you mamma and I thought we should never succeed in bringing him from home this time of the year. It was only such an occasion could have moved him. And if you had seen all the precautions we took in the post-chaise! I'm telling Catherine, sir, that she must consider your visit a great compliment. You don't like leaving your fireside till the spring is more forward, do you?'

'I'm afraid I made a great mistake,' said Sir Thomas, shaking his head. 'The inn is mighty draughty! My lady and Haryet don't know the meaning of draughts, but I can't stand 'em, I can't stand 'em; and the sooner we get back to the Hall, the better I'm pleased.'

'But not without Catherine, sir? You are going to persuade Catherine to come back with us, mamma, aren't you?'

'That was what you thought, wasn't it, Frank?' assented Lady Leslie, with a questioning look at her son, which Mrs. Armstrong caught and resented unduly, imagining that the invitation was not voluntary, and in no degree realising that Lady Leslie liked to refer all her decisions to him. She answered quickly—

'Catherine is much indebted to you, but I'm not certain that she is ready to leave Plymouth just yet. Perhaps she had better delay until we move to Highcombe for the summer.'

'Oh, she must come to us before that,' broke in Harriet—'she must, indeed; we can't any of us wait so long! What do you say, Catherine? Won't you make a fourth in the carriage, and then Frank shall ride, and help us out if we get stuck in the mud!'

But Catherine caught at her mother's suggestion, and, though she smiled sweetly, she said—

'Thank you very much; I think, as mamma says, I had better put if off until later.'

'Frank, you ought to persuade her.'

'She shall do what she likes,' he said good-naturedly, as Mrs. Armstrong had to own. 'But I don't call it the ardour of a lover,' she added to herself.

Lady Leslie having brought Sir Thomas to Plymouth to please her son, left him to make what arrangements he liked with Catherine; while Harriet, having done her utmost to inspire a little of her own fire, was not sorry to avoid a visit which might have lasted until George Wilmot came home on leave, and awakened his regrets.

'And so now that it's all settled, and we've paid our respects to Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Catherine, I'll make the best of my way back, my lady,' said Sir Thomas, getting up stiffly. 'Prowne's coming to see me this afternoon; I want to consult him about the rheumatism. Prowne's a clever man, ma'am, isn't he? Jackson's a fool. I've never called in Jackson since he had the face to tell me I'd gout. Why, gout never attacked a Leslie yet. I've made it a point to ascertain; and when a man shows such confounded ignorance, it takes away all one's confidence. I hope you don't bring any gout into the family, Miss Catherine?'

## VIII.

### A RIDE.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Armstrong's pride had stepped to the front at the first idea that her daughter's invitation to the Hall was a necessity unwillingly imposed upon Lady Leslie, when the early summer came she was quite ready to take her to Highcombe, and for a few months to occupy the cottage which they had made their home the year before. Catherine's persistent opposition to this step astonished and displeased her.

'In the winter I could understand your dislike to the moor, and your wish for a little gaiety, but now—now! Since you're engaged, you can't care so much for amusement; and since Frank Leslie's home is at Highcombe, what can you find to say against going there?'

Catherine had very little to say, but she made her objection evident.

'Not yet, mamma, not yet, please! When I'm married you'll have plenty of time to live there as much as ever you please; but just this summer—our last summer together,' she pleaded, 'let us stay here. It will be twenty times as nice.'

'You are incomprehensible, my dear,' said Mrs. Armstrong, half-provoked and half-pleased. 'Besides, you'll be obliged to go to the Hall.'

'So I will,' Catherine assured her. 'I'll go for a long visit later on.'

'But your cousins will fancy you don't care to see them; and George—George must be there on leave soon.'

'Well, mamma,' Catherine said coolly, 'perhaps 'twould be better for George if we weren't on the spot.'

There was too much truth in this for Mrs. Armstrong to gainsay it; she felt, indeed, as if there were a covert reproach in the remark, which was more prudent than her own counsel. So Catherine and she stayed on at Plymouth. Frank came and went; the sweet spring days followed each other; and the country sighed for relief that the burden of war was lifted off in one quarter of the world at any rate, though in America matters were not going so well. Frank had never been in a happier mood than in these days full of tender silvery shadows and flashing sunshine; Catherine had never looked lovelier. She had persuaded herself out of the remorse which frightened her while George was ill or fighting. Now that the campaign was well over and he safe in England again, she took refuge behind a shield which she was convinced belonged to conscience, and refused to think of him on the plea that she was Frank's. When she flung a tremulous thought in his direction, it was with an almost petulant insistence that he must have forgotten all about her, and that it had all been but a silly boyish delusion on his part. Mrs. Armstrong, knowing only as much as Catherine had chosen to tell her, hoped also that the pang was past, and wrote with unreserved congratulations to the parson, when she heard that George meant to come down for a week's leave. She would have liked to have asked him to Plymouth; indeed, it went to her heart not to do so; but again it was Catherine, the more prudent Catherine, who withstood her.

'Nonsense!' said her mother, in a vexed tone; 'if it was so little as you say, George will have recovered, and must learn to get used to thinking of you as another man's wife.'

Yet although she said 'Nonsense!' she did not like to go against Catherine's openly expressed wish, and she was not altogether free from uneasiness.

She was relieved by the parson's letters after his son had been with them. They were more frank and unrestrained than they had been for the past six months. It was not that kindness and cordiality had ever failed, but there had seemed to her, whether fanciedly or not, a sort of stiffness in their expression unlike his usual way of writing. This had passed away, if it had ever existed. He wrote freely and proudly of George. How big he was—how brown—what a favourite in the regiment—how much he was held to have distinguished himself for his age! yet how he was the same simple tender-hearted fellow, 'true and upright—thank God!' the parson ended. As for his wounds, there was a

little stiffness in his shoulder, and a scar across his forehead, but nothing worse remained.

'And I should be proud of the scar,' said Mrs. Armstrong, with a tear in her eye.

'Oh, I dare say it makes him a fright; I'm sure he'd no looks to spare before!' said Catherine flippantly.

'Hearts are worth more than looks,' her mother retorted; and the girl didn't dare say more. But after this, and when George had gone back to York, she asked whether it would not be a good time for her to pay her visit to the Hall.

Mrs. Armstrong was often remorseful in those days; she felt as if she were unjust to Frank, and unfair to Catherine, who could not be expected to look at him with her eyes; but when she had time to think, and was not startled into blurting out too bald an opinion, she tried to fall into the girl's wishes, and to forward them even more than might have been the case had her heart been warmer in the matter. So that she said not a word of obstacles, though one or two existed, and she bade her please herself as to the length of her visit, and not think of her. Under any circumstances motherly pride would have made her interest herself over Catherine's clothes, but now she gave them extra attention, and added a new riding-habit, because Catherine had said that she was afraid Frank would not like to ride with her in her old skirt, which was all she possessed. And she was careful to send a servant in the coach, to see her safely to the cross roads, where the carriage was to meet her, though she would not go to the expense of a post-chaise.

Harriet Leslie and her brother were both waiting for her, when the coach clattered up and Catherine stepped out, looking fresh and fair in her great coal-scuttle Oldenburg straw bonnet, of which she was very proud, as it was the latest fashion from London. As they stopped for a moment to watch the coach roll away, did no remembrance strike her of the autumn day, not so long ago, when George stood up to wave his hat, and to send her his last message in mute farewell? She turned pale—so pale that Harriet cried out—

'You're tired after all, Catherine. No wonder, for it is quite a journey. Tell them to drive quickly, Frank; and I'm sure we'd better go straight home, and not stop at the Parsonage, though I half promised Anne I would take her there on the way. What do you say yourself, Catherine?'

'Not to-day, I think,' said Catherine, with a soft resolution which she used at times.

'Certainly not,' agreed Frank, from the corner in which he sat looking at her. 'Harriet's never happy unless she is running in and out of the Parsonage.'

His sister flushed a little, though she excused herself with some spirit.

'I don't think that's quite fair. There's no one else to speak to, when you bury yourself in your books. Catherine, don't let him turn into a bookworm. Mamma's quite unhappy about it, I can tell you. But I dare say now you're come he'll be another creature.'

Catherine had heard of Harriet's intimacy with surprise, for when she left Highcombe there was no particular cordiality between the families, and her cousins had been disposed to complain of the stiffness at the Hall. But there was no stiffness about Harriet now, and she began to wonder whether George's return had anything to do with the change. Against her will her thoughts were forced upon him. Hardly a turn in the road but was somehow connected with the days when they scrambled about the country together. Here, where there was a stile with a great bush of dog-roses hanging from the hedge on one side, he had spent ten minutes and a sixpence in comforting a child who had upset her milk-can in clambering over; there, by the pond, he had rescued a half-drowned dog from the stones of his tormentors; all the remembrances of which she had never thought before now joined hands and came trooping up to confront her. She had no heart to realise the smooth pleasures of her present position, the well-appointed yellow chariot, Frank looking handsome and almost animated in the opposite corner, Harriet's cordiality. But, as they passed within sight of the Parsonage, Harriet leaned eagerly forward.

'There they are!' she cried. 'There's Anne at the window!'

Catherine kissed her hand and waved it, suddenly conscious, with something like terror, of a dimness in her eyes. It was a relief when they had turned the corner and left the house behind; but she did not at once realise what Frank was saying; it was only by an effort that she brought her attention to bear.

'The bay mare has been exercising for you this week past, and Sheldon says there's no doubt but that she'll carry a lady to perfection, for her paces are excellent.'

'And I've not been allowed to get on her,' said Harriet,

laughing, 'because they vow my hand is too heavy. I warn you, Catherine, that, whatever Frank may be as a husband, as a brother he's a tyrant. Don't give way to him.'

'You shall try her to-morrow, Catherine,' went on Frank, disregarding. 'I long to see you on horseback.'

'I hope your habit hasn't such a thing as a wrinkle about it, my dear,' Harriet added mischievously. 'Frank has as keen an eye for a wrinkle as a hawk for his prey.'

Yet, though she teased unmercifully, Harriet's spirits carried her visitor over several alarming moments. Catherine was a little uneasy with Sir Thomas and Lady Leslie, who were scarcely less than strangers, and a little awed by a house larger than those to which she was accustomed; while Frank, with his critical eye, did not help to restore her confidence. But Harriet laughed and chatted with a brightness which she had never shown of old, and which Catherine could only put down as due to some inward happiness connected with George's visit. She listened jealously to hear whether any word was let drop which might afford her the clue, and she would have given a good deal had she dared to question Mary.

It was easier to meet her cousins at the Hall than at the Parsonage, where were inconvenient recollections. Mary and Anne walked over the next morning, when it was raining too hard for Frank to carry out his riding scheme. Catherine could not tell whether it were fancy or not which made her feel as if there were a touch of stiffness, a slight want of cordiality in their first greeting; but if it were so, the impression wore off as the visit went on; and when Harriet carried them off to her own room, they were all as much at ease as ever. Only George's name was not mentioned. Catherine, who dreaded, yet longed to hear it, hoped and feared that Harriet might bring it in; but she did not, though the talk drifted to subjects which made it seem imminent—the peace, the visits of the allied sovereigns, and the gaieties and rejoicings of London. In desperation, at last, she managed to say to Mary—

'So you have had George with you? I hope he has recovered from his wounds.'

'Oh, yes,' returned Mary, quietly; and that was all. It was not much better than nothing, and it made Catherine angry and defiant.

'I heard he had a scar across his face,' she persisted. 'Is it dreadfully disfiguring?'

'Nay; a wound is never disfiguring,' put in Harriet, before his sister could speak. 'I believe all Highcombe was as proud of that scar as if it had been the red ribbon of an order.'

'And I cannot see that it matters for a man whether he's handsome or not,' cried Anne, shooting an indignant glance at Catherine, 'so long as he is well set up. I hope he'll never lose the mark.'

Catherine gave a slight shrug. If the others had understood, they would have seen that it was in defence against her own heart that she caught at anything which might depreciate George in comparison with Frank; but fortunately they only believed that it was pride in Frank and Frank's handsome face which made her lay so much stress upon a personal blemish; and while Harriet privately condemned her bad taste in displaying it to George's relations, the sisters were angry, and the first shade of coolness came back with an added chill. It was a relief to all when Frank's voice was heard calling Catherine, and she ran out of the room.

'She will not very often be her own mistress here,' said Harriet, apologetically. 'Frank is a dreadfully *exigeant* lover.'

'I suppose she is very happy,' said Mary, finding that Anne did not speak. 'I really think she is prettier than ever.'

'A great deal prettier,' returned Harriet, decisively.

Perhaps the best of women is more apt to recognise the charms of her rival after the rival no longer stands in the way. Still, it is certain that Catherine was looking lovely enough to excuse Frank Leslie's complete monopoly of her movements. He liked her to ride with him; and since she could not go to his own den, there was a bay window in the long library, which was almost like a room apart, and where he could read his poems undisturbed. They were very good poems, and had already brought him some reputation, and he had a notion that to look at Catherine served as an inspiration. To hear his praises of her eyes was so sweet that, though she often blushed, it was only now and then that a sort of panic seized her, and she remonstrated.

'Even if you think me pretty now, I shall change, I shall fade,' she warned him. 'Oh, Frank, suppose, when this happens, that all your love should go away?'

'Little you know, my dearest! Because it is a joy to look at you, you fancy that my love is on the surface. It lies much deeper, in the harmony of body and mind, so that when I admire the

one, I am conscious that the other answers to its beauty. There's the charm.'

It was pleasanter to sit in the window and listen to such words than to be at the Parsonage, where, while Mr. Wilmot was uniformly kind, her cousins could not forgive Catherine's indifference in going to the ball when George lay so ill. A barrier had crept between, though, to do Catherine justice, she was as propitiatory as possible, and offered Anne all her newest patterns. At the Hall she was now quite at her ease. Sir Thomas was as different as possible from the fox-hunting squires of the time, and not in the least alarming unless he found himself in a draught; and Lady Leslie was only desirous that all should be as her husband and son liked, and looked upon Catherine as a being created for the express purpose of pleasing Frank. She was very kind to her, though it was not to Catherine Armstrong that she was kind, but to the girl whom Frank Leslie was going to marry. However, Catherine was too young to see the difference, and she took naturally to life at the Hall, enjoying the late dinners, and the men-servants, and the coachman in his three-cornered hat, and the little bits of comparative grandeur.

Riding was the thorn in her lot. She was not at her ease on horseback, and she privately dreaded the bay mare's pranks, although Frank assured her that they were only play. Frank himself loved riding; it was the only out-of-door exercise in which he excelled, and he was very anxious that Catherine should overcome her fears. Her pretty figure showed to advantage in a habit, and she could not be awkward, although she had something of the feeling of a shuttlecock which might be tossed off in an unguarded moment. Harriet, who had ridden ever since she could walk, assured her that her nervousness was only the result of want of practice; and Catherine made heroic daily efforts, secretly relieved when a wet day prevented their going out, and thankful beyond measure to find herself—the ride ended—helped off by Frank at the front door with its pillared porch.

If that was the best, the start was the worst. She always trembled when she looked at Brown Bess, and read a gamesome spirit of mischief in her eye; and she fervently wished that old Squires, the coachman, would manage to let her have her play out beforehand. Once or twice she had ventured to hint at this, but Frank had received it with such blank amazement that she had not dared to press the unheroic suggestion; and Harriet, who

did not understand her fears, believed that she was administering sound comfort when she assured her that a fall was not such a mighty matter, and was sometimes the shortest road to gaining confidence.

So away the two used to ride together, a groom following at a respectful distance, Catherine's heart in her mouth when Brown Bess did but lay back an ear, and many of her answers to Frank so wide of the mark that he must have noticed it if he had not always been content with his own rhapsodies; nor could she take pleasure in the fairness around her, for though the heart of summer was over, the beautiful country, kept green and fresh by the moisture of the air, and by the trickling streams coming down from the moors, had never looked more beautiful. But on one particular afternoon Brown Bess had behaved with such exemplary sobriety that Catherine's fears relaxed a little, and she glanced about her. Frank, however, unluckily called her attention to a wonderful effect of light and gloom over Shaugh Beacon.

'There's a grey for you!' he cried, pointing. 'We call it grey, but in reality there's no word in the language that can describe the colour.'

'Oh, Frank!' cried Catherine, in so startled a tone that it arrested his attention.

'What?'

'That—that is a thunderstorm!'

'All the better,' he agreed, smiling. 'We often get our most beautiful effects here in a thunderstorm.'

'But the horses—the horses will be frightened!'

'Oh, not a bit, not a bit! They know all about it. Just look, Catherine; see the way in which it is sweeping steadily on. It is difficult to connect the old Greek ideas of gloom and fear with anything so soft and so delicate in colouring, except that no doubt they imagined it was Jove speaking in wrath.'

'I think I must be an old Greek,' said Catherine, with a shudder.

'I'm sure I've no objection. You could not be anything more delightful.'

'Frank, pray—pray turn round and go back. It would terrify me out of my wits to be caught in a storm here where there's no sort of shelter.'

He demurred a little, but yielded, though not with the best grace in the world, declaring he wanted to study the effects of shadows on the moor, and that he was certain the cloud would

come to nothing. They were about five miles from home, and although, for once, Catherine would gladly have galloped all the way, he rode leisurely along, quoting lines of poetry about thunderstorms, and vowing that the subject had not inspired all that might have been expected from it. The sky became more menacing, and Catherine's ears, at least, were quick to catch distant mutterings ; but as no formidable peal made itself heard, and they were drawing near Highcombe, her spirits rose with the hope, and she could even take a little interest in her lover's remarks. How it happened neither of them could quite say afterwards—whether it was something white in the road, or a flash of lightning which suddenly crossed their path ; but at one or the other Brown Bess shied so unexpectedly that Catherine lost her seat, was thrown, and, unfortunately, her foot remaining entangled in the stirrup, dragged full thirty paces before her lover's horrified eyes.

He was off his horse in a moment, kneeling by her side, and calling frantically upon her, as the groom rode up and caught his master's horse.

'Catherine, dear love, speak, speak to me! speak to your Frank, for pity's sake! Are you hurt, dearest? Say you're not hurt! Only one word—only one word!'

But poor Frank's entreaties were in vain, for Catherine heard nothing of them, and was lying face downwards on the road, speechless and unconscious. The next moment the parson, white as death, with his wig pushed awry, came running, and lifted her tenderly up.

'Good Heavens!' cried Frank, flinging one horror-struck glance at her face, and covering his own. But the parson was himself again.

'We shall have help enough in a few minutes,' he said, 'for all the village will be alarmed. I suspect, however, that you could fetch the doctor quicker than anyone else, unless you prefer sending the groom. The poor child shall be carried to the Parsonage.'

'The Parsonage!' repeated Frank, staring like a madman. 'Why not the Hall?'

'Because it's so much nearer,' said the parson, soothingly. 'We are close. See, there is the garden wall. I was standing by it when I saw the horse pass. Ah! here come men ; you may safely leave her to us, and bring the doctor as quickly as possible.'

His words were spoken with an authority which made itself

felt on Frank's shaken nerves. He hesitated for a moment, then ran to his horse, leaped on his back, and galloped away without casting a backward look on Catherine.

The parson had been right in foretelling a quick alarm. The riderless horse, rushing through the village, had told its own tale, and was likely to give them a terrible fright at the Hall. Mr. Wilmot sent the groom there to report the actual state of affairs, and had Catherine carried by willing hands to the Parsonage. Anne and Charlotte were out; but Mary had seen something, and no time was lost in preparations. Within ten minutes from the time of her fall, poor Catherine was lying on the bed in the spare room of the Parsonage, while the thunder which she had dreaded rolled and pealed away unheeded.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE RISE OF UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

'The only Better is a Past that lives
On through an added Present.'

WHEN we consider that remarkable educational system of the last twenty years, which we call by the somewhat clumsy name 'University Extension,' we find, perhaps somewhat to our surprise, that it is not an unprecedented movement, but that, in fact, the extension of university teaching has a close parallel in the origin of universities.

It is not very easy to get information about the origin of universities, for they go back to times when war was the paramount interest of life, and men graduated rather in the school of chivalry than of letters, and intellectual movements were not much accounted of by the world at large, and were regarded with more than apathy, with positive suspicion, if they did not stand in most intimate relation to the Church.

And there can be little doubt that universities were called into being by a growing sense of the inadequacy of monastic schools. In what we are fond of vaguely designating as 'the dark ages,' it was the Church and the monastic system which kept the torch of learning alight; but when towards the twelfth century there came an awakening of new life and a stirring of new thoughts, men felt a desire for new methods of study to grapple with new problems; the 'old bottles' could not hold the 'new wine,' and lay teachers arose, who struck out new paths for themselves, and to whom eager learners flocked.

Surely here University Extension has a parallel. The Church in England may claim that long before the State had recognised the duty of providing education for the nation, she had founded a system of elementary teaching, not the least valuable result of which was to stir up a desire for more knowledge. This,

together with the very remarkable progress in scientific knowledge during the last quarter of a century, and the consequent need for new methods of study, has led to a widespread demand for adult education. The Church as a body only provided instruction for children ; the State has as yet done little towards continuation schools, intermediate education, higher education for busy men and women ; but the nation has found a way for itself, and has wisely gone to the old-established universities to provide teachers ; and we seem to see looming in the not distant future a great national democratic university, co-extensive with the British Empire, for there are not wanting similar stirrings of desire in the colonies.

And now, with this future university before our minds, let us try and look more closely at what the old universities were in their first beginnings.

We should, perhaps, be inclined, if asked suddenly to define a university, to say that 'it was a place set apart for study ;' but the old universities had originally no local habitation. Then we might say, 'its members formed a corporation enrolled for purposes of study ;' but for some time after their birth, the old universities were not corporate bodies at all. To our minds the collegiate system is so closely bound up with the idea of a university, that we find it difficult to realise that Oxford, for instance, knew no collegiate system till the middle of the thirteenth century, some years after its official recognition as a university in 1201 ; and that the system was not fully developed till three centuries later. For many a year the buildings where university teaching was given were hired, and the business of the university was often transacted in rooms lent by a neighbouring monastery. So that in reality the fact that our University Extension centres have to hire or borrow their premises does not in any way detract from their claim to a university character, but rather strengthens it.

In truth, then, a university in its origin was nothing but a scholastic guild, a voluntary concourse of learners gathered around a special teacher, chosen by themselves, whom they were free to follow as long as they liked, and equally free to leave at their own pleasure.

Three of the earliest universities are those of Salerno, Bologna, and Paris. Salerno was known as a medical school as early as the ninth century, and at Paris the school of Ste. Geneviève was founded by Charlemagne ; but these two, together with Bologna,

are first traced as established universities in the twelfth century; the earliest documentary mention of Paris is found in two Decretals of Pope Alexander about 1180, and Oxford is first called a university in 1201.

From the first, two differences are noticeable between the Italian and French universities. The former aimed at providing a special professional training, Salerno in medicine, Bologna in Roman Law; but Paris professed to give a liberal education, a complete mental training. And in this respect the English universities followed Paris; it has always been their proud boast that they provide a complete curriculum and do not permit 'specialising' until a foundation of a fairly extensive character has been laid. To this principle University Extension has remained true; for in order to gain from Cambridge the privileges of an 'affiliated' student, and from Oxford the certificate of higher study, it is necessary that a student taking six courses in the 'Arts' group, should also go through two science courses and *vice versâ;* and should, moreover, in the case of Cambridge, have some acquaintance with Latin and one modern language, and some knowledge of mathematics.

Again, as the early spontaneous associations crystallised into recognised corporations, another difference is seen: in Paris the teachers and professors formed the corporation and ruled the scholars; while in Italy the scholars themselves were the corporation, and elected their own teachers. Here again England followed Paris at Oxford and Cambridge; but in our extension centres it is rather the Italian method which prevails, for the subscribers or students are the governing body, and the lecturers are chosen by them.

In the early universities, the first tendency to organisation came from within, and was prompted by need for mutual help and protection, and some authority to whom disputes could be referred. Thus we find associations within the university of 'nations,' and at Oxford there are traces of some such local distinction in the 'south men' and the 'north men.' Here is once again a parallel to the district associations which have recently been formed, to consolidate 'Extension' work, and which have followed geographical lines, as in the South-Eastern, South-Western, and Yorkshire Federations.

As the voluntary associations of students became more numerous, they grew in power and importance, and began to assume certain privileges, which were tacitly conceded long before

they were legally confirmed. One of the earliest recorded privileges is that granted by Frederick I. of Lombardy in 1158 to 'those who undertake journeys in the interests of the Study of Law.' We can hardly help suggesting here as a modern analogy Professor Garnett's scheme for obtaining from the railway companies cheap fares for evening students who undertake journeys in the interests of various kinds of study! Again, in the time of Philip Augustus, government officials, as well as citizens of Paris, were called upon not only to abstain from interference, but to protect and assist members of the university, which was exempted from royal jurisdiction. The same independent spirit and distaste for government control is a prominent feature in 'Extension' work. Much as many of us desire some endowment to confirm our work, and make us more independent of 'popular' tastes, yet we should think such endowment too dearly purchased if it involved government control or hampering conditions.

In the early days of universities there was no public appointment of teachers. In 1279 we find the students at an Italian university making a private arrangement with a teacher to teach the 'Digestum Novum,' who was to receive in return three hundred lire from the students. But in the following year, when a similar arrangement was made with another teacher, it is no longer the students who pay, but the city, at the request of the students. And ten years later a permanent arrangement was made by which the city paid the money to the scholars, and left the choice of the teacher to them. This is surely exactly what we should like to obtain from our Town Councils—money from the Technical Education Grant, with freedom of choice as to the teacher.

In the middle ages municipal corporations seem to have been most enlightened bodies, and eager to promote education. Corpus Christi College at Cambridge was built by the liberality of a guild of townsmen; and we read that in Germany, in the fifteenth century, a university was founded at Greifswald, a small unimportant town, by the mayor, who, having himself graduated as Master of Arts at a neighbouring university, was desirous of bringing the same privileges within reach of his fellow-citizens, in which endeavour 'he was cordially seconded by the City Council.' We are glad to remember that this also can be paralleled in modern days; witness the grand legacy of Mr. Firth to Sheffield, where the Firth College grew directly out of 'Extension' work, as was also the case with University College, Nottingham—examples which we hope to see followed by other

rich citizens in some of the smaller towns, where perhaps there is still greater need of something to lift them out of provincial stagnation.

It is a curious fact that in Germany the rulers seem from early times to have recognised as clearly as in modern days the duty of the State towards education. At the Diet of Worms in 1495 the assembled princes determined each to found or develop a university in their own dominions; and two Brandenburg princes, discussing 'why truly learned men are so rare in Germany,' make a statement which is a striking anticipation of the spirit which called University Extension into being:—

'It is too costly a matter,' they say, 'for the humbler class of people to give themselves up to study; and, on the other hand, the richer complain that it is not possible to find good teachers in Germany; and when on that account they are forced to go to Italy, they are compelled, by the sense of strangeness and the unhealthiness of the climate (oh the patriotic Teutons!), to return before their studies are finished. Rich and poor, therefore, have repeatedly and earnestly besought us to provide them with less costly and perilous means to refresh both heart and mind with fruitful knowledge.'

Members of the mediæval universities did not all stand in equally close relations to their *alma mater*. As we have scholars resident in the colleges, unattached students, and, lately at Cambridge, 'students affiliated' to the university, so there were members who enjoyed the full rights of citizenship, others who had partial claims to such privileges, and others, again, who were 'under the protection of the university' (Schützverwandte). Those craftsmen who worked exclusively for the schools as illuminators, copyists, or bookbinders, and also the servants of the scholars, were all subject to the Rector, and owed obedience to the statutes as recognised members of the university body.

In the sixteenth century we find a quaint foreshadowing of one part of the Oxford summer meeting, where not only the mental food but even the amusements of the students are considered. At one of the Italian universities we read of a special enactment levying a tax on Jews, lawyers, and artists, to provide a great feast for the students!

It is often remarked that, among 'Extension' audiences, a large number of the men are in middle life, and that a very large proportion of the attendants are women. We find it especially noticed that, in the early days of universities, many of the

students were not boys or youths, but men of mature years; and we also notice that not only did women attend the universities, but in some cases, as at Bologna, they were admitted to its honours and privileges; so that Madonna Manzolina even lectured on anatomy, and Novella d'Andrea gave lectures on jurisprudence, though the latter lady was considerate enough to draw a curtain between herself and her audience!

But closest of all analogies between the beginnings and the latest modern development of universities, is the various conditions in life of the students. Might not these words, *mutatis mutandis*, almost describe an 'Extension' audience?—

'All the great universities of the Middle Ages were far more popular in character, not recruited from any social class . . . By patience and industry the son of the small trader, of the artisan, or of the mere villein, could in due course of time obtain a degree putting him on almost equal terms with sons of knights and gentlemen.'

Even private servants sometimes applied themselves to study at Oxford. We may cap this with a quite common occurrence at 'Extension' Lectures, of the sons and daughters of a leading tradesman studying side by side with the assistants in the shop; and of mistress and servant going in for the same examination, with the pleasant result of providing a constant topic of mutual interest. In a particular instance before my mind, I am assured by the mistress that the servant has on no occasion neglected her work, but has devoted the leisure time which all servants have, and ought to have, to steady reading rather than to the study of a 'Penny Dreadful' or the last murder.

It is surely not without interest to find that what was at first regarded by many as a dangerous innovation, subversive of all social order, is in reality only a return to old and tried paths, and a carrying out of the ideals of the ancient founders of our universities, according to the beautiful thought of the endowment deed of Clare College, Cambridge, expressed with quaint confusion of metaphors: 'To the end that knowledge, a pearl of great price, when they have found it, and made it their own by instruction and study in the aforesaid university, may not be hidden under a bushel, but be spread abroad beyond the university, and thereby give light to them that walk in the dark by-ways of ignorance.'

JESSIE DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY.

# MASTER BARTLEMY.

BY FRANCES E. CROMPTON, AUTHOR OF 'FRIDAY'S CHILD.'

## VIII.

IT was a hard winter, the hardest even in the memory of Grandfy Purcell, the oldest inhabitant of Forest Morton parish. The frost had set in before Christmas, and, though the new year had long since come, it still bit the harder in defiance of all old saws.

The world and the weather both wore gloomy faces for Miss Nancy. Aunt Norreys had gone to pay a solemn visit 'to the Lester Norreyses, my dear,' and had insisted upon the reluctant Squire going also. A regency had been formed at the Hall, with Mrs. Plummett at the head of the household, Trimmer being always at the head of the brown parlour; and Miss Nancy had been put upon her honour as regarded her behaviour.

She looked upon this separation from Daddy in a very serious light, and since his departure she had conducted herself in a correspondingly serious manner; but life must be lived even after partings, and Miss Nancy had never forgotten that her behaviour was to be based on the grounds of honour. But the days passed very slowly, and Trimmer did not feel sure that she did not flag more as time went on instead of less.

It was indeed a hard winter. All the afternoon, from the window of the brown parlour, Miss Nancy had watched the snow falling, until there was a white mantle over the Hall fields and a deep drift blown under the elm-trees. The rooks with melancholy cawings had early retired to rest, before the red sun had set, and the moon had risen over the hawthorn copse. At which point Trimmer had insisted on the curtains being drawn, and Miss Nancy coming to tea.

Miss Nancy and Trimmer sat at tea, one at each end of the spindle-legged table with round leaves, Trimmer mellowing over

her second cup of tea, and Miss Nancy plodding through her bread-and-butter with, perhaps, more conscientiousness than enjoyment—very good, as she had been throughout the regency, but also very quiet.

'Why, Miss Nancy, you have not finished your tea yet!' said Trimmer, looking up at last.

'I think I do not want this tea much,' said Miss Nancy, laying down a horned moon of bread-and-butter. 'I feel very sorrowful with dear Daddy being away.'

'Well, he will soon be home now. Finish your tea, Miss Nancy.'

Miss Nancy picked up her crescent sadly, regarded it with but small interest, and took a slow bite.

'And make haste,' said Trimmer; 'see what a long time you have been.'

'I think I do not want it at all, Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy, laying it down again.

'Oh, the idea!' said Trimmer, simulating an incredulous astonishment; Miss Nancy's appetite being a small thing at the best, and a diminution of it a point to be elaborately ignored. 'Miss Nancy, eat it up directly.'

Thus adjured, Miss Nancy at last disposed of it, and, grace having been said, Trimmer betook herself to her knitting and Miss Nancy to that one of the stern wooden chairs which seemed the most yielding, and established herself at the spindle-legged table with 'Original Tales, of a Moral Tendency, for Young Ladies and Gentlemen.'

The firelight lit up the formal old room, and cast a friendly glance upon the brown walls, and touched the polished chairs here and there, and warmed the brass balls of the clock into a sober glow. The clock wheezed and the fire crackled, the grey cat snored on the hearth and the wind moaned in the elms outside, but Miss Nancy was very still. In point of fact, when Trimmer looked at her, her head was laid down on the tales of moral tendency, and her eyes were closed.

'Miss Nancy, what are you doing to fall asleep over your reading?' said Trimmer. 'Bed is the place for going to sleep.'

'I want to go to sleep here—just here,' said Miss Nancy, with feeble dignity, her eyes opening and closing again.

'Oh, but that is quite impossible!' said Trimmer, briskly. 'You will have a headache, Miss Nancy, so sit up.'

Miss Nancy raised her head and rested it on her hand. The firelight fell on her face, and Trimmer looked at it over her knitting.

'Miss Nancy,' she said, presently, laying down her work, 'do you think you would like to go to bed?'

Miss Nancy nodded wearily.

'Because you may if you like,' said Trimmer, without a sign of surprise at Miss Nancy's ready assent; 'you may come with me now.'

'Yes,' said Miss Nancy, but did not move.

So Trimmer carried her. Miss Nancy made no resistance; her head fell down on Trimmer's shoulder as if it were so heavy that she could hold it up no longer. Nor could she hold it up even while she was being undressed; it seemed to her as if she fell asleep three distinct times, and had three distinct, long sleeps during that operation. But she was put to bed at last, and tucked in, and Trimmer sat down behind the curtain, with a candle and her knitting, just as if, Miss Nancy thought, she were having a sore throat.

And then she fell asleep and slept very heavily, and when she woke it was very early in the morning, and she was having a sore throat in good earnest.

'Trimmer, it is sore, very, very sore,' she whispered.

'Yes, Miss Nancy, I thought it might be going to be,' said Trimmer, from the hearth; and it did not then occur to Miss Nancy to wonder what she was doing there at that time of day, or rather night.

'I never felt it like this before. Oh, Trimmer, do you think it will be worse?'

'Don't talk, Miss Nancy, and I will get you something to drink.'

'But oh, Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy, clasping her hot fingers, 'suppose it should grow worse and worse while Daddy is away.'

'I think it will be all right, Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, steadily. 'I am seeing after you; and your papa and your Aunt Norreys will be coming home in a few days.'

Then, after an hour or two, when it was still quite early in the morning, the old doctor came from St. Edmund's to look at Miss Nancy; and she wondered confusedly if he had come just, as it were, by chance, or whether Trimmer had sent for him, in which case Miss Nancy believed that she must be quite ill.

After he was gone she lay and tossed from side to side, and fell asleep again, and dozed fitfully all day, and between the dozes started up with her eyes bright and her hands burning.

'Never mind it, Miss Nancy, my dear,' said Trimmer, sitting always by the bed, as if she had never moved away. 'It is only a bad dream you have been having.'

'I have been so afraid!' said Miss Nancy, hoarsely. 'Oh, Trimmer, has Daddy come home?'

'Not yet, Miss Nancy; I am expecting him soon,' said Trimmer, with as much composure as if she and Mrs. Plummett had not sent an urgent message to the Squire and Aunt Norreys as soon as the doctor had been.

'I wish he would come!' gasped Miss Nancy.

'And, oh, my dear, so do I!' thought Trimmer.

Miss Nancy dozed again, and gradually evening drew on; she believed that the doctor came then, but she did not feel sure of it. She also believed that he came again some time after she had watched the first pale streaks of the grey morning appearing behind the elms, after that long, unquiet, fevered night; but she could not feel sure of that either, for her mind was in a very hazy condition. The morning dragged itself by, and Miss Nancy lay and slept, and moaned a little in her sleep; and before noon Trimmer and Mrs. Plummett had despatched a second messenger, for by this time they had come to such a frame of mind that they would almost have forfeited everything they had in the world to have the Squire and Aunt Norreys at home.

But Miss Nancy lay and knew nothing of all this uneasiness on her behalf. She asked for Daddy many times, in a hoarse, gasping whisper; Trimmer always told her that he was coming. But the afternoon passed, and the evening fell, and darkness came; and it was not until far into the night that Mrs. Plummett, straining her ears miserably at the head of the stairs, burst into tears of thankfulness as Bailey, stiff with waiting, opened the door to see lights twinkling through the bare thorn-trees as the carriage dashed up the drive. But this haste made no difference at all to Miss Nancy, for when the Squire and Aunt Norreys came she did not know them.

For Miss Nancy was having dreams—a great many of them. It seemed to her to be one long night, the longest she had ever known. Sometimes she thought she was awake and was very ill; but this was a fancy that came and went. The world

floated hither and thither, and left Miss Nancy drifting forlornly by herself; but one thing always remained, and that was a sore throat. How long it was dark round her bed she did not know, but she dreamed some very curious things. She dreamed not only about the old doctor from St. Edmund's, but about the other doctor from Carchester, and then about a gentleman whom she did not know.

She dreamed fitfully about the old friends, when her sleep was not so deep that she was unconscious of anything. Trimmer seemed to be always there, and her face was quite white, all but a line under her eyes, and that was purple, and Miss Nancy dimly wondered at it, not knowing that the nursing of little Miss Throgmorton would be told in honour of Trimmer the stern as long as she lived. She dreamed of Aunt Norreys being by the bed; and once, when she sat there, Miss Nancy was almost sure that she was crying, and she wondered at that too, not knowing that the great London doctor believed that little Miss Throgmorton was dying.

Daddy was often, often there, standing at the foot of the bed, silently, with mournful eyes; and this was the most troubled dream of all. And when he was not there he was sitting, though Miss Nancy did not know it, in his justice-room downstairs, silent and alone, hour after hour, except when the Rector came to be with him.

Nor did Miss Nancy know that in those hours of her night when the great London doctor believed that she was dying, the Squire and the Rector sat side by side in the room below, looking dumbly at a pitiful scrawl on the table before them, written on a leaf of a copybook, and folded across, and found tidily laid by in the cupboard of the brown parlour. For this was poor little Miss Nancy's will, in which (struggling with infinite difficulties of spelling and penmanship) she had endeavoured to make a disposition of all that she had, as men do before they die.

And so she had devised the best thing she had got to dear Daddy, 'because of loving him most;' and keepsakes to Aunt Norreys, and the Rector, and Trimmer, and Mrs. Plummett, and all the servants. And Miss Nancy wished extremely much that she had some goods that might have been devised unto God's poor for ever, but was 'afrade' that she had not got anything. For she had not even got what she wanted to have most of all; but she was trying to have it, and would go on trying more and

more, until at last she would be able, even in the things that were hard, to have the Thankful Heart.

And the Rector and the Squire sat silent for a long, long time, until the Rector rested his face upon his hands and said, in a low voice—

'Open our eyes, O Lord, that we may see. Not alone in our joys—even in the things that are hard, give unto us also that Thankful Heart.' . . .

But upstairs the long night went on, and the dreams, too, went on and on, until at last there came one quite different from all the others.

It was a dream of a half-open window, of clouds fleeting over the blue sky, of a soft spring wind, of a sound of lambs bleating faintly on the uplands, of the rooks cawing to each other, of the buds on the elm-tree tops, of a world that was new.

And with that Miss Nancy awoke; and, perceiving that her dreams were over, naturally concluded that the long night was also over, and the morning was come, and, looking round with a faint, strange interest, she said feebly, but quite clearly, and with excessive politeness, 'Good-morning, Trimmer!'

'Good-morning, Miss Nancy!' replied Trimmer, soberly, it being four o'clock in the afternoon; but, quite unaware of any discrepancy, Miss Nancy acknowledged the response with a smile of weak affability, on which poor Trimmer the stern, who had hitherto refused to permit herself to give way for one single moment, went quietly out to call Aunt Norreys, and, retiring to Mrs. Plummett's room, sat down on the nearest chair and went into hysterics.

But Miss Nancy presently fell asleep in much tranquillity, and slept very soundly for a long time; and by-and-by she had the most singular dream of all.

For she dreamed that the Squire was in the room; and he was kneeling at the foot of the bed, as if he were saying his prayers, which was surely a very curious thing to fancy in her room. In her dream the door was a little open, and there came a footstep falling softly down the passage, and suddenly the Rector was standing outside the door. And then dear Daddy rose to his feet and looked at the Rector, and the Rector tried to speak and could say nothing; and so dear Daddy spoke.

'John Throgmorton desires to give thanks for great mercies vouchsafed to him.' . . .

And so Miss Nancy's waking dream passed into a sleeping,

and she thought she was in church, and the Rector was praying, and every one was giving thanks with him. And behold, Master Bartlemy was kneeling under the sunny window, with his hands crossed on his breast and his face looking upward; and he prayed, and Miss Nancy heard him.

'And we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

## IX.

MISS NANCY was convalescent. To be sure, she did not quite recover after a few days, as in the old manner of having a sore throat; for she had been so ill on this occasion that it had been confidently believed that she would never have a sore throat again, or, indeed, pain of any sort whatsoever. She was nursed for a long time; but, thinking of what might have been, her friends did not seem to mind the nursing, as she feared now and then they must do.

Miss Nancy was herself much affected by everybody's love and care; she could never have supposed that there were so many people to think of her, especially when she put her own qualities under a rigorous examination, and fully acknowledged that she was not as beautiful as Mother, not as much to be loved as dear Daddy, not as saintly in life as the Rector, not as perfect in manners as Aunt Norreys, not as tidy as Trimmer.

But now Miss Nancy was more than convalescent; she was to be considered quite well again. It was a soft, warm day in spring, and Miss Nancy was about to enjoy the air, indeed, to take her first walk beyond the garden. Trimmer had dressed her quite gently; she had not once reproachfully accused her of having grown—and yet, during her illness, Miss Nancy undoubtedly had done so—and she had not even told her to mind her behaviour. Miss Nancy thought of it afterwards, perceiving an opportunity for taking a little license if she chose, but continued to mind her behaviour all the same, because it did not seem quite honourable to do otherwise when Trimmer had only forgotten to mention it. For this was a very great occasion, one

of the greatest in Miss Nancy's life. She was nine years old to-day, and she was to accompany the Squire and the Rector on a most solemn and important walk, according to a special request, preferred by her on the excellent grounds of her birthday, and granted on the spot.

They went slowly through the Hall fields, Miss Nancy between her two tall companions, with one thin little hand in the Squire's big palm, and the other full of primroses that the Rector plucked from amongst the grass, and gave to her for a birthday nosegay.

So they went through the churchyard, up the forgotten little lane, and along the pathway in the buttercup meadow to the courtyard of the Thankful Heart. The pigeons fluttered and strutted in the sun, and the water rippled in the basin as of old; but Miss Nancy stood and looked up at the words cut in the oak beam over the doorway.

'In the Yeare of Our Lorde

. . . .

Given unto God's Poore for ever,
in Token of the Thankful Heart.
Amen.'

And beneath, another hand had carved new words:

'In the Year of Our Lord

. . . .

John Throgmorton endowed again this House,
by the Blessing of God, and the Light of a Bright Example,
in Token of the Thankful Heart. Amen.'

And behold, God's poor were come to their own again, and sat on the benches in the sunlight, and took their rest in the peace of the Thankful Heart. And the shepherd's wife, installed in the great kitchen, stood in the doorway, with the children about her. There was Grandfy Purcell, the oldest inhabitant of Forest Morton parish, so old that he had, as he said, 'lost count of himself.' There was his neighbour, piping his still cheerful note in its shaking treble, 'It's old Sam-u-el, and he's very much obliged to you,' while his head nodded, and his withered hands shook in rivalry. There was Jonathan, with his dull strain, 'I don't hear you; I be stone deaf, I be.' There was old Betty, who had outlived her home, her children, and all that she had, and only cared now to gradually sleep herself away, and so sat

sleeping on, until she should be rested and ready to wake at the last. There was witless Mary, who was sixty years old, and yet was treated like a child of six, on account of being 'quite simple,' and yet was not unhappy, because she had never passed beyond the days of her childhood, and in this life never would. There was poor ailing Hannah, who was bowed almost double with rheumatism, and would be straight no more again until, like the lame man of old, she found herself outside the Beautiful Gate. But, until that hour should come, she sat and took her rest, with the others of God's poor, in the peace of the Thankful Heart.

'And may we stay at the church a moment?' asked Miss Nancy, as she went homeward through the meadow, between the Squire and the Rector. 'Because I have been thinking of Master Bartlemy a good deal to-day, and I should like to give him some of my primroses, if I might; for I am so very glad about the Thankful Heart. I think I feel like he used to do—full of happiness and thankfulness. Do you, Daddy?'

The Squire did not speak, perhaps he could not; he held Miss Nancy's hand more closely.

'My little maid, we all have thankful hearts this day,' said the Rector; and there were, though Miss Nancy did not see them, tears in his eyes.

They came to the wicket in the churchyard wall. The birds flew out at their approach, and chattered what was perhaps a welcome to little Miss Nancy; and they went into the low, green porch, and through the dark church to Master Bartlemy's window. The sweet winds from the uplands stole in through the open lattice, and it might have been the spirit of Spring bringing Master Bartlemy a message from the old forest, for he lay and smiled in his sleep,

And so Miss Nancy was lifted up with her primroses, and left them lying upon Master Bartlemy's bosom—with the sunshine upon him and upon his noble handiwork round about him; the twelve Apostle panels upon the walls, wrought so long ago and still sound and true as English oak was wont to be, and beautiful with the reverent labour of those cunning artist fingers.

Upon each panel the figure of a holy Apostle, and round about him the fret of leaves and flowers, as it were for beauty; and beneath each panel the border of the garbs of a long life, for service; and above, the angel, for praise; and in his hand the palm, for victory; and, humbly wrought in a hidden corner, the

sign of Master Bartlemy's own hand—the heart, as it were for thanksgiving.

Miss Nancy stood with the Squire and the Rector at the door, lingering and looking back.

'I was thinking that if people have forgotten that Master Bartlemy gave the Thankful Heart they would forget that dear Daddy endowed it again, and I was sorry; but, when I look at Master Bartlemy, I feel,' said Miss Nancy, 'I feel as if it would not matter.'

'No, it will not,' said the Rector; 'for the tablet that I think of will keep for ever the memory of this John Throgmorton, who, by the blessing of God and the light of a bright example, endowed again the house of the Thankful Heart for the service of God's poor for ever.'

'Who, by the blessing of God and the light of a bright example,' repeated Miss Nancy, lovingly. 'It means dear Master Bartlemy, doesn't it?'

'Not Master Bartlemy alone, my little maid,' said the Rector; 'not Master Bartlemy alone.'

'The light of all the good people who ever lived?' asked Miss Nancy, wistfully. 'Do they all leave a light?'

'There never yet was such a light lost,' said the Rector. 'After so many years—Lord, how wonderful!'

'The sun shines so beautifully about Master Bartlemy now,' whispered Miss Nancy. 'Don't you think it might be like his light shining before men?'

'I think it might, my little maid,' said the Rector. 'Shining before men to the glory of God. And if so clearly here upon this earth, how much more, O God, in Thy Heaven!'

And Miss Nancy looked out, beyond the churchyard trees, at the blue of the spring sky and the soft grey of the rolling uplands that had once been Morton Forest, and, beneath the green of the hanging birchwood, the gables of the Thankful Heart; where, in the courtyard, the pigeons came down, and fluttered and strutted for the very joy of life, and the water rippled 'Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks!' And God's poor sat out in the sunlight, waiting awhile, until friend Death should come to ease them of the burden of dulling poverty and long years in the quiet harbour of the Thankful Heart.

And Miss Nancy looked within again, upon Master Bartlemy, where he lay upon his tomb, and smiled, as one might smile whose name has passed into a better keeping than this of ours.

Oh, thou gentle, God-fearing old craftsman, surely not forgotten, seeing thou wert gone to the place where good men go when they die, to the place where the memory of them abides, and there is no forgetting. Oh, Master Bartlemy, lying there in ruff and gown, with delicate, artist hands crossed peacefully on thy breast, with thy sweet, refined face at rest, and lips parted as if to give thanks now and for ever—well, well, was it with thee, having brought thy steadfast life to a good ending—the steadfast life which faithfully serves its generation, and the good ending which leaves behind a light to shine before men to the everlasting glory of God.

(*The End.*)

# REFLECTED LIGHTS.

BY ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

## V.—A VENTURE OF FAITH.

IT seems impossible to write on any subject this month but that of the great event whose 400th anniversary is being celebrated this year. The month of October, four hundred years ago, was the month in which what, for practical purposes, may be called America, was discovered. Think of the suspense of those ten days early in the October of 1492—those last days of mutiny and ill-feeling, when it required all Columbus' power over himself and over others not to turn back from the all but accomplished quest! Think how low his hope had sunk, how weary and depressed his spirits must have been, during that last night or two of anxious watching! It may be doubted if there be anywhere in the whole of history a more remarkable instance of the importance sometimes assumed by trifles, than the part played in the narrative by that carved staff which came floating towards the disheartened Spaniards on the hitherto untraversed waters; those birds whose presence seemed to betoken land; or by that wandering spark of fire which was the first absolutely certain indication of the nearness of human inhabitants, and greeted the Admiral as he sat watching on the night of Thursday, October 11th, 1492, on his high station on the poop. How affecting is the whole narrative! The singing of the *Salve Regina*,* the vesper hymn used nightly on the Admiral's ship;

* Readers of Dante will think of the 7th canto of the *Purgatorio*, where, at the decline of day,

> '*Salve Regina* in sul verde e in su' fiori
> Quindi seder cantando anime vidi.'

The picture of that secluded, flowery, and fragrant vale may have been familiar to the mind of Dante's great fellow-countryman, who had a highly poetical vein and the keenest sense of natural beauty, as his descriptions of 'the Indies' show.

the stirring and encouraging address given by him to his men before they retired to rest; and then this lonely watch of his, and the unutterable feelings of that moment when he first beheld the light; his calling to Pedro Gutierrez, and then to Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, to make sure his eyes were not deceiving him; the fitful coming and going of the light as if borne in the hand of some fisherman or pedestrian; and at last, at two in the morning, the gun from the *Pinta*, giving the joyful signal of land! It is difficult to keep the tears out of one's eyes when reading such a narrative.

We cannot, however often we may have heard the story, help thrilling all over at the contrast between the careless indifference with which that spark was kindled and carried about, and the momentous effect it, and other tokens equally slight, had in raising up the fast sinking spirits on board those crazy caravels. Who knows, had it not been for trifles like these, whether Columbus would ever have been able to induce his men to hold on for those few additional hours on which the fate of unborn generations may be said to have depended?

Much is being written just now about the life and character of Columbus. It is a life full of dramatic situations, from the touching story of his visit to the convent of La Rabida, with his tired and hungry child, whom Fray Juan Perez so hospitably cared for (a visit which may possibly have led eventually to the introduction of Columbus to the Court of Spain), to the still more affecting close of the great navigator's life, when, after having given a new world to Castile and Leon, he found himself in his old age homeless in his adopted country, and saying,* 'At the present moment, after twenty years of service, I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn, and for the most times have not wherewithal to pay my bill.'

But, alas! like many other human lives, it is not rounded off with any dramatic poetical justice. After the brilliant climax of the discovery of America comes a long, dreary, dragging narrative of disappointment, injustice, and vexation. Columbus and Isabella are noble characters, but nothing can be more ignoble than the greed and cruelty and discord which showed themselves among the early Spanish settlers; the incredible insolence of Bobadilla; the cruel and sanguinary misgovernment of Ovando; and last, but not least, the cold ingratitude of King Ferdinand.

* In a letter to his son Diego, about two years before his death.

Columbus dies at last, broken down and almost broken-hearted. He has had two ideals before him; one has partially been realised; the 'Indies' have been found, though a long way off from Prester John; but the realisation has been almost sadder than disappointment would have been. The serpent has soon shown himself in that delicious Eden of primal naked innocence; blood has been shed in exchange for gold; so-called Christianity has proved itself most unchristian; baptism has become with a bitter irony only a form of tyrannical bigotry; and the sacred and tender associations of the Cross have lent themselves to cruelties which the 'Holy Saviour,' after Whom Columbus beautifully named his first-discovered island, would have rebuked with all the sternness which outraged love can display.

But Columbus had another unrealised ideal which was constantly present to his mind, and remembered in his last will and testament—the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. In the interval between his third and fourth voyage he prepared an elaborate manuscript, in which he set forth the passages in Holy Scripture and the Fathers which, as he considered, bore on the discovery of the New World, the conversion of the Gentiles, and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and sent them to the king and queen, with an autograph letter, urging them to set on foot a crusade, and speaking of his own magnificent discoveries rather as credentials and signs than as things of any moment in themselves.

Standing on the threshold of the New World, he is still wistfully looking back to the Old. Strange that a man who holds for us the keys of the portals through which Europe is to pass to the wide regions of the west, he who is the father of that great modern life which is summed up in the word 'America,' should still gaze with a longing, lingering look on a few feet of ground in a small sea-board territory known as 'the Holy Land!'

The deep piety of Columbus is conspicuous throughout his life. His realisation of the personality of Jesus Christ is very characteristic,* and no less so is his imitation in his own

* 'Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via' was, according to his son Fernando, Columbus' usual way of beginning a letter or other document (we may compare Bishop Ken's 'All glory be to God'), and the mystic letters which he wrote above his name (spelt XPO FERENS) are explained to have a religious meaning. The very spelling of the name itself shows that he did not forget its etymology and beautiful meaning, so appropriate to the spirit of his own life.

personality (a remarkable mingling of great insight, great tenacity and power of endurance, with immense and dignified patience), of One who, in a still higher sense, has given a New World to us There was no commonplace greed of territory in the mind of Columbus. He seems to have felt with singular keenness that a very small portion of the world, hallowed by sacred memories and associations, may be of more true worth than many leagues of the earth's surface, which are, as yet, a blank to the heart, the intellect, and the imagination.

But if one of his wishes had been fulfilled in a way that seemed to mock him even in its very accomplishment, the other was not destined to be realised at all. The Holy Sepulchre was still to remain in the hands of the infidel.

What, then, are we to say of the life of Columbus? Was it a failure? Surely not. Perhaps it *would* have been a failure if things had all gone according to his wishes. He was like Abraham—one who was not allowed to possess the very territory he had set his foot on. Such is God's method of dealing with His best and noblest.

We may place ourselves in imagination at the side of Columbus, perhaps in prison, perhaps in those hours of merely nominal freedom, when, helpless, and tormented by the illness which constant exposure had brought on him, he lay on his sick bed. What thoughts that man must have had! Did he, we wonder, regret his life, or think it wasted? Did he murmur, as he lay there in his loneliness? Lonely, yet with his brain thronged with visionary scenes of his eventful life—now, in memory, craving for an audience of kings and great men; now watching anxiously, amid the scoffs and sneers of his companions, for that first dim hint of land; now in his hour of triumph almost adored by the very men who had insulted him; now returning to Spain and enthusiastically welcomed: and then again betrayed, rebelled against, actually put into fetters, and finding himself quite unable to prevent cruelties and injustices which his soul abhorred!

'Ah!' such a man might say, 'it has not been in vain, either the joy or the sorrow of my life. I have learnt that one has need of higher aspirations than even those of mine. I thought they were noble, but God has taught me that there are aspirations nobler still. I have a longer voyage to make ready for, and richer realms to visit. I must no longer think of the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but of the living presence of One Who

died and rose again. In Him I must not lose my faith and my hope; that faith and hope which stood by me when all else forsook me.' There was a touching appropriateness in his death on Ascension Day, 1506, with the words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, on his lips. 'For now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly,' might well have been inscribed upon his tomb.

But it was not entirely on these comparatively obvious reflections that it has been my wish to dwell on the present occasion. Other deductions may be made from the history which are perhaps likely to be no less helpful to us, especially to characters of a particular class, and one tolerably numerous in our own day. We may think of the discovery of America as the greatest instance secular history affords of a venture of faith. We cannot fail to be struck with its bearing on the whole question of faith—a question never more urgent than at present.

It is very difficult for some of us to bridge over the gulf between intellectual conviction and that warm, vivid, enthusiastic realisation of what we believe, which is the joy of some happy and devout souls among us. There are many, we may be sure, who are quite willing to acknowledge the validity of the ordinary arguments in favour of the Christian religion, yet on whom those arguments seem to make no more practical impression than a successfully demonstrated problem in Euclid would do. The thing may be all very true, but somehow or other it does not touch them. Now, we have just seen there was a time when all those vast and rich and lovely territories in America existed, for the European world, merely in one man's brain, and as the result of severe intellectual labour. When we look at the arguments employed by Columbus to support his theory, we find they stood under three heads:—1. The nature of things (the earth being a globe, etc.). 2. The authority of learned writers. 3. The reports of navigators. It is, of course, easy to pick to pieces many of these arguments in detail, but he was right in his main conception, that if you sailed far enough to the west you must infallibly come to land. The discovery of America was the result of certain logical and mathematical conclusions, based no doubt on imperfect premises, but still due to careful study and calculation, and not the dream of a visionary or the fancy of a child. Columbus, with all his undoubted enthusiasm, was a practical man, a brain-worker, as well as one who, from boyhood, had toiled hard in seamanship. He used conscientiously all the

materials within his reach; he worked the subject out mathematically according to the best lights he had.

Take a humbler instance of the same thing from everyday life. Every family has, or ought to have, a professor of 'Bradshaw'—a master of that black art of cyphers, lines, and strange intercalations, which, rightly applied, tells us the means we must employ if we are to enjoy, as many of us have lately done, our autumn holiday.

Do not some of us, when we return and unpack our goods, glance once more at the now tattered yellow cover, and as the book falls open of itself at a much turned-down page, exclaim, pointing to some little seaside station, with its not very numerous trains, 'Ah! six weeks ago that was a mere name to me, a bare idea. Now the word is like a picture gallery.' Well, all those mountain views, those ocean sunsets, those delightful rambles, those shells, those wild-flowers, all those pleasures which you have lately realised, existed for you six weeks ago, let us say, as something depending on the mastery of a complex mechanical system, as expressed by a few badly-printed figures on a poor thin bit of paper. The whole thing existed, for you and your family, only in your brains. Your getting there depended on the working out of certain arithmetical formulæ —those of pounds, shillings, and pence, as well as the 'Bradshaw' calculations aforesaid. You had to make, in a small way, a venture of faith. But how foolish it would have been not to have trusted those calculations, not to have believed that the dry processes of scientific reasoning offered at least a strong probability—strong enough to be acted upon—that he who chose to profit by them would gain delights attainable in no other way. Of course, in our case, the process is so familiar that there ceases to be anything wonderful about it; it is only when performed on a grand scale, where the risk is greater, the probability less assured, and, on the other hand, the results of success are infinitely more brilliant and widespread—as in the case of Columbus—that our imagination is greatly affected by it.

But may not the history of Columbus be of some comfort to those among ourselves who are not wilfully irreligious, but who would give much to be able to feel, when engaged in their religious duties, anything like the sense of reality which they have when they are out shopping, or at their meals, or at their daily work? Do not the best of us sometimes feel as if religion were a tame, dull, and profitless pursuit, rather off the main

thoroughfare of life? Do we not all feel, in a word, as if the taking of Granada were of much greater importance than the discovery of a new world? The taking of Granada! Nay, the song of the muleteer in the street; a drink of water when we are thirsty; a new plume of feathers for one's hat; a rosebud thrown from a window, or the issue of the next bull-fight.

These are the things that interested the little minds in Spain four hundred years ago. But it did not make the realities that Columbus wanted to get them to attend to a whit less real. Nor, in the present day, does the existence of the thousand and one little ephemeral interests, nor even such things as a general election, a big scientific discovery, or a continental war, make the realities which do not force themselves on us through our outward senses, or appeal to our comfort, our self-satisfaction, or our pockets, a whit less important. Because we have to think, and think hard (many of us have) before we can bring some of the great truths of religion before our minds; because they exist, as they did to men of the type of Bishop Butler, rather in the guise of strong probability than of palpable certainty, is that any reason why we should treat them as unreal? Nor is this applicable only to religious belief, but to moral obligation. Justice, as well as Faith, often seems a very cold, dull, calculating figure. It is not given to everyone to be ardent, imaginative, and emotional. It is not everyone who has a 'Pisgah-sight of Palestine.'

To many of us our beliefs often appear cold intellectual assents, rather than fervent convictions. How can we help it? Even Columbus did not know what America was like till he got there.

But surely in making that magnificent discovery he did something more than add a new hemisphere to the 'world as known to the ancients.' He gave a profound and enduring emphasis to the great maxim, that we must walk by faith and not by sight; that we must live by ideas and not be dominated by our senses and the things immediately about us; and that there may—aye, that there will—come a time when things which now only exist for us as abstractions will assume their place in the world of our immediate consciousness, as surely as the lovely isles of the Bahamas were the realisation of the painful thought and labour of one solitary student to whom the world for years refused to listen.

But is there, then, no place for enthusiasm? Are we all to be governed by logic and mathematics? Far from it. But some of us may not be gifted with enthusiasm, and the present appeal is

to them. It is to ask them to borrow (may we not fairly ask them to do so?) some warmth from the ardour of others, as the crew of Columbus did from him. Here is a man who is in possession of certain arguments which he imparts to you. You do not deny them, but they do not act on you as they do on him. Now, how far are you justified in being affected by his enthusiasm at second-hand? Certainly not at all where the argument is weak, but very much indeed where the argument is strong. The great men of the world have always walked on two feet—the foot of Reason and the foot of Enthusiasm. The little ones very often hop only on one leg. And there is a stage in human progress when the fervour of the enthusiast is as necessary as the logic of the thinker. Columbus combined both in a remarkable degree, and it is this that makes his character so important, and his life so exemplary. We want light and we want fire. For we may be quite sure of one thing, that we (some of us, at least), were intended to be enthusiastic, and therefore mankind was meant to have something to be enthusiastic about. Columbus himself found even the discovery of a new world insufficient to satisfy him. Now there are no more Americas to be discovered; is there any other direction whither we may turn our observation, and is there any light in the horizon to gladden our eyes and hearts? Perhaps we cannot all see it, but if some of us do, might not the rest take courage, and go on hoping and using their rudder and sails a little longer?

# REVOLVING SUNS.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.A.S.

SOME stars observed with the naked eye seem very close together. These, although not regarded by astronomers as double stars, very much resemble real double stars as seen in the telescope. Of these 'naked eye doubles' may be mentioned Mizar and Alcor, Alpha Capricorni, Theta Tauri (in the Hyades), Omicron Cygni, etc. But the distance which separates even the closest of these is very considerable when compared with the objects revealed by the telescope; and even among those included in double star catalogues the distance varies considerably, from doubles which can be easily seen with telescopes of two or three inches aperture, to those excessively close objects which require the highest powers of the largest telescopes to show us anything but single stars.

The term 'double' star seems to have been first used by Ptolemy, who applied the Greek word *diplous*, or 'double,' to Nu Sagittarii, which consists of two stars of the fifth magnitude close together, as seen with the naked eye.

The first double stars discovered with the telescope seem to have been Theta Orionis—the middle star of the 'sword'—in which Huygens is said to have seen four stars in 1656, and Gamma Arietis—the faintest of the three well-known stars in the head of Aries—which was first seen by Hooke in 1664 while observing the comet of that year. 'I took notice,' he says, 'that it consisted of two small stars very near together, a like instance of which I have not else met with in all the heaven.' This is an excellent object for a small telescope, as the components are nearly equal and separated by about eight seconds of arc. The duplicity of Alpha Centauri is said to have been discovered by Feuillée in 1709. Bradley divided Gamma Virginis in 1718, and Castor in the same year.

The appearance of these double stars naturally suggests the idea that they are comparatively close together, and at about the

same distance from the earth. It is of course possible that one of the stars might lie far behind the other in space, thus forming what is called an 'optical double.' This may probably be the case when one of them is considerably brighter than the other, and the apparent distance between them is considerable. But in those double stars of which the components are nearly equal and very close, it seems more probable that they lie at nearly the same distance from the earth. In a paper read before the Royal Society in the year 1767 by the Rev. John Michell, he showed that the mathematical probability of even the two stars of Beta Capricorni being merely placed together by the effect of chance was only $\frac{1}{80}$th, or in other words the odds were 80 to 1 against the accidental proximity of these stars. The chances against accidental arrangement are of course much increased in the case of telescopic doubles. For example, the bright star Castor consists of two nearly equal stars, separated by a distance less than $\frac{1}{30}$ of that which divides the components of Beta Capricorni, and there are, of course, many doubles much closer than Castor. In the case of three or more stars lying close together the chances are of course still further increased. In the case of the Pleiades, Michell found that the odds were no less than 500,000 to 1 against the accidental grouping of the six brightest stars of this famous cluster.

From these considerations Michell concluded that in all probability many of the double stars form systems connected by the law of universal gravitation. He did not however put this very plausible hypothesis to the test of observation, and it was reserved for Sir William Herschel to discover—towards the close of the eighteenth century—the actual existence of revolving stars. It does not appear, however, that Herschel was acting on Michell's suggestion when he made the discovery with which his name is usually associated, and to Michell seems clearly due the discovery, from abstract reasoning, of the probable existence of these stellar systems. Herschel's observations were made with a view to determine the distance of certain double stars from the earth. Supposing one of the stars to be much nearer to the earth than the other, there would result an annual swaying to and fro of the components, due to the earth's revolution round the sun. Instead of this apparent annual motion, Herschel found, after twenty-five years of observation, that, in many cases, there was a progressive motion of one of the components constantly in the *same* direction, thus indicating that the stars were actually revolving round each

other. Here was a remarkable discovery; one of the most wonderful of modern times—the existence of revolving suns. As Herschel himself expressed it, he 'went out, like Saul, to seek his father's asses, and he found a kingdom.' For some twenty years after Herschel's interesting discovery, announced in 1803, little seems to have been done in the observation of double stars. This apparent neglect was principally due to the fact that telescopes sufficiently powerful to deal satisfactorily with the closer double stars had not yet been constructed. The work was, however, soon taken up by Sir John Herschel in England, and Struve in Russia, and these famous astronomers added greatly to our knowledge of the subject.

Between the years 1830 and 1868 valuable work was done in this interesting branch of astronomical research by Dawes, Dembowski, Jacob, Mädler, Powell, Secchi, Smyth, and others; and in more recent years by Burnham, Doberck, Englemann, Schiaparelli, Tarrant, etc. The number of known double stars has been largely increased by the labours of Mr. Burnham, who has discovered over one thousand pairs, most of them very close, and many of them certainly in motion.

The first attempt at calculating the orbit of a binary, or revolving double star, was made by Savary in the year 1830. The star selected was Xi Ursæ Majoris. This remarkable pair of suns was discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1780. Savary found a period of revolution of 58¼ years, but a slightly longer period of 60¾ years, computed by Dunér in 1876, is probably nearer the truth. The companion star has therefore made one complete revolution round its primary since its discovery, and is now far advanced in a second revolution. Although the components are not at present at their greatest distance apart, they are yet within the range of telescopes of moderate size.*

The next binary star which seems to have been attacked by the astronomical computer was 70 Ophiuchi, for which Encke computed, in 1830, a period of seventy-nine years, and Sir John Herschel, in 1833, eighty years. Recent calculations, however, make the period somewhat longer, an orbit computed by the present writer in 1888 giving a period of about eighty-eight years. An orbit by Mr. Mann, published in 1890, also makes the period eighty-eight years. More than a complete revolution has been performed since its discovery by Sir William Herschel in

* A diagram of the orbit of this remarkable pair will be found in *Knowledge*, for August 1890.

1779. An orbit for the famous pair Gamma Virginis was computed by Sir John Herschel in 1833. He found periods of 513 and 629 years, but more recent calculations have reduced this period to about 180 years. In the year 1836 the distance between the components of this remarkable pair became so small that only the largest telescopes then in existence could show any sign of the star being double. The stars have now opened out again, and are at present visible with even a small telescope. 'The Story of Gamma Virginis' has been well told by Admiral Smyth in his admirable 'Celestial Cycle' (vol. ii.), and forms a most interesting chapter in the history of astronomy.

An orbit for Castor was next computed by Sir John Herschel in 1833. He made the period about 252½ years, but recent calculations seem to indicate a much longer period.

. Orbits were also computed in 1833 by Sir John Herschel for Xi Ursæ Majoris, Xi Boötis, and Eta and Sigma Coronæ Borealis. These were followed by Zeta Herculis in 1839, Omega Leonis 1841, and Zeta Cancri, and Struve 3062 in 1842, for which orbits were computed by Mädler. Since 1842 numerous orbits have been calculated by Doberck, Mädler, Hind, the present writer, and others, and the orbits of about sixty different binary stars have now been computed.

The periods of revolution of the computed orbits vary in length from about 11½ to 1625 years (Zeta Aquarii). The great length of the longest period renders, of course, its accuracy doubtful, and many years must elapse before a satisfactory orbit can be computed for such a slow-moving star. The orbits of some of those with shorter periods are, however, known with considerable accuracy.

The shortest period yet computed for any binary star—at least for those visible with a telescope—is that of Delta Equuleii for which the Russian computer Wrublewsky finds 11½ years. Owing, however, to the closeness of the components and the consequent difficulty of making accurate measures, even with large telescopes, the orbit does not represent the observations very satisfactorily. Burnham found only 'a slight elongation' of the star with the great thirty-six inch telescope of the Lick Observatory in July 1889! The distance between the components does not at any time exceed half a second of arc, so that it is always beyond the reach of all but the largest telescopes.

Another star which has a period of between eleven and twelve years is Kappa Pegasi, for which an orbit has recently been computed by Prof. Glasenapp. The bright Southern star Zeta Sagittarii is also a rapid binary. An orbit computed by the present writer in 1886 makes the period about nineteen years. 85 Pegasi has a period of about twenty-two years, 42 Comæ Berenices about twenty-six years, Beta Delphini under thirty years, Zeta Herculis about 34½ (three complete revolutions have been performed since its discovery by Sir William Herschel in 1782); and there are about twenty-one binaries with periods of less than one hundred years.

The bright Southern star Alpha Centauri, the nearest of all the fixed stars to the earth, is also a remarkable binary with a period of less than ninety years.

Of those with periods of over one hundred years the following are a few of the most remarkable and interesting:—

*Omega Leonis.*—This star, which is about 5½ magnitude, lies a few degrees preceding Omicron Leonis (fourth magnitude). The companion, which is about the seventh magnitude, has nearly completed one revolution since its discovery by Sir William Herschel in 1781. Dr. Doberck's period of 114½ years is probably the best.

*Xi Boötis.*—An interesting binary discovered by Sir W. Herschel in 1780. Dr. Doberck's period of 127 years is perhaps the best. The distance between the components is at present diminishing, but it is still within the reach of small telescopes.

*Eta Cassiopeiæ.*—This well-known double star, of which the components are of magnitudes 4 and 7½, has described a considerable portion of its orbit since its discovery by Sir W. Herschel in 1779, the distance diminishing from about 11 seconds to 4¾. Dr. Doberck's period of 222½ years is perhaps the best hitherto computed. This is also within the power of small telescopes. The colours of the components are, according to Webb, yellow and garnet.

44 (*i*) *Boötis.*—For this binary star, Mädler found a period of 181 years, and Doberck 261. The longer period is probably nearer the truth. The plane of the orbit is highly inclined to the background of the sky, and lies, I find, at right angles to the general plane of the Milky Way, a position which I have also found to exist in some other binary systems. The magnitudes of the components are about five and six, and the pair may be

well seen with small telescopes; the colours being, according to Dembowski, yellow and orange.

*p Eridani.*—A Southern double star for which periods varying from 117½ to 302⅓ years have been computed. The latter period, found by the present writer, represents the measures satisfactorily. As the distance between the components is about 6½ seconds, it forms a good object for small telescopes.

*Delta Cygni.*—This bright star has a faint companion of the eighth magnitude which is in orbital motion round the primary. Behrmann found a period of about 415 years. An orbit recently computed by the present writer, makes the period about 376½ years; but of course many years must elapse before a really accurate orbit can be computed. I find that the plane of Behrmann's orbit is at right angles to the Milky Way.

12 *Lyncis.*—This is a triple star, the components being about 5, 6, and 7½ magnitude. The close pair forms a binary system and an orbit, computed by the present writer, gives a period of about 486 years. Sir John Herschel predicted in 1823 that the orbital motion of the pair would 'bring the three stars into one straight line in fifty-seven years.' This prediction was fulfilled in 1887, when measures by Mr. Tarrant showed that the three stars were exactly in a straight line.

*Castor.*—This famous star, already mentioned, has been known to be double since 1718, when it was observed by Bradley and Pond. It was also observed by Maskelyne in 1759, and frequently by Sir W. Herschel from 1779 to 1803. Since that time it has been often measured by observers of double stars. Numerous orbits have been computed, with periods ranging from 199 years by Mädler, to 1001 years by Doberck. Wilson found 983 years, and Thiele 997 years, so that the longest periods would seem to be the best. Mr. Mann has however recently found a period of only 265¾ years; another example of the difficulty of computing an orbit for these slow-moving binaries.

In addition to those for which orbits, more or less satisfactory, have been computed, there are numerous other double stars which are known to be certainly binary, but owing to the small portion of the orbit which has been described since their discovery, it is not yet possible to compute an orbit with any approach to accuracy. Some of these must be left to the astronomers of future generations. All that we can do at present is to measure them carefully at intervals, and hand the measures

down to posterity. This is now being done by several observers, and the astronomers of the twentieth century will perhaps be grateful to them for their labours.

If the distance of a binary star from the earth can be determined, we can find from the orbit the actual dimensions of the system. The combined mass of the two stars, in terms of the sun's mass, can then be easily computed by a simple mathematical calculation. This may be done by an extension of Kepler's third law of planetary motion. The distance of only a few of the binary stars have hitherto been ascertained with any approach to accuracy, but the masses deduced from these results are very interesting and suggestive. Assuming the most reliable measures of distance and the best orbits computed for the following binary stars—Eta Cassiopeiæ, 40 Eridani, Alpha Centauri, 70 Ophiuchi and 61 Cygni, I find a total mass for five orbits of $11\frac{1}{2}$ times the mass of the sun, or an average of about $2\frac{1}{3}$ for each system. Hence we have the average mass of each component of these five stellar systems not differing much from the sun's mass, indicating that they are suns comparable with our own. In some other binaries, however, the mass is greater, and in some less than that of the sun.

The close binary stars recently discovered by the spectroscope, seem to form a distinct class of revolving suns. Their periods are so short compared with those of the systems visually double, that we can hardly rank them in the same class. Their periods of revolution are reckoned by days instead of years, and consequently the components are so close that no telescope could ever have revealed their existence. Their individual components are as invisible to a powerful telescope, as a telescopic 'double star' is to the naked eye.

# HACKNEYS.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THE hackney was a useful animal, used as a roadster, by the knight, when

'Him listed ease his battle steed.'

There are a great many hackneys in the present day, promoted to be the 'Chevaux de Bataille' of the story-teller.

Such is the hunter who seasonably breaks the hero's leg or arm at the heroine's gate, also his fellow who sprains the lady's ankle and stuns her, just long enough for the lover to betray his affection in an agonised gasp. Sometimes the valuable beast is doubled, runs away with the maiden in a barouche or pony-carriage, and is stopped by the gentleman at imminent peril of his life.

Or the said hackney assumes the form of a mad bull. One (in 'Leila') actually was so beneficent as to restore speech to 'Cousin Selina' on seeing Leila tossed; but in general he only serves as a convenient introduction to the lovers, or else as a means of evoking heroism in the chief party concerned, who may be of any sex or age, and when he is provoked by scarlet, glares him down by a steady glance, staring him out of countenance. Bishop Reginald Heber, when a small boy, tried the experiment, but did not find it answer, as the outraged bull chased him into a pond. That monster is responsible for many terrors wasted upon harmless cows (witness the bride in a book of Frank Smedley's, who 'knew it was a bull because it mooed so low down in its throat'). She at least was no hackney!

Sometimes the said creature assumes the form of the white horses of the advancing waves, as the tide comes in. We look out for him the moment we see the sea line in the distant horizon, but we are well aware that there is a cavern in reserve or a shelf

of rock, where those imperilled can retreat and make pathetic speeches till a boat comes to the rescue, or a rope is let down, after the honoured precedent of the Antiquary, 'skirling like a sea-maw over the crag,' with Caxon remonstrating on his imperilling one of the only three wigs in the parish.

Caverns are as thick as crabs upon the coast; they serve as inexhaustible storehouses to smugglers, refuges to fugitives, good or bad, and whether inland or maritime, they are marvellously free from damp, dark, or other disagreeables. The caverns of the jagged points of Finisterre, where Robert Buchanan's hero of the 'Shadow of the Sword' lurked, are their finest example.

But Brittany is the only province where English peasant adventures in France *can* take place, usually where every one speaks French—as in point of fact probably most may do at present—but at the time of the Great Revolution it was a remarkable fact that a Parisian footman could harangue the villagers effectively.

The cruel stepmother has been tamed down into the pattern of her sex; but the aunt in charge of orphans has become the *bête noire*, instead of being the privileged instructress of youth in every sort of subject from the Wars of the Jews to geology. Besides this she has the advantage of being the only relation possible in mono-syllabic books. But the only way to cure the savage tyrannical aunt is, in the case of the child, to run away; in that of the young lady, to marry her eldest son. This last arrangement also is usually adopted for the charming governess in reduced circumstances, who is a perfect musician and linguist.

The child too good to live has, however, nearly finished dying, and generally, in spite of 'Misunderstood,' he lives, and Lord Fauntleroy has a numerous and thriving progeny.

The law has equally improved since the attorneys used to be formed on the model of Gilbert Glossin. Now that they have become solicitors, they are excellent old family friends, only equalled by the doctors, who are indefatigable philanthropists, and resolvers of every difficulty, though nothing will cure them of shaking their heads at a bad case.

The street arab is another angelic being. If a girl, she has rich golden hair, and carries baskets of lilies of the valley, irrespective of the season. If a boy, he holds horses, sweeps streets, and returns half-sovereigns given him instead of sixpences. He

generally has a dying mother, and both alike stray into churches and understand the service much better than the people educated to it. They generally turn out to be the long-lost relations of somebody, and are accommodated with charming country homes. He has a chance of turning into the angelic chorister, who sings all the solos, only transgresses enough to enable him to prove his truth and honour, and usually makes an edifying death, in consequence of the persecution of his fellows.

Then there is the spiteful upper servant who hides her mistress's jewels in the pattern scullery maid's boxes, and then sets on the police to search them.

Or since Jane Eyre's time, there have been a good many concealed lunatics, who act ghosts. Also, it is the custom, when a person dies, to lock up the apartments, and never have them dusted, till some inquisitive person creeps in, and finds the important letter on which all hinges.

Letters containing offers of marriage are generally either lost in the post, or suppressed by the male or female villain, usually the worldly mother. Indeed, the mother is never easy till all her daughters are advantageously married, when she becomes the mother-in-law, who is more unmerciful than anybody else.

As to the hidden wills, they are innumerable, and the world of fiction could hardly get on without them.

Another useful personage is the supposititious child, also the Auld Robin Gray. The heroes who refused to fight a duel, and those who went out resolved not to fire, and were most pathetically wounded, were disposed of by Prince Albert, and valour has to be shown in accidents, shipwrecks, etc. There have been known shipwrecks where the crew conversed easily with the persons on shore, especially if two desperate enemies were among the parties concerned.

It is well for novelists that there are always 'little wars.' The historical tales used to have a world of their own with ladies in kirtles, brilliant knights, stout yeomen, saucy pages, fat monks, and a general conventional society, now a good deal exploded. Then no one was good for anything who was not a Lollard, and the Lollard faith was Evangelical Calvinism, while the victims of Queen Mary were full-grown Protestants, and so called. This has in great measure ceased, and so, too, has the exclusive charm of the Cavalier in the tales of the Great Rebellion.

This rebellion has been nearly exhausted, and so has the French Revolution. Even the Indian Mutiny and the Franco-

German War, and it is somewhat distressing to see how every great catastrophe, whether private or national, seems to be instantly pounced upon by authors as a field for fiction. Christian names are severely hackneyed, Edith and Alice had their day, in company with Arthur and Herbert. Then Florence flourished, whereas now she is usually vain and naughty, just as Charlotte used to be when Mary and Ellen were good. Later 'Little Nell' has been imitated by hundreds, and now foolish contractions have the run. Dolly and Jack in a tale of the present day are almost a note of the commonplace, and of want of invention, or of that power of following nature which gives zest to fiction.

Miss Martineau says that there is no such thing as an original plot; that human nature can only reproduce. It is true, but sameness and mere imitation surely may be avoided, and if it be needful to mount a hackney, he will in some hands turn out a Pegasus.

# EL ESCORIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FOLTÁN BOÁSI.'

TOURISTS travelling in Spain would not consider their journey a complete thing if they had not been to the Escorial. The place is little more than an hour's railway distance from Madrid, and, by skipping a train or two, people may *do* it conveniently on their way from Madrid to the French frontier—running from Church to Pantheon, and from Palace to Casita, snatching a hasty lunch, and rushing to the station to catch the night-train for Bordeaux and Paris. They will take their uncomfortable seat in the Spanish railway carriage with a sense of relief at the day's labour being past, and with a hazy notion of having seen a great many highly-interesting but awfully gloomy things, and, after all, they will most likely refer to Murray or the Guide Touanne for clearer remembrance.

The Escorial *looks* gloomy when, coming up from the station, you behold for the first time its long-stretching, monotonous east front, with the two small turrets flanking it on either end, and the three low, mean-looking entrance-doors, with only a little bit of church dome and palace peeping across the roof. It *is* gloomy, no doubt; how could it be anything else?—being the particular creation of the gloomiest, the most fanatical one among the sovereigns that ruled over sunny Spain! When, however, you have been living here for weeks and months, and have become familiar with all the intricacies of the courts and cloisters, with the stiff old-fashioned gardens, with the shady glades and the grand barren rocks of the surroundings, you cannot help feeling the charm of the past creeping upon you unawares. It will drift you back into the century of Reformation and Jesuitism, of religious wars and autos-de-fé; and the figure of Philip the Second will rise before you in its awful sternness, its sinful fanaticism, but not without a certain grandeur, not without an unlooked-for flash of kindliness.

There are several versions of the Escorial having been built as an act of penance for the plundering and burning of a convent consecrated to St. Laurentius, done by Spanish soldiers after the battle of St. Quentin. The records, however, left us by the Hieronimite Prior, Padre Ligüenza, in his 'Historia Primitiva del Monasterio del Escorial,' written about the end of the sixteenth century, differ from the popular version. The worthy monk, whose dry account there is no reason to distrust, tells us that Charles V. and Philip II. had from their very infancy entertained a particular veneration for St. Laurentius, *the* Spanish saint who had died a martyr at Rome in the early times of Christendom, so much so that, after the Emperor's death, King Philip, wishing to build a mausoleum for his family, and considering himself a special favourite of San Lorenzo, who, at the battle of St. Quentin, fought at the saint's own day, had evidently helped him to beat the French, meant to show his gratitude to his patron saint and his reverence for his father's memory by erecting a convent in honour of the Spanish martyr, which would at the same time be a mausoleum of the royal family.

Philip II. was an odd mixture of the statesman and the fanatic. He meant to have a church and convent where he could attend mass amidst, or rather at the head of, a religious Order, where two hundred monks would pray for the welfare of his soul every day of the year for centuries to come—where he could rest from the cares of government and enjoy his position as terrestrial master of the Spanish Church, almost by the side of the Great Master above. But he wished to have that ideal place at a convenient distance from the centre of his realm. Therefore he chose a plateau in the wildest, stoniest regions of the Sierra de Guaderrama, just wide enough to hold the maze of building he had created in his imagination. There was a miserable little village called Escorial (Abandoned Mine), lying at the foot of the height. It contains now the station, a renowned chocolate-manufactory, a number of little shops, a couple of primitive restaurants, and—*O tempora mutantur*—in the vicinity of the little Roman Catholic church, a Children's Hospital, built by the German Protestant clergyman at Madrid, Pastor Fliedner. The Commission of priests and architects sent by King Philip to examine the place set out from the little village; but weather was so inclement, and the ascent of the hill so laborious, that the holy men had very nearly turned back and given up the plan as impracticable. Luckily, the belief of the times made them

attribute the high wind, that almost blew them off their feet, to the power of the Evil One, and caused them to hold out staunchly. They reached the plateau, found the place well furnished with granite, flint-stone, and plenty of timber; the air seemed healthy, there was water in abundance, and the isolation as perfect as the haughty spirit of the king could desire.

The Convent was begun in 1563. It has, as is well known, the shape of a gridiron, in remembrance of San Lorenzo's martyrdom. The bars are formed by the different wings and cloisters of the building, and the intervals by the numerous courts, while the handle of the gridiron is represented by a low narrow structure, intended for the king's habitation. This addition looks very humble by the side of the gigantic monastery, towering high above it, but—it forms the handle by means of which the gridiron may be managed.

The Convent-Palace was finished in 1586. During its construction the king frequently visited the Escorial, being contented with the plain fare and the humble abode the monks of the Order of St. Hieronimus, whom he had presented with the convent and all its belongings, could provide for him. He had a chapel built in order that the workmen employed in the building should be able to hear mass on Sundays and saints' days, and an hospital where those of them who met with an accident could be nursed. The chapel, called the 'Iglesia Antigua,' is now seldom used. The present inhabitants of the monastery, the Augustine monks, have placed in front of the altar a fine statue of painted wood, representing St. Monica, the mother of their Order's founder.

King Philip enjoyed pursuing the progress of the building; his visits became more and more frequent, and tradition has pointed out a steep rock where he is said to have watched the busy workmen and studied the future effect of the long south façade. The rock is called even to this day the *Silla del Rey* —'The King's Chair.' Rude steps have been hewn into the granite, which is cleft to the bottom in the middle, and seats like arm-chairs are cut into the stone on either side of the chink, three higher ones on one side, two lower ones on the opposite. The former are said to have been occupied by King Philip, his Queen, and his heir—whether Don Carlos, undeservedly immortalized by Schiller, or his younger brother, afterwards Philip III., is meant, remains undecided. The two lower seats are supposed to have been graced by the Princesses. I have my strong doubts about King Philip, alone or with his family circle, ever

having sat on that steep narrow rock, for the carriage-road leading to it is of newer date, and it takes an average walker at least three-quarters of an hour to get there; so that the idea of the gouty sovereign walking or riding such a distance, and climbing up and down the rude uneven stone steps every other day in his spare hours, must strike every one who visits the place as perfectly ludicrous. Tradition may have proved here, as in many cases, more attractive than trustworthy.

Whatever be its historical interest, the Silla del Rey is a most picturesque spot, surrounded as it is by a perfect maze of oddly-shaped rocks, and it is delicious to sit there—even in winter—*tomando el sol*, ('taking the sun,') as the Spanish say, and looking at the grand Monastery leaning against the mountains, at the pretty little *Puebla* behind it straggling up the hill, at the Peña-lara and the Siete Picos, with their snowy peaks, and at the wide, blue, wavy plain dotted with churches and *ranchos*, and showing the steeples of Madrid at the horizon. When the Convent-Palace was finished, King Philip came to spend there the summer months, and at last took such a fancy to it that he left Madrid altogether, in order to live and die at the Escorial.

For fourteen years the Escorial was the almost uninterrupted residence of the Court of Spain, but it was by no means a lively place. Even visitors seem to have been chiefly of a monastic character. Santa Teresa once paid a visit there. The room where she slept—the *Camarin*—the inkstand she used, and several autographs of hers, are carefully preserved by the monks, but not shown to strangers except by special permission of the Prior at Valladolid. We had the good luck of seeing the Camarin; it contains besides a curious collection of relics and some very good paintings.

King Philip lived like a 'Fraile' among the Hieronimite Frailes. The two rooms which made up the apartment of the mighty monarch in whose realm the sun never set, the rooms where ambassadors were received and history was made, are of the barest, dullest, and dreariest description. Grated windows high up the wall, not allowing a peep at the green lawns and woods that are covering the slope of the plateau, but only admitting a tiny bit of blue or leaden sky; bare walls, stiff, uncomfortable chairs covered with black leather, a big writing-table (the only part of the furniture which looks at least spacious), an oratory, a couple of ascetic paintings of the primeval Dutch school, La Resurrection and Las Pecados Capitales—such were

the surroundings of Philip II. for the last fourteen years of his life. But he had his particular pew in a corner of the Great Choir where he could see the priest officiating, and sit among the Fathers as *Primus inter pares;* his own rooms were close to the High Altar; he could have his chair wheeled to a door opening into it, and attend mass without leaving his apartment. At the end of a long and terrible disease, when he felt the dark shadows drawing near, he had himself on his bed carried to that door and placed opposite the beautifully-finished bronze group representing Charles the Fifth with his family, and, with his eyes fixed at the Altar and the Host, while clouds of incense filled the vast empty church, and the murmured prayers and litanies of the monks resounded through the vault, King Philip the Second breathed his last. Whatever were his shortcomings—maybe his crimes—there is some grandeur in this dying.

His haughty spirit showed itself in life and death. As his last hour was spent in a place where no law dared approach, so, in his lifetime, the enormous church of the Escorial was never opened to the public congregation. The Court and the officials belonging to it were admitted, but the peasantry from the surrounding villages who came to hear mass had to stop in the *parvis*, and look in through the grated folding-doors if they wished to see their earthly king and the likeness of their heavenly One. Philip and his court inhabited the small palacio, while the enormous bulk of the buildings was left to the monks. Opposite the convent, houses were erected for the accommodation of the state secretaries and all their apparatus; the grandees of Spain were allowed, or rather desired, to build themselves residences farther up the hill; but none of the lower mortals, no burghers or peasants, were suffered to breathe the same air with their anointed king.

So it remained for centuries. The successors of Philip the Second, his son Philip the Third, his grandson Philip the Fourth, and Charles the Second, the last of the Hapsburgs on the Spanish throne, had neither the cruel energy with which their ancestor ruled his vast empire, nor the ascetic spirit who could live contentedly for fourteen years in the gloomy isolation of the Convent-Palace. They would come and spend a month or two in the pure mountain air of the Escorial, and leave it, without regret, to the autumn blasts and to the Hieronimites, who were to take possession of the corpses of the Spanish Hapsburgs, as the earthly remains of the Austrian ones are claimed and guarded

by the Capucins at Vienna. In the time of Philip the Fourth, Charles the First of England, then Prince of Wales, came to Madrid on marriage purposes, and visited the Escorial in the company of the Spanish king. The match, as is known, was prevented by the difference of religion.

Charles the Second, last and least of his race, who used to go about the monastery every night with a box full of sweets and dainties which he liberally divided among the Fathers, may be seen on Claudio Cuello's celebrated painting in the Sacristy, surrounded by his Court and adoring the *Santa Forma.* The picture will be remembered by all who have seen the Escorial. It is remarkable for its wonderful perspective, and for all the figures being portraits. According to tradition, a troop of Iconoclasts had in the Reformation time entered a church in a little town in the Netherlands, and taking the Hosts from the tabernacle, had scattered them on the ground and stepped on them with their feet. A miracle had happened, blood had flowed from one of the Hosts which had been taken up by one of the men, who felt sorry for what had been done, and took the blasphemised Host to the Capucins at Malines. From there it got to Vienna and was presented to Philip the Second by the Emperor Rodolfus. It seems, however, that the precious relic was kept in Vienna and only delivered up to the Spanish Court a century later. It arrived in 1680, and Charles the Second had it placed on an altar then adorned with the famous 'Perla' by Rafaelle, now in the museum at Madrid, and afterwards had a particular altar built for it, where it is hidden by the above-mentioned picture of Claudio Cuello's.

Times changed. The Hapsburg dynasty died out, the Succession War was fought, and a lively young Bourbon was presented to the Spanish as their king by the Roi Soleil. Philip the Fifth fled the gloom of the Escorial. He built himself a residence in a beautiful valley on the north side of the Sierra de Guaderrama, between undulating forest-clad hills. He built it after the model of his French home ; castle and gardens, marble statues and fountains are a close imitation of Versailles. Sunny Spain, however, does not seem to agree with her foreign kings. Shadows darkened the mind of the first Spanish Bourbon, and although he would not live in the dull rooms of the Escorial, he dragged on a long but weary life in the elegant apartments, among the lovely gardens and sparkling fountains of La Granja or San Ildefonso. But he loved his Spanish Versailles and

wished to be buried there. His son, Ferdinand the Sixth, shared his father's dislike of the Escorial, and Queen Maria Barbara de Braganza, the wife of Ferdinand, hated it so much that on being obliged to repair to the Convent-Palace for a short season, she is said to have exclaimed, 'Now we are going to enjoy the company of dead kings and shrouded friars.' The Escorial continued to be left to the 'shrouded friars,' who prayed for the souls of the departed kings and did silk embroidery. All those wonderful priest-gowns that are kept in the curious old chests in the Sacristy, needlework so exquisitely done that you can hardly distinguish it from a good painting, are due to the nimble fingers of the Hieronimite Fathers.

Everything on earth, however, has its time of youth and blossom. It came, too, for the Escorial at last. When Charles the Third ascended to the throne, a sunny light rent the clouds that had been lowering for centuries over a richly-endowed and unfortunate country. Reforms in legislation, flourishing of arts and sciences, of trade and commerce, marked the reign of that enlightened king. A ray of sunlight fell across the gloomy vaults and cloisters of the Escorial. King Charles, who was passionately fond of the chase, found plenty of sport in its extensive forests. He used to arrive for the shooting season every autumn accompanied by a whole army of huntsmen, arquebusiers and beaters-up. Now all those people had to stop at the wretched Escorial de Abajo, where they found the poorest accommodation imaginable; and the king therefore wanted the monks to build houses for his train in the vicinity of the palace, but the Prior was horrified at the idea and flatly refused. The Fathers had to yield, however, concerning the king's own residence. Charles the Third was not contented with the scanty rooms contained in the 'Handle;' a wing of the Convent-Palace had to be given up by the monks—they had ample room left and to spare—and a suite of stately apartments were luxuriously fitted up, partly for the use of the royal couple, partly to serve as reception rooms. The celebrated paintings which then adorned the walls of those rooms have in our own time been removed to the museum at Madrid; so have been those of the church and monastery; only a very few of real value have been left in the choir and the sacristy; but the painted ceilings, the beautiful tapestry, all done after famous pictures, the curiously inlaid tables and cabinets, the lovely silk-embroidered coverings of couches, chairs and stools, are as fresh-looking as if those rooms

had never been opened to sun and air, and well deserve more than one visit to the Palacio. It is a pity they are so rarely shown to strangers, who, in fact, generally do not see half of what is worth seeing.

It was during the reign of Charles the Third, too, that the gaps left between the isolated residences of the grandees were filled up by houses of a humbler description. The king's attention had been drawn to the fact that in case of fire breaking out in the convent there would be nobody to help in saving the valuable library and treasures of art. The Padres yielded to that motive, and had two big stone lodging-houses erected on the hill; the lower mortals, too, were permitted to build, and the pretty, picturesque Pueblo rose behind the monastery. A very nice theatre, small, indeed, but roomy enough for the audience of a court or of a small town, and fitted up with great taste, was built in those days. The Casita de Abajo, as graceful a little château as you read of in fairy-tales, with the tiniest rooms hung with lovely silk gobelins, and regularly stuffed with statues and paintings, carvings and embroideries, owes its origin to those days of artistic splendour. The wide gardens around it are now perfectly wild and neglected, except for a few miserable flower-beds in front of the Casita; but its avenues laid out in the shape of a star, its dried-up fountains and moss-grown stone benches, its broken statues and weed-grown walks, its beautiful foreign trees and shrubs, its graceful bosquets, seem to recall a time when they were the scene of court gaieties and court intrigue.

Less interesting than the Casita de Abajo or Casita del Principe, but dating from the same time, is the Casita de Ariba or Casita del Infante. It is a small square house, with a columned portico at either front, and was built as a kind of shooting-box for the Infante Don Gabriel. In point of scenery it is perhaps the loveliest spot in the vicinity of the Escorial. Its terraced gardens, far better kept than those of the Casita de Abajo, and even of the Palacio—which, by the way, is not saying very much—are much liked by the people of the Pueblo for their gold-fish ponds and their fountains playing on Sunday afternoons, and are famous for the view enjoyed from the chief terrace. A curiously peaked mountain, the Roble, closing up the valley as the Grand St. Bernard is to be seen at the end of the valley of the Rhone, forms the background of that wild mountain picture. The house itself is quite deserted, not a piece of furniture to be found in its rooms.

Charles the Fourth, the 'Principe' whose name wears the Casita de Abajo, used to live a good deal at the Escorial. In the reign of that weak, benighted king, or rather in that of worthless Queen Maria Luisa of Parma, and her detestable favourite, Godoy, the Convent-Palace was the scene of one of the most horrid, the most disgraceful family scandals ever mentioned in history. It was there that the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Ferdinand the Seventh, was arrested and accused of parricide by order of his own mother, and that he was released by the intervention of Godoy, a rebellion having broken out at the news, and 10,000 peasants having arrived and furiously demanded the liberty of the Prince. Soon after that event the Court left the Escorial. French troops arrived, and behaved after the fashion of the great Napoleon's soldiers. Pictures and statues, gold and precious stone, down to the jewels fastened to the relics, were taken and sent to France. King Josef, Napoleon's honest, well-intentioned brother, slept one night at the Palacio. Portuguese and English troops followed. Lord Wellington resided for some time at the Escorial. Peace was concluded at last. Those objects of art that could be traced were restored to the monastery, but many that passed the Pyrenees were never returned.

Queen Isabel the Second was the last of the Spanish sovereigns who used to number the Escorial among her places of residence. In her time was begun the splendid Pantheon de los Infantes, afterwards finished during her son's reign. So far there had been only a Pantheon de los Reyes, an octagonal room, where the coffins of the Spanish kings and queens—from Charles the Fifth to the late King Alfonso the Twelfth—are piled or rather crammed into small compartments made in the wall, one above another, like boxes in a magazine, or berths on board ship. It is all laid out with marble, and has an altar with a richly-jewelled crucifix; but it looks dreadfully narrow and matter-of-fact. The princes and princesses of royal Spain had been buried in a plain vault below the convent, till the Pantheon de los Infantes was constructed. It is one of the most beautiful sights of the Escorial, although rather airy and gay for being a sepulchral vault. A whole suite of lofty rooms, rather ground-floor than underground, contain the tombs—all works of the highest art, placed either side by side, or round a central column, most of them adorned with the statues of the deceased. Particularly striking by its life-like appearance is the statue of Don

Juan d'Austria, the victor of Lepanto and natural son of Charles the Fifth; very graceful, too, are those of the two daughters of the Duke of Montpensier. Queen Mercedes, his eldest daughter, who was taken in the fulness of youth and happiness, was, according to the family law, refused a place among the defunct queens in the Pantheon Real, because she had died childless, so King Alfonso had this his early love buried in a beautiful chapel of the grand church, and in his fond remembrance ordered Mass to be read there every day of the year.

The revolution and following civil war swept the Hieronimite Friars away, and the Convent-Palace, with its five thousand windows, stood deserted for years. When, at last, King Alfonso was called to the throne of his ancestors, he founded a Boys' College in the large front building, and having himself been educated at the Theresianum at Vienna, he had the new institution arranged after the model of the celebrated Vienna School. He came to stay at the Escorial occasionally in the shooting-season, but after the death of lovely Queen Mercedes his visits became rarer; at last, he only came to pray at her tomb on the anniversary of her death. He took great interest, however, in the thriving College, which he particularly intended for sons of military and civil officers. After his death the Spanish Government were of opinion that they could not afford to keep up so expensive a school, and they were only too glad to shift it on the shoulders of the monks of St. Augustine, who had been shortly before invested with the care of the Convent. The College was altered according to monastic rules, and all that is left of the Theresianum system is the uniform worn by the boys —a blue, soldier-like coat, with red collar and cuffs, and a soldier's cap.

The boys are well cared for, particularly from a sanitary point of view. We saw the dormitories, which are large, and clean, and airy, and the refectory, where they take their meals in company with some of the professors. It was a very pretty sight; the boys marching in, headed by the Augustine Fathers, who are looking really picturesque in their black frocks and wide sleeves and hoods, the lower monks carrying in the nice-smelling food in large, bright tin dishes. A bit of legend or history is read out by one of the boys during the whole of the repast, probably to stop the talking; but it was little attended to. Three or four times a year the boys have theatricals, where some patriotic drama is followed by a farce. I saw two of those

representations; they were like a picture from the middle ages. The long, narrow room, fitted up with a regular stage, is situated under the roof of the front building, its windows opening just by the side of San Lorenzo and his grate. Endless stairs, steep and narrow, are leading up to the "Sala," where a monks' band, placed in front of the theatre, was playing classical and opera music in the intervals. Some of the Padres are real artists; their church music is first-rate, and their singing above criticism. They are making a striking picture, those frocked and hooded figures, those dark-eyed and sallow faces with the true enthusiast's look, when they are fondly touching their violins or singing with so mellow a voice as Martin Luther may have sung at the door of Frau Cotta's.

Many changes have passed over the Escorial, over the Convent-Palace and the Pueblo. From being the most exclusive of royal residences, it has become a place like Richmond or Fontainebleau, a place where the Madrid cockney resorts to when the heat is growing intolerable in his beloved Puerta del Sol. The big stone houses once built and inhabited by the Spanish grandees, are now owned or taken for the season by the Madrilenos. A row of pretty villas has risen between the Monastery and the Casita del Infante; the Convent-garden, with its stately terraces overlooking mountain and plain, is filled with a gay crowd on summer evenings; the twanging of the guitar is heard, and the "Rondon" danced in front of the "Ministerios," once inhabited by the stern counsellors of Philip the Second. Still, everything has an odd tinge of the monastical, everything is connected with the church. All festivals are church festivals; the principal fair, with its appendage of bull-fights and peasant-races, of carousels and open-air dances, is the Feria de San Lorenza, and the famous gridiron is to be seen and sold everywhere, shaped out of every imaginable material down to ginger-bread.

The Convent-Palace itself has lost nothing of its awful grandeur, but in the surroundings ruins are telling their tale of decay, ruins of "ranchos" and of fulling-mills, of guard-houses and of hermit-huts, built and kept by the monks in former centuries, now abandoned, but looking picturesque with the luxurious ivy growing over their broken walls and empty window-holes.

Spring always does her best to make the Escorial look lovely. Its woods are wonderfully rich with wild flowers, with the large pink blossoms of the Paeonia, and the white ones of the Hi-

biscus; the budding oaks are looking like pinkish velvet, and even the woodless rocks are clad in the golden hue of the furze; thousands of tiny rivulets are rippling between the trees and stones, and the cry of the cuckoo and the wild pigeon are heard close to the Convent walls. And amidst that scene of youthful life and freshness, the Convent-Palace is towering like a thing unreal, like a dream of the past.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## OCTOBER.

'Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant,'

wrote Sara Coleridge long ago in her rhymes for her children. And as to the first line, one can only say, 'Pity 'tis, 'tis true,' if one is neither a sportsman nor a housewife. For what a sight the live pheasant is if we come on him suddenly in the evening sunshine that lights all his coppery feathers with metallic lustre, while he turns his stately neck, and looks round with his eye in its setting of red, his long barred tail giving the dignity of a train. So tame are the beautiful creatures, often reared under hens, that I have known them feed on chestnuts on one side of a tree, while I have been picking on the other, and it has seemed hard that their confidence should so be deceived when battues begin. However, it may be better to live to be shot than never to have lived at all! And though, when game-laws are in peril, I own to some wonder that the sporting system should be so managed as to make them specially irritating to the peasant and tempting to the poacher, it must be owned that preserving incidentally saves wild plants from being exterminated by unscrupulous marauders. Daffodils, snowdrops, lilies of the valley, ferns, and even primroses, would not long exist if every wood could be overrun by those who have no mercy on roots, and care not for the future.

And before we leave the pheasant, I must record, for the benefit of the polite letter-writer, a note in which a lady-farmer returned thanks for the present of one, declaring that her 'gastronomical powers did it full justice, as it became small by degrees and beautifully less,' which is not the usual course with the appearance of a half-eaten bird!

As to the nuts, a great deal of charm has been attributed to nutting, but it must be in some place where the breaking of hazel boughs is immaterial, as perhaps it was in the old easy-going times. Now the woodmen do not hail a fine crop with delight, as they have hard work to guard their bushes from being torn down. The conventional picture of the boy in a nut-tree, throwing to the girl below, depicts what is here at least impossible, for our hazels would hardly support a boy of seven years old!

The cluster of nuts is a pretty thing, with the softly tinted nut sunk within the long calyx. By the bye, what part of the nut-bush is supposed to be of the same colour as hazel eyes? The filbert is still more graceful, with much longer sheaths as beards, whence the name full-beard.

The walnut (*Juglans regia*), the royal Jove's acorn, namely, comes from Persia. Walnut is really the foreign nut, the first syllable being like Welsh, the Teutonic for 'stranger,' as the Germans call Italy Welschland, and turkeys Welschhahnen. The French *dinde* is 'de Inde'—the most correct of the three names for that fowl, as the wild turkey is assuredly not Turkish, but American, and so shares the name with the Red Indian and with Indian corn.

'Hops and turkeys, and beer
Came to England all in one year.'

Can anyone supply the missing word?

Beer or ale was assuredly drunk by the oldest English, though they did not, like the Northmen, make ale a part of their names, as Olaf—which is really ale-giver. Probably, however, the name of beer had in some way gone out of use, and the new brew, flavoured by hops, assumed the name, *Humulus lupulus*. The hop is common enough in all our hedges, though it is sometimes doubted whether it is only a stray run wild from those hop-gardens which in their prime rival the vineyards of the south with their graceful foliage and pretty leafy catkins. It is only as wild that they grow in these parts, and merely as a visitor that I have seen the long alleys between the well-laden poles. The universal holiday in hopping villages is scarcely yet over, that time when old and young turn out, and the peculiar fragrance inspires a restful feeling beneficial to the nerves. A hop pillow was one of the remedies that did poor old George III. the most good under Dr. Willis's care. The influx of rough strangers from the slums is the only drawback to the glad season, and

they, poor things, are so much the better for what is for once a wholesome festival time to them, that it can hardly be grudged to them. Indeed, in one case at least, it is made by the clergy a means of trying to convey some spiritual benefit to them, and they show themselves grateful.

The summer birds are departing. The swallows sit in long rows on roofs and telegraph wires, meditating departure, and perhaps instructing their broods. The other birds go more quietly, and seldom notify their intentions, though I have once met a flock of hen chaffinches on their way, but here in the south migration is not so universal as in the north. Many of these ladies remain for the winter, and so do the golden-crested wrens, who migrate from Yorkshire, but whom I have often seen popping about quickset hedges in the winter.

This is the month above all of the glory of autumn. St. Martin's or St. Luke's little summer, or the Indian summer, whichever we are pleased to call it, brings the brightest of sunshine, and the sun being low comparatively early, lights up everything with a sidelong ray that is specially embellishing to the red trunks of pines, and the grey lichen-clad boles of oaks.

The leaves have begun to put on their final robes of glory. Even little Herb-Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*), while blossoming still, has put his much-divided leaves into the robes of a doctor of divinity. The wayfaring-tree, once a grey woolly thing, is equally crimson. So are the docks, the purple loosestrife, and the willow herbs. In fact, the red purple flowers seem to have leaves also susceptible of the same dye. They would make a beautiful bouquet, if it were not hard to find perfect ones, as they drop off as soon as gathered, the flow of sap from the vessels of the stem having ceased.

The hedge side is a charming study of colouring—in masses of yellow, amber, purple, crimson, all shades of pale brown, and green in every variety. The yellow is generally maple, whose pinnate leaves take sundry tints of gold and brown, while some remain green and still show the little red excrescences which are the work (I believe) of one of the many bedeguars. The amber is the autumn dress of the hawthorn, each of whose tiny winged leaves takes a uniform colour. Purple and crimson adorn the cornel or dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*), a dull, insignificant bush in the summer, with a poor, little white four-stamened flower in corymbs, but in autumn imperially robed in all varieties of purple, sometimes so dark as to be almost black, sometimes

bright blood-red, meriting the specific name, and the twigs standing up into the sun, perfectly brilliant as the light shines through them. The bushes of oak saplings are of all shades between brown and green, the later shoots, lingering after mid-summer, showing red. The dog-roses contribute golden leaves, and hips of shining scarlet, or duller rounder balls of the white field-rose, long bents stand up from the still green grass, the bramble leaves bear blossoms and show all tints on their leaves, of purple, red, and yellow, sometimes mixed, and over all winds the *Clematis vitalba*, well-named traveller's joy, or old man's beard, displaying those soft, white, woolly wigs that are formed by the silky wings of the seeds. A few thistles, knap-weeds in rich purple, golden-rod in yellow, and Herb-Roberts in pink still star the banks, and it is quite difficult to get along the lane for counting the variations of beauty. Here and there we have bushes of the *Euonymus Europæus*, spindle-wood, or skewer-wood, some still bright lively green, without a berry, being the male plants; and alternately with them, others with the foliage further gone, but with the unusually beautiful fruit, the five-divided capsule of a delicate, pure pink, most uncommon in seed-vessels, and which, opening, discloses a brilliant orange-coated seed. The wood is very hard, and was used for the spindle in spinning days, also for skewers, which an old woman said were made from a tree that grows on purpose. Thence, of course, the English names. The Latin is more puzzling, as it is said to come from Euonyme, the mother of the Furies, whether because of the fitness of the wood for weapons, or because the fruit is peculiarly unwholesome, there is no guessing.

Above and beyond the woods repeat and amplify the glory. The elms begin by being spangled with golden leaves here and there, and gradually become towering masses of gold. I shall never forget the year of after-glows which we were told to ascribe to the volcanoes in Java, when in the sunsets one especial tall, upright elm-tree, stood up opposite to the sunset, as it were a pillar of fire, and the young moon looked by contrast quite green. The oaks repeat every possible shade of brown and 'old gold'; the wild cherries—once piles of snow—are now pyramids of crimson, and the seas of bracken beneath are at first sight all a yellow field, but on examination, they show golden-yellow rising above the mass, green, edged with gold, and a whole scale of tints, while the slender birches above become again silver trees loaded with gold.

Then there are the fungi, the stem and gills of the purest white, the upper umbrella-like part, properly called then the *pileus* or hat, deep dark crimson, sometimes plain, but oftener spotted over with raised white dots, like pearl-headed pins in a velvet cushion. There, too, was the eminently wholesome and excellent *Canterellus cibarius*, or *chanterelle*, apricot-coloured and apricot-scented, much admired by adventurous eaters of toadstools. Their entirely unquestionable friend the mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), white-covered and rosy-gilled, so charming in dewy meadows in September, is generally over, only leaving its green fairy rings. Indeed, this too has an unwholesome species, called the horse-mushroom (*Agaricus arvensis*), large and handsome, called exquisite, but coarse-looking, growing under trees, good for catsup, and though not killing, yet often now disagreeing.

The little buff-coloured champignon (*Agaricus oreades*), which also grows in rings on the downs, is also good to eat, and so is St. George's mushroom (*Agaricus Georgii*), which, as the name implies, comes early in the year. The puff-ball (*Lycopergum giganteum*): these strange, wonderful things seem created to absorb the moisture of decaying nature, to grow up quickly, and convert what would otherwise be deleterious into food for various beings, or else, themselves passing away, form soil where other vegetable growth can spring. The bare, red-brick wall or white stone building, or the rough bark of a tree, soon is varied, at every joint or corner by the yellow, or grey crust of lichen, with invisible seeds at its edges. On them soon follow tender tufts of velvet-like moss, and by-and-by, if there be a coign of vantage, the polypody, the chickweed, the pellitory, in some counties the wall penny-wort, and by-and-by follow the red valerian, the snapdragon, and wallflower.

The lichen has begun the work; the mushroom is generally in moist places, and is more developed, bearing spores containing the germs of reproduction. The Agarics are the most developed—with their umbrella shape—the true toadstool, appropriate to Puck. They come up in round buttons, gradually open their heads into what botanists call a pileus or hat, smooth or sometimes warty above. A veil which had enclosed them becomes divided, leaving a fringe above, upon the pileus, and a ring below on the stem.

Below the covering is divided into converging rays or gills, between which are contained the spores. Other fungi carry on

the whole work of ripening under their outer covering; others have their spores within tubes, looking sponge-like. The numbers are infinite. In one walk of little more than a mile, I counted full twenty-two sorts.

Under the fir-trees, rose the magnificent *Agaricus muscatorius*, of tiger-like brilliance—for it is extremely poisonous to human creatures, but its beauty is a warning. The stem and gills, whose spores are first hidden in a spongy consistency of cells which becomes black powder, shut up in a round white wall of skin, is averred to be eatable; but I had rather not try, and would leave it to its proper use of smoking out bees. The Boletus is no beauty —a great, thick, lumpy thing, liver-coloured and with apparently yellow sponge consisting of tiny tubes beneath it. Break it, when if the fleshy interior retains the original lemon tint, it is wholesome, and is the *Boletus edulis*, with reticulations and the bulbous stem. If the edges begin turning blue, it is *Boletus luridus*, and poisonous. Slugs, black and grey, seem to find both equally to their taste. Then on stumps of trees are the graceful, large, vase-like white *Polyporus*, the edge turned over on the up-sloping gills, so as to form cups that might be a model. Also on trees, clusters of grey or white curved *Polyporus squamosus*, like the edible nests of the Chinese swallow, and on the oak-tree branches that peculiar jelly-like *Tremella aurantia*, of a bright orange colour, which the Germans have named St. Gundula's lamp, in honour of the holy maiden who was wont to go out with her lamp in early twilight morning, to visit the sick. Probably it is luminous, as decaying wood often is.

Then there are delicate lilac mushrooms, and tiny, tiny red or yellow Agarics peeping up through the grass by the roadside, *A. coccineus;* also the purple, yellow, or white-branched *Clavaria*. The *Peziza coccineus*, or fairy bath, a cup of brilliant poppy-red, is to be found upon dry sticks, generally at the back of hedges. Cup lichens, tiny grey cups, are to be found everywhere, and now and then that greater prize, the kind tipped, as it were, with red sealing-wax.

Nowhere is the story of 'Eyes and No Eyes' more entirely to be carried out than in a lane in this and the ensuing months, so amusing all the year round to Eyes, scarcely ever interesting to No Eyes.

The gardens go on showing their late summer glory, the scarlet geranium, which, coming from a southern hemisphere, still finds autumn congenial; the heliotrope grey, purple and

delicious; the fuchsia with its crimson calyx, veiling the purple fold of petals, far more beautiful in the original colouring and form than in the tortured freaks of gardeners; the dahlia, crimson, sulphur, purple or white, pinked and quilled in the double state, which for once I prefer to the single, though that has of late been the fashion. Both these names, like the Kalmia, sound so friendly and natural that it is odd to realise that they are formed from those of Fuchs, Dahl, and Kalm, three of the twelve men whom Linnæus termed his Apostles, and sent exploring into tropical regions, which proved fatal to the health of some of them.

The great vegetable marrows are in their fullest magnificence, stretching their long limbs covered with huge vine-like leaves in the utmost luxuriance, and showing their fine-looking fruit in all patterns and gradations—the ripe yellow, the striped green in alternate divisions of light and dark, the smaller kracken in regular divisions, and the large, star-like yellow flowers, and corkscrew tendrils, the great fruits reminding us for one thing of Cinderella's coach, for another, of the fabled husbandman who regretted that handsome trees like oaks and handsome fruit like the gourd did not go together, till an acorn fell on his face, and he cried,

> 'Rubbing the place,
> How lucky this was not a pumpkin.'

I believe this was in a charming book of my childhood, and I rather believe S.P.C.K., but unluckily long since out of print. It was all fables in verse, and contained some capital things, of which I remember some fragments: one beginning—

> 'An owl from out a hollow tree
> One afternoon was peeping;
> It was about half-after-three,
> His usual time for sleeping.'

He proceeds to wish it were always dark, with no sunshine:—

> 'No glaring flowers would then be here,
> So gaudy and perfumy;
> But day would just like night appear
> As beautiful and gloomy.'

Of course a moralizer comes by, far less amusing.

The gourds of primitive nations, and the pumpkin pies which are to America what Michaelmas geese are to us, come to mind,

though it is hinted that the original "pumpkin pie" was only 'faute de mieux,' and that the regulation dish takes a great deal of flavouring to make it go down.

We have had a really Scriptural experience of gourds. A marrow which appeared at dinner was extremely bitter, and absolutely nauseating, recalling in a moment Elisha's young prophets. The plant from which it came was hard to distinguish from its wholesome companions.

Of Jonah's gourd, though that was probably no gourd at all, but a *Palma Christi*, it is impossible not to think when, after one fine starlight night, the glorious plant lies a piteous wreck of ruin, wrought not by worm, but by frost, whose first touch destroys these natives of warmer regions. The heliotropes are blackened, the dahlias become wet, disgusting rags, though if warmer days follow, their buds, having more inherent warmth than the leaves, go on opening their flowers, looking like ornaments on a withered and decayed beauty. The scarlet geraniums survive a little longer, so, apparently, do the perpetual roses; but the foundations of these blossoms are sapped, and they fall off when gathered. The garden is a doleful scene of damp and decay, and there is nothing for it but to take up the annuals and put in the bulbs in future hope.

But how splendid are the sunsets! The slant beams light up the red trunks of the pines, and add to the glory of the foliage. The pine-trees stand up dark and grand against skies of pale brightness, shading from blue into daffodil, like a wondrous illimitable coast of Eldorado (for want of a better word), with a golden surf of waves rolling in, or with the lovely fleeces that we used to call Aslauga's golden hair, and looked on as like dear memories, the last lingering bright traces of a joyous day never to be recalled. Yet it might be 'the promise of the morrow.'

# CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCC.

### 1745.

### THE MARCH TO DERBY.

A GREAT deal of alarm was spared to those who lived before electricity had been taught to carry tidings. It is curious to see in memoirs of the time, how little quiet people in the south of England troubled themselves about Edinburgh being in the hands of the rival heir. Nobody as a general rule wished for the return of the Stewarts, and yet nobody cared enough for the House of Brunswick to make much effort. The fate of England seemed at the moment to depend on foreigners, whether the Dutch should first come to the succour of George, or French to the support of Charles Edward.

The King, and all the really trained soldiery were in Flanders, and though George II. returned to London, it was without his troops, and Lord Granville, to whom his confidence was given, while the Duke of Newcastle was his Prime Minister, continued to represent that the insurrection was of no consequence; and, on the other hand, Newcastle was secretly glad of any Jacobite advantage which proved Granville to be in the wrong. Thus very little was done, and when tidings of the Battle of Preston Pans arrived, the first person who showed any zeal was Archbishop Herring, of York, who stirred up the gentlemen of his own diocese, and those of Lancashire and Cheshire, to form an association, and raise the country for the defence of their Church.

Charles's wish was to hasten at once towards London, and he immediately sent an agent into Northumberland to stir up the country, but his advisers were bent on waiting for reinforcements from the Highlands, and for the French supplies, which his brother Henry was expecting at Dunkirk; but they did not come. France was cautiously waiting for a movement from the English

Jacobites; and this was not made. Even the Roman Catholic gentry were so convinced of the hopelessness of the attempt, that those in Cheshire had joined the counter association, declaring that ruin would be brought on them and their religion.

Yet if Charles could have dashed on at once, probably he would have made his way to London. There was no fortress between except Newcastle, where the people were in great alarm; but the want alike of money and of men detained him at Edinburgh, where he continued to win golden opinions. He invited the ministers back to their kirks with all liberty of worship; but only one ventured to come, and he still prayed openly for King George. Charles forbade that he should be molested, and it was reported that the requital was the following prayer, 'As for the young man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy take him to Thyself, and give him a crown of glory.'

Edinburgh Castle held out, and all supplies were cut off; but the Commandant wrote to the baillies of Edinburgh that if the blockade continued, he should cannonade the city. A respite was procured till orders could be obtained from London; but some of the wild Highlanders not understanding this, fired on some persons carrying provisions up the hill. On this the garrison fired, and several lives were lost. Charles had not the heart to allow the burghers to suffer, and the fair town to be ruined, so he agreed to give up the attempt at a blockade, thus relinquishing the hope of making himself master of the castle. He published various manifestoes, which so gratified the national spirit of the Scots, as to draw many to his standard. Among them old Lord Balmerino, who had so narrowly escaped in 1715, and it is said was warned by a maid-servant, who was found screaming, and said that she had seen her master's head roll off. Another adherent was Forbes, Lord Pitsligo, a most admirable old man, the original in some degree of the Baron of Bradwardine.

The prisoners of Gladsmuir lived with their captors just as Colonel Talbot is shown doing with Waverley, and Charles refused to comply with the politic advice, that if the English government refused to exchange, or treat captives on his side as prisoners of war, he should execute some of them as traitors. Finally, they were released on giving their word not to serve against him for a year.

With Macleod of Macleod, and cautious old Sir Alexander

Macdonald, and of course with the Campbells, Charles could not prevail, and old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, as before, hesitated cannily, writing polite letters both to Charles and to the Lord-President, and finally causing his son to raise 700 Frasers, while protesting to Duncan Forbes that it was against his orders; and so delaying the march that it was too late to join the Prince on his advance.

Money was collected with great difficulty, and without supplies it was impossible to proceed without plundering for subsistence. All the dues and revenues of the Crown in Scotland were collected, some families sent free gifts, the French sent £8000, also 5000 stand of arms, six pieces of artillery, some French and Irish officers, and a letter from Louis XV. There were hopes of a French landing in England, and altogether Charles felt that now, if ever, was the time for a southward march.

So on the last day of October, 1745, he set forward on his march with 6000 men, of whom 500 were cavalry. But the Highlanders were most unwilling to leave their own country, and began to desert every night. As the army crossed the Border on the 6th of November, there was a general unsheathing of swords, in token of defiance; but it happened that Lochiel cut his hand, and this was held to be an augury, which filled the Highlanders with dismay.

The clans formed regiments, each having its chief as colonel, and the two captains, lieutenants, and ensigns being his nearer relatives. These were ardent enough; but the ordinary clansmen, not being allowed to plunder, and being really afraid of the new, untrodden lands, grew more dispirited day by day, in spite of all the encouragement of their Prince, who often would walk among them talking to them.

However, they reached Carlisle, which had a wall, though a frail one, and a castle, though with only one company in it; but there were a number of Cumberland militia in the place, and defence was thought possible. So the Mayor issued a proclamation to the citizens to tell them that he was no Scotch Paterson, but an English Pattison, determined to hold out to the last.

This 'last' came very soon, for at the sight of the trenches being made for a regular siege so daunted the valiant Pattison, that city and castle surrendered, on the terms that no harm should be done, and that all the garrison should go free on condition of not serving against the Prince within a twelvemonth.

Marshal Wade had tried to march from Newcastle; but

finding the roads blocked with snow, had retreated. Thus the invaders pressed on, one division with Lord George Murray, the other with the Prince himself, almost always on foot, having insisted on giving up his carriage to old Lord Pitsligo. There was no violence, no plundering, but the people were in great dread of the Highlanders. One woman threw herself at Lochiel's feet, entreating him to spare her two little children, and he found that she was persuaded that babes were the favourite food of Highlanders.

In Lancashire the people were more friendly, but would not rise, saying they did not understand fighting. Only at Manchester was there any enthusiasm, bell-ringing, illuminations, and white cockades, and Mr. Francis Townley, a Roman Catholic gentleman, brought in two hundred horsemen.

Advancing and crossing the Mersey—on trunks of poplars laid in the channel—the Prince met a touching welcome. Among a few Cheshire gentry, there was a very aged lady, Mrs. Skyring, who could just remember being lifted up by her mother to see King Charles II. land at the Restoration. She had sent annually half her income to the Stewart Court, and now she had sold all her available property, bringing the price to the Prince's feet. As she kissed his hand, she murmured, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!' Nor did she live many weeks longer.

There was after this a strange indifference. After people had found out that they were not likely to receive any personal damage, and that the 'petticoat men' were very harmless wild beasts, they regarded them as a spectacle. Thus Charles safely reached Derby on the 4th of December, and took up his quarters in a house of the Earl of Exeter, where at supper he discussed the mode of his entrance into London, only a hundred and thirty miles off, whether it should be on foot or on horseback, in English or Highland dress.

But to Lord George Murray and the other Commanders it was known that the English troops who had fought so well at Dettingen and Fontenoy, very different men from Gardiner's runaway dragoons, and with the Duke of Cumberland at their head, were in England, forming a nucleus for the militia, and certain to fight a terrible battle before London could be entered. Their army numbered 30,000; the Prince had barely 5000—chiefly Highlanders. Moreover, Cumberland was already marching towards Derby, and Wade's army at York was being daily augmented by militia and volunteers. It was madness to

advance so as to be almost certainly defeated, and then find the retreat cut off, whereas in Scotland fresh troops were ready to join, and there was general enthusiasm in the cause.

In the morning, a Council laid all this before the Prince, to his extreme mortification and indignation. At first he would not listen. 'Rather than go back,' he cried, 'I would wish to be twenty feet underground!'

He declared that the French would come, that the English would rise, that a dash would win the day; but he could make no impression. Then he proposed to turn towards Wales; but could obtain no voice for this plan, except from the Duke of Perth and a few Irish officers. The Council broke up without a decision, and the Prince spent the next day in private arguments with the officers, the Highlanders in sharpening their broadswords, confessing, and hearing mass.

London was in a panic on this news. The day it arrived was remembered as Black Friday. The King had his goods packed up, there was a run on the Bank, and the Duke of Newcastle stood trembling and uncertain, people shut shops, volunteers enrolled themselves, all the lawyers in the Temple formed themselves into a regiment, and there was a camp at Finchley Common. The humours of the march thither were shown up by Hogarth in one of his notable engravings, when all had become a laughing matter to the Londoners.

For Charles could not withstand the representations of Lord George Murray and Sir Thomas Sheridan that the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Wade must soon close on him, and he had found every chief decided that an advance would be utter ruin, suicide for themselves, destruction to their brave followers. So late in the evening he gave mournful consent to a retreat, adding that he should call no more Councils, but would be answerable only to God and his father for his measures.

So on the next day, the 6th of December, the retreat began in the misty grey morning, the clansmen going off in high spirits, thinking they were on the way to meet the enemy; but as they went further, and recognised the places they had passed only two days previously, they became dejected and indignant, and went along like beaten men.

The poor Prince, whom, in Fergus MacIvor's words, they were leading back 'like a dog in a string,' had lost hope and spirit, and instead of marching gaily along, he shut himself up in his carriage, unwilling to speak to any one. Discipline gave way,

when hope was over; the Highlanders helped themselves to provision, the people attacked them, they retaliated, and more than one house was set on fire. Stragglers and sick were made prisoners, sometimes killed, and at Manchester, such was the change of feeling, that a mob opposed his entry, and in his anger he imposed and obtained a fine of £5000. He had thought of halting there for a day; but Lord George Murray persuaded him that this would only give more time to his enemies to overtake him, and they went on, the mob hanging on their rear.

At Wigan, Mr. O'Sullivan was shot at by mistake for the Prince. Search was made for the miscreant, but in vain; and unless he had been slain by the men in their anger, Charles would probably have pardoned him. It had the effect of exasperating the Highlanders at Lancaster, they threw open the gaols, and acted in a disorderly manner; and afterwards the Highlanders began seizing horses and riding them barebacked.

The Duke of Perth was sent forward with a small party of horse, to cross the Border and bring up Lord John Drummond with the troops he had gathered; but the men of Penrith would not allow the Duke to enter their town, and he had to fall back to the Prince at Kendal, pursued by several gentlemen on horseback, while beacon fires blazed upon all the hills.

Lord George Murray, who was in charge of the rear through this miserable winter retreat, was in great difficulties, for his carts broke down on the mountainous roads, and he had to throw a good deal of his powder into the tarns. The country people watched them in no friendly spirit, but had not intelligence enough to see what would have been really fatal—namely, to impede their progress by throwing down the stone walls that lined the road. The Duke of Cumberland was hanging on their rear, and the General nearest at hand was James Oglethorpe, the same whom report made the younger brother of the supposed Pretender, and whom we have already met as the beneficent colonist of Georgia.

It was he, who, when Lord George Murray was trying to master Lowther Hall, attacked the Jacobites with his light horse; but they had already gained the ground behind the hedges, Lord George, who had often been a visitor at the hall, knowing the ground perfectly. Cluny Macpherson, with his clan shouting 'Claymore,' rushed upon the English, and though they fought bravely, dispersed them. Cumberland's troops were to

be seen on the edge of Clifton Moor, and the Highlanders wanted to attack them, but Lord George knew that this would be mere madness, and marched on to the Prince. A garrison was left at Carlisle, and on Charles Edward's twenty-sixth birthday the Esk was forded, and the invasion of England was over.

The river was swollen by December rains, and the troops had to wade, struggling against the current, in pairs arm-in-arm. Charles had ridden across, when from the bank he saw a poor man drifted down by the stream. Instantly he sprung in, grasped the drowning man's hair, and shouting in Gaelic, 'Help! Help!' kept him up till other rescuers came to his aid. The men danced reels to dry themselves when they had crossed. The whole expedition (580 miles) altogether occupied only fifty-six days, and on only one night at Manchester in the advance had Charles undressed.

If Charles had advanced from Derby, would he have been successful?

It is quite possible that he might have safely reached London, where there were many Jacobite citizens, Alderman Heathcote at the head of the party. George II. had sent his valuables on board ship, and the royal family had never inspired much attachment. Success would have brought aid from France, and the other enemies of England, Charles might have proclaimed James III., and even installed him on the throne.

But he could hardly have kept it. Queen Mary Tudor's legacy to the nation had been an insane dread of Popery, and two hundred years had not effaced the recollection of the Smithfield fires or the Gunpowder Plot, and even now there were persecutions of Huguenots in France, showing that Giant Pope could still use his claws. And whatever Charles Edward might be, his father was of the straitest sect of Romanists, and was too much led by Italian priests to have abated a jot of the assertion of the exclusive claims of his branch of the Church. He was, moreover, a dull, incapable man; nor was his son, though with the Stewart charm of manner, and a high enthusiastic spirit, able to inspire in the long run real respect and confidence.

A Henri Quatre might have won the hearts of both parties, and have satisfied the nation that their liberties were safe; but such statesmen-sovereigns are of rare occurrence, and the mass of the nation hated alike French influence, preponderance of the Crown, and Romanism. And even if George II., one of the

most obstinate of men, had fled, or if his son Cumberland had disbanded his veteran army, it is probable that James's first Parliament would have been his last.

And the country might well be thankful that this last invasion was well-nigh bloodless. The skirmish at Clifton was the only attempt at a battle, and the other deaths were either of stragglers slain in cruel timidity by the country folk, or of the peasants here and there shot in reprisals; but this was as far as possible prevented by Charles Edward, who truly deserved all honour for mercy and generosity, even when a defeated and disappointed man.

## VIRGIL'S HEAVEN.

'Per te poeta fui, per te cristiano.'—DANTE, *Purg.* xxii. 73.

WHEN that great soul who, born too soon for faith,
Amid the shades in softened gloom must dwell,
Where Limbo's meadows border on dark Hell,
And longing lives but hope hath suffered death,
Journeyed with Dante from the realms beneath,
And climbed the mount where souls bid sins farewell,
Upon his spirit, too, a rapture fell;
For when the bard he loved,* with eager breath,
Uttered those words which thrilled his own soul through:
'Thou, though in darkness, cast behind a light,
Thou mad'st me poet and a Christian too;
'Twas thou who brought me from the heathen night';
Virgil himself, methinks, a Heaven knew,
As high as that amid the circles bright.

CORA LANGTON.

* Statius.

# STROLLING PLAYERS.

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### IRISH CHIVALRY.

MISS DORSET'S appearance at the meeting of the mysterious society which Clarence Burnet began to conclude was ubiquitous, and circulating like the Methodists, was owing to her having had a correspondence with the Clarebridge Branch secretary about a young dressmaker, and this had resulted in her being solicited to come to the conference and communicate her experiences as to 'members in business'—a class not yet taken in hand by this diocese.

There she was introduced to the diocesan president, Lady Florence Devereux, Lord Rotherwood's sister, a pleasant-looking, pale, dark-eyed little person, with the bright activity mixed with well-earned repose of outgrown ill-health, and both ladies were interested and pleased with each other.

On coming home, and being received by the nurse with tidings of the domestic crisis, Aunt Nan, as Agnes had suggested, trotted off at once to consult her Branch secretary friend; though, as she said with a sigh, the utmost she expected was a raw girl of sixteen who would break all the quaking crockery and run them up a monstrous bill.

However, Lady Florence, whom she found drinking tea with the good B.S., gave better hopes, for she possessed in her village that treasure to the destitute, a widow who had been a good servant, and was capable of turning her hand to anything, and

she promised, if possible, to send this valuable article in good time the next day.

'I would not build upon her,' said Ernley Armytage, rather grimly, when the engagement was triumphantly announced when they came back from the theatre; 'those are just the sort of people with whom it is out of sight out of mind. I wish we had not got let in for the boiling.'

'They are very different from the Pettifers,' suggested Selva.

'Wusserer!' he muttered. 'I hate swells.'

Lady Florence, however, was even better than her word. She not only sent, but brought, the invaluable Mrs. Blaine, and happily she arrived in a lucid interval, when Selva was out marketing with nurse, baby and perambulator to carry home her purchases, most of the population were rehearsing, and only Aunt Nan was at home, at work upon Juliet's ball-dress, which was perilously long. Dolph was also in the kitchen, cleaning knives, and there he promptly introduced Mrs. Blaine, who went instantly to work, as Huber describes the slave ants, turned in among the helpless aristocrats.

Meanwhile Lady Florence was conducted to the drawing-room and began explaining first the terms of Mrs. Blaine, and secondly that she had come to ask Miss Dorset about some G. F. S. mysteries, etc., on which the two ladies debated eagerly. Then finally, she said, 'And now, Miss Dorset, I want you to come to me for this affair. You appear, don't you?'

'Oh, yes; *faute de mieux.* I'm a truculent old Irish hag.'

'I have a cosy little house, not ten minutes' walk from the Castle, just across the gardens, meant, in fact, for the gardener originally. My sister-in-law is packing people as close as she can, and I thought if you and your two nieces would be kind enough to come to me, it would be delightful. They would have all the fun at the Castle as if they were staying there, and you and I, as much or as little as we liked.'

Miss Dorset accepted with all her heart, and Lady Florence further explained that she had come on a further embassy. She had a poem by 'Mesa,' and she produced two little pink books, emblazoned with the Devereux arms.

Aunt Anne knew this as the *nom de plume* of an authoress of some note for essays and tales.

'She is to be with us,' added her visitor; 'she is a sort of connection of ours, through the Mohuns of Beechcroft. Well, poor thing, I think it is very hard upon her,' proceeded Lady Florence;

'but once upon a time, she wrote for a child's manuscript magazine, which my little niece was concerned with, some verses about a romantic adventure of an ancestor, and the Mayor of Raynham. It has been routed out and touched up, and nothing will serve the Raynham folk but to have a public recital of it. My little niece and her cousin have gone through it very prettily, for it is a sort of dramatic ballad, like 'The Spanish Lady,' before the G. F. S. girls and the school children; but, of course, they could not in public—I mean,' catching herself up, 'they have not voice enough—nor anything. So my brother asked me to bring it over, and humbly ask if Sir Lewis or any of you can take it up and go through it. It would be really cruel to poor Mesa to let it be blundered and mangled among ourselves.'

Miss Dorset undertook to consult her nephew, and Lady Willingham, coming in with a basket of apples on her arm, was profuse in thanks and promises for everybody; also of invitations to luncheon; but the visitor was bent on going home early, whereupon Miss Dorset put on her hat to walk to the station with her.

There Major O'Connor was found, in quest of his favourite newspaper, and was introduced; assisting the lady to her seat in the train with all his Irish gallantry, repaid by a curtsey which made him exclaim, as she steamed off, 'A homely little body enough, but the real thing—thoroughbred, and no mistake.'

'Yes,' said Miss Dorset, as they turned to walk back together; 'this will be a very different matter from our last experiences.'

'It had need to be! I say, Miss Anne, don't you think Lewis will soon have had enough of this sort of thing?'

'I am sure,' she said, hesitatingly, 'your kindness has been unspeakable; but if this is really to be taken up in earnest, Lewis must not trespass on your kindness, but must get other help.'

'That's neither here nor there,' said the Major. 'As long as Lewis drags you and the girls into it, I shall stick to it, whether I'm a mere super or not. It is not fit for such as *you* to be running about the country with all sorts of people, and into all sorts of places, with no one who knows how to look after you.'

The 'you' was so individual, that Anne Dorset felt constrained to say, 'Me! Oh, I'm the old frump, looking after them!'

'That's as one may think,' said the Major, with a meaning bow, which brought a flush to her face and a throb to her heart

as when, twenty years ago, that curate—Oh! it was no use thinking of that—what folly! What was he saying?

'Do you think the boy quite knows all that he is letting the young things in for?' proceeded the Major. 'I've been wanting to talk to you about it—the only rational head amongst the lot—for the thing is going much farther than he thinks for. Let him run amuck as much as he pleases, but he ought to consider his sister.'

'Poor Agnes, it is all against the grain with her.'

'True enough, and I've nothing to say on that score, except that it is hardly fair on Armytage or her either to let her be dangled in front of him, like a red herring before the hounds, if she won't have him; and to do the girl justice, she's the very moral of the herring—quite as unconscious, I mean.'

As her aunt laughed heartily at the compliment, and said, 'Poor Ernley! if so, he had better bring it to a crisis, and as far as acting goes, he would be no great loss! But Lewis hardly sees it in that light, and it would be an excellent thing for Agnes. We could wish nothing better for her.'

'Well! that's no great matter. They can both take care of themselves, and there's no harm done, however it ends. But there's Juliet, the little absurd pussy cat! She has got no eyes but for that Orlando fellow—nice, well-behaved chap, I grant you, *but*——'

There was an infinity of meaning in that same 'but'!

'Oh, Major, I do assure you,' cried Anne, startled, as she recalled her sister's hint, 'it is only that the dear girl is regularly stage-struck, and no one teaches her so well.'

'Humph, I wonder which would please you best, to see her take up with the stage and with a grocer's boy (as he honestly told us he was), or both! or, what is not many degrees better, that cad of a young Buckley, whom my fingers itch to horsewhip, is casting his impertinent sheep's-eyes on her, and when she turns her back on him, as serves him right, he runs into scrapes that his father will hold Master Lewis accountable for.'

'I was a little afraid of that,' said Miss Dorset almost under her breath, 'but not of the other. Oh, it is impossible!'

'I hope so,' returned the Major, 'and I will say for the Burnet man that he knows his place and doesn't presume. He doesn't go to Rotherwood with us, does he?'

'No, it is only ourselves.'

'So much the better. One can stand being made dirt of one-

self, but not seeing the like done with a man in an anomalous situation who really is a good fellow.'

'I don't believe they will make dirt of us.'

'Not trample and kick like those awful beings at Haldon, but calmly tread us down like the useful ground.'

'Well, we shall see, but I don't expect it. Nor does it signify greatly, compared with all the rest. What must we do?—we can't get out of our present engagements.'

'Of course not; but before Lewis makes another, I advise him to be very careful what he undertakes, and with whom; and if he can send young Buckley home about his business, it would be all the better.'

'Certainly, in most ways, and yet unluckily he is of more use than most of us—clever about scenery, and not bad at acting.'

'Except that he would rather let the whole thing go to smash than take a hint from Burnet. However, it is what he is off the stage that makes me uneasy, though I don't know that I should care a rap if Lewis had not made himself responsible for the young dog to his old father, who has had troubles enough.'

'You will do what you can to keep him right?' entreated Miss Anne.

'And that's little enough. A lad like that with an old fellow like me is like a pig on the way to the fair. Give him a pull by the leg and he is sure to be going for the other way. But I'll do what in me lies, you may trust me for that, for auld lang syne's sake—ay, and the present, Miss Anne.'

'Oh, Major, what should we do without you! I am glad you won't desert us, and yet it is such a sacrifice, such a penance to ask of you.'

'Don't talk of that, my dear Miss Anne. There's that in the being thus thrown together which is enough to make up for any amount of sacrifice, if it were one, to my old commanding officer's children.'

Wherewith he wrung her hand at the door, but would not come in, and the conversation had somehow so filled Anne Dorset with emotion, that she did not dwell more than need required upon Lady Florence's messages, and when she mentioned the request about Mesa's poem, she did not speak of the possibility of meeting her. In fact, Agnes had been told at Coalham of the identity of Mesa the authoress with Bessie Merrifield, but under seal of

secrecy, as the Admiral and his wife were old-fashioned enough to withstand the labelling of their daughter as a literary woman; and as nothing had brought Mesa's works before her, and she had reason enough to shrink from the Merrifield name, she had never communicated the fact to any of her family.

Lewis and Juliet somewhat grudged the trouble of getting up the recitation, but after Clarence had read it to them, they agreed that it might be made effective, and would at any rate be something new.

Lewis had also been touching up 'Murther in Irish!' with some counsel from Mr. Burnet, who, however, viewed it as something beneath *real* capability, and though he spared the author his candid opinion, Lewis was far from regarding it with his pristine complacency, or as did Selva, who placed it at least on a level with the 'Rivals'!

Their hosts at Devereux Castle had undertaken to provide a mob, but some rearrangement was needful in consequence of Rupert's absence. Ernley Armytage was the obvious person to take his place, and be the confidential agent who married the dispossessed heiress instead of her brother.

'But you will have the whole part to get up in this short time,' exclaimed Agnes, when coming to her at the little bay window, he told her, 'and it is so much harder to learn than blank verse!'

'Never mind that,' said Ernley, hesitating. 'It would—it will—be only too delightful to me if—if it can be in earnest.'

He looked up at her and actually blushed, so as to startle her. She drew herself together in haste, and said—

'Oh, don't let us have any of that nonsense! We have been all going on so comfortably together, don't let us spoil it!'

And she took advantage of a sound in the distance to suppose she was wanted and hurry away.

Ernley was a shy and modest man, or he might have been a better actor. He felt the rebuff to an effort that he had made, in doubt whether it were well to force an understanding during their present connections, and his hopes waned. At any rate, since he could not abandon the Wills at present, he decided on waiting and watching till he should see his way, and not making any further demonstration till the Clarebridge engagement was over. For the present, he went off to the theatre, where he found Lewis and George Buckley before the rehearsal.

'Here,' said he, 'I'm no hand at this swell part! Buckley, you

were to be the heir, now you can get things up like a brick. Let us change, I'll keep my old part, and do you take the agent, with our manager's consent.'

'So you funk it,' said Buckley, secretly very well pleased to get a more prominent part, but making a favour of it. 'Well, it's an awful lot on the top of the rest.'

Lewis, who knew that, as far as acting and spirit went, Buckley was the superior, and had acquired a better carriage with practice, but had felt the lover due to Armytage, looked up in an inquiring manner, and presently managed to get possession of him and demand, 'What's up?'

'Oh, nothing, only it is a confounded long part, and Buckley is ever so much better up to the dodges. I could see Ag— Miss Willingham thought I had better let it alone.'

Lewis, shrugging his shoulders, said, 'Every man to his taste,' and Ernley was content to pass as a specimen of laziness.

At the theatre, the old scenery presented considerable difficulty. From motives of economy, it was to be as much renovated and adapted as possible; and, as the first performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' was to take place on the Saturday evening after the return from Rotherwood, by way of being in full order for the race week, everything had to be arranged before they started. George had had so deadly a quarrel with Terry, the old stage-carpenter and property man, that he had resigned in a huff; and, what with the amateurishness of the manager and the poverty of the theatre, no one knew who was responsible for what. George had busied himself much over the adaptation, especially with painting an effective back scene for the tomb of the Capulets, on which the corpse of Tybalt and other gruesome incidents were artistically introduced. It was cleverly painted, and absorbed the artist's attention; but, in Clarence's opinion, the only person of any practical use, or who understood the principles of construction, was Rigg, the man whom George had originally preferred to Terry, but who by no means always agreed with him as to details, and they came to a difference of opinion over the Capulets' tomb, which was to be ready for a rehearsal before the start for Rotherwood. George, when he was not scene-painting, found the companionship of the Clarebridge actors only too congenial. Armytage never allowed him to be intimate; the Major gave him good advice. Clarence found fault with his play, and, worst of all, Juliet snubbed him continuously. He was sullen and miserable, and ready for any kind of angry self-assertion, and for

any sort of diversion from his sense of discomfort; and, by the time the rehearsal took place, he was in no humour to accept criticism of any kind.

'Look here,' said Clarence, after the rehearsal, contemplating the machinery of the village church in churchwarden's Gothic, which was to do duty for the front of an Italian monument—'this won't do. The door isn't practicable. I shall bring all this down with a smash when I break it in. The front must get out of the way quicker too, and leave the tomb open. I can't wait for it, you know.'

The practicable door, and indeed the whole scene, was an adaptation of George Buckley's own. He stood by looking hot, stupid, and sullen.

'It works well enough with a little care,' he said; 'and the corpse of Tybalt is indicated on this canvas very effectively behind.'

'Yes; but we don't want the corpse of Tybalt down on our heads! Do you see, Rigg—these staples—— What—Rigg gone? Buckley, then, look here—tell him before you go.' He added some practical directions as to what he wanted in a sufficiently peremptory tone, for his train for London was imminent, and he was in a great hurry. 'I shall not be back till just before the performance, so I must leave it to you. Mind that front scene works quick and safe. It's a precious sight more important than Tybalt's bones!'

He rushed off as he spoke, his nerves all on edge with anxiety about 'Raymond Rivers,' since, besides the ambition of the artist, failure would and must set him further from Juliet, and success might be something to lay at her feet.

All the Willinghams had gone home already, to prepare for their visit, and Rigg came back just too late.

'What did Mr. Burnet want, sir?' he said.

'The scenery is my business,' said George, with what he meant for dignity. 'If you attend properly to the working of it, it will be all right. Don't interfere with what doesn't concern you.'

'Nay, ye can mind your own business,' said Rigg; 'but ye'll have a grand smash if those cords are rotten. It'll be "ay, ay, the cords," indeed!'

'Oh, you can quote the play, can you?' said George. 'You'd better mind your own business.'

'Ay, I can do. I didn't hear it first in this theatre, nor 'tisn't

the first time I've heard of Mr. Burnet's "Romeo,"' said Rigg, strolling away.

He was a tall, heavy-eyed fellow, with a look of ill-health and a strong accent, unfamiliar to George, who felt that he was not deferential, and went off to Rotherwood without giving him any directions as to altering the scenery in his absence.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ORANGERY.

VARIOUS carriages were waiting at the Raynham station, and the footmen thereto appertaining made short work of the extensive luggage. It was in the forenoon, for the latter part of the day was to be devoted to the stage arrangements for 'Murther in Irish' in the Orangery, an old-fashioned appendage still adhering to the Castle gardens, and very useful for public occasions.

'For Lady Florence's, ma'am?' demanded a footman, and the three ladies were packed into a brougham, where Juliet on the back seat betook herself to learning the speeches of the English captive of the Azores, interspersed with murmurs at anything so futile being imposed upon her, while Aunt Nan and Agnes exclaimed by turns on the charms of the autumn tints, and the opening park glades.

The admiration teased and interrupted Juliet. She was as nearly cross as it was in her nature to be, for it seemed such a pity to interrupt the regular work and training for such trumpery as tableaux and recitations, not to say 'Murther in Irish,' which she was beginning to despise; and, without Mr. Burnet, there was neither zest nor instruction; all was void, stale, and unprofitable, except in the mercenary point of view, which of course Lewis was bound to consider.

However, here they were turning off from the main approach to a branch road, and by-and-by a very pretty garden, enclosed by radiant trees, in American glory of red, purple, and gold, and in front of a charming cottage, deeply-eaved, sharply-gabled, and clothed with shining ivy and glowing Virginian creeper.

At its rustic gate stood two ladies, one of whom, as Agnes emerged from the carriage, held out her arms, received the astonished damsel into them, and kissed her on both cheeks.

'Oh, Miss Merrifield, I did not guess!' gasped out Agnes;

and in spite of all that gave a sense of shame and embarrassment, there was something in that kiss which gave her a sense of healing and of comfort such as she had not known for months past; and the other ladies stood quite amazed at the effusiveness of the greeting. Indeed, Juliet's thought was, 'Oh! if she has her Merrifields, she will be good for nothing except to study from.'

However, Agnes, during the introductions, became her quiet, grave, reserved self again, having had time to bethink her poor, self-conscious self—What could be Miss Merrifield's opinion of her?

It appeared that Bessie was likewise quartered on Lady Florence, whose little dwelling was rather fuller than it could hold for these three days. The aunt and nieces had two rooms between them. Bessie had a bed in what was really the class and parish room of the little establishment; and when Aunt Nan came down to luncheon she found her and their hostess laughing over the lending library literature she had found on the shelves, and straightway became perfectly in her native element.

But after the first warmth a shyness came over both Bessie and Agnes alike. The former did not know whether to mention Harry, and the letter on the way to him; the latter, though really wishing to know his condition, was withheld from asking by a sense of confusion, as well as by Juliet's presence, which forbade any reference to that conversation in the train last spring.

Lady Florence at luncheon said that her orders were to take the party up to the Castle, but before they were ready to set off there was a call at the window of 'Flo, Flo, are you ladies ready?' and a tall, fine-looking white-moustached man looked in. 'Coming, coming!' she called back, and then explained to Miss Dorset, 'My cousin, General Mohun,' while he added, 'I have found an old friend, Major O'Connor of the —th. We were together a good while at Delhi.'

And a glimpse of the Major's beaming face, as he stood by the fence finishing his cigar, satisfied Miss Anne that he was undergoing no penance.

The same might be said of Ernley Armytage, who pounced upon Agnes as soon as she came out to renew her acquaintance with another Mohun, a William, nephew to the General, being the youngest son of the Squire of Beechcroft, a contemporary at Ernley's first school, and a great friend of his elder brother, with whom he had stayed at Armytage Court.

The two pairs of friends, finding themselves superfluous, had undertaken to bring the ladies to the Orangery, where it seemed that nothing could go on without them, said the General.

'Without Juliet,' said Miss Dorset; 'she is our star.'

'They want you too, Agnes,' said Mr. Armytage. 'Something about your dress, and the colour of the hangings.'

So saying, he took possession of her, and carried her off, rather to the dismay of Bessie Merrifield, when she heard of his doings with the bluejackets, and that, like the Major, he had joined the enterprise quite in a spirit of chivalry.

The way lay through extensive walled gardens with broad gravel walks, between borders full of late autumn flowers, guarded by espaliers rich with fruit, all glowing in the sun.

'Here are the Mayor and Mayoress coming over for the final arrangements,' said General Mohun, walking beside his cousin. 'It is only to be hoped they had a few definite ideas, for I find Rotherwood has been letting it drift in his regular happy-go-lucky style.'

'Yes, I know. Victoria told me that she should be distracted if she let herself think about it; but she has come to the conclusion that men *can't* do anything till the last moment, and that matters right themselves, as there's more chance of their doing so, if there's no interference.'

'So she contents herself with being point device in her own department?'

'Exactly! and going through secret agonies; but at any rate the Orangery will be all right, even if the tableaux at Raynham collapse. I really believe the only fixed idea is that they are to be all Elizabethan, and this kind Miss Willingham undertakes the recitation. Perhaps the Mayor and Mrs. Rowden see their way, as it is more their concern than ours.'

The Orangery was one of the institutions of our forefathers, who used to house their great tub-planted orange trees for the winter beneath its spacious roof; and indeed there was a family tradition that the venerable parent orange tree had been imported by the original Devereux and his Phyllis from the Azores; and a spray from thence was considered an essential for all brides connected with Rotherwood.

Within was a buzz of voices. Lord Rotherwood, his son, Sir Lewis, George Buckley, two or three carpenters were in active consultation over a newly-erected platform, Dolph inspecting the

stage properties, but evidently in agony lest the delighted bevy of young people who flitted round, wanting to try everything on, should injure or mislay his treasures.

'So please you, ma'am,' in an imploring tone, as he took the rifle that was to shoot him from one pair of hands, and, 'Oh! gracious damsel, lay that casket down or there will be confusion worse confounded.'

'He speaks blank verse,' exclaimed a tall bright brunette, who, in spite of a brilliant complexion, reminded Agnes strangely of her 'clergy boy.'

'He does it unconsciously, he is quite a character,' returned Mr. Armytage. 'Heigh, you elf, have you got my sword?'

'Your sword is in its scabbard, gallant sir!' was Dolph's response, but with a twinkle in his eye, for he perceived that he was being shown off.

'Oh! let us see——'

A voice came down from the stage, 'You monkeys there, let the things alone! Fly, I say, use your wings! Run and ask the cook, scullery-maid, or whoever it is for a big black pot or cauldron—the blacker the better—and its chain!'

'Oh delicious!' cried the smallest of the three damsels, Fly or Lady Phyllis, and 'Delicious!' echoed the other two, while 'Let me help,' put in Ernley Armytage, and off streamed the redundant population, much to Dolph's relief.

Then came a sort of dumb rehearsal with a view to the disposition of the scenery, while Bessie drew her own conclusions from Juliet's usefulness and Agnes's submission. She saw, too, a very black look on Mr. Buckley's face when there was a call for Mr. Armytage for the grand arrival of the heir.

'Always out of the way!' he said to Juliet.

'Not unprecedented,' observed she, for George had been very unpunctual.

'Ah, there they come!' said Lady Florence, as a ripple of laughter advanced, and a snatch of the witches' song was heard.

'Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn, and cauldron, bubble.'

And the black kettle was borne in in full procession—snatched from unwilling servants—Ernley with the actual weight, but all the three girls trying to have a share, one with the lid, and two with the chain.

'You have a fine-looking hero for the final *coup*,' Lady Florence said.

'Good for nothing else,' muttered George—'except playing the fool,' he added between his teeth, for he was nettled at the familiarity and freedom with which Ernley Armytage seemed to be in the midst of his natural element among those merry girls, or with Lord Ivinghoe and William Mohun.

Presently more figures came on the scene, Lady Rotherwood and the Mayor and Mayoress, the one grizzly bearded and bald-headed, the other portly and gorgeous. Civilities and compliments were duly gone through, and then it appeared that the Mayor and Mrs. Rowden were almost as indefinite as to the tableaux as Lord Rotherwood, though as Elizabethan tableaux, scènes historiques had been actually announced, it was needful to decide at once, and to have something for which there were both actors and costumes. A few ideas had been jotted down, but, as Bessie could not help thinking, the dictum of Napoleon was well exemplified, that man never does anything till it is absolutely necessary, and that too late.

It is not equally true of woman, for Mrs. Rowden had tried to get the matter attended to, but her husband was too busy, and declared that Lord Rotherwood's young people would do it all. And indeed Lady Phyllis wished for nothing more, but her brother, Lord Ivinghoe, had pronounced it 'all rot,' and would have nothing to do with it.

The appointment of parts and suggestion of scenes went on with a good deal of eager talk. Everything was to be 'Kenilworth,' or 'Westward Ho!' or history, liberally interpreted; Lord Rotherwood stipulated for the first tobacco pipe, but his wife begged that it might come late lest the people should be demoralised; and Mrs. Rowden, who would infinitely have preferred the execution of Mary of Scotland, secretly hoped it would drop out of the programme. Sharing Miss Lily Farquharson's admiration of Mr. Buckley's eyes, she gratified that gentleman by suggesting him as Leicester.

'Your ladyship does me honour,' said he bowing, in the belief that the brocade and velvet belonged to something surpassing the Marchioness. 'If you will be my Amy, Miss Juliet,' he added.

'Amy has nothing to do with you!' was Juliet's startling statement.

'Nay, let me plead for the jewel scene,' said George, in his elevation.

'Oh, that's dull!' said some one. 'Besides, is not Amy appropriated to Miss Amy Rowden?'

'Yes,' said the Mayoress, 'our little niece. She would give way, I am sure, to a better performer, but she would be *so* disappointed.'

'And oh,' cried one dark-eyed girl, 'don't you see the porter and Flibbertigibbet?'

There was an acclamation, for Ernley was, at that moment, standing over Dolph, and the slightest turn of their gestures made the position excellent, even without costume.

'I should have thought,' said the Mayor, with a little hesitation, 'that the part of Sir Amyas Leigh would better become Mr. Armytage, if I am not mistaken in identifying him with the gentleman mentioned in the Tel-el-Kebir despatch.'

Ernley made a little inclination of the head, and there was a sort of gasp from the triad of girls, who found themselves in the presence of their first live hero, while he was readily accepting the porter's part, and having that of Amyas thrust on him.

Meanwhile, Lady Rotherwood observed George Buckley's disconcerted, not to say sullen, look, and asked Will Mohun if something could not be found for him.

'He is welcome to mine,' returned Will, and proceeded to make the offer of yielding Wayland Smith to him; but George grimly answered, 'Thank you. The part of Leicester has been considered more appropriate. I shall reserve myself.'

Will turned aside with a gesture peculiarly his own, to be seized upon by his eager cousins to know, 'Was it really?' while George sulked—although he was often appealed to, and was treated with perfect politeness. He felt himself a mere outsider. Everyone else had been accepted as an old or new friend, but he was only a guest, and Juliet's snubbings were perpetual! He was not used to find Armytage preferred before him, and it nettled him.

Ernley, on the other hand, made sundry discoveries from his old friend, clearing up his bewilderment as to who was who among the cousins, and likewise finding out the fact of the offer of the living to Harry Merrifield and the general impression prevailing in the family that he would return to the Miss Willingham who had thrown him over for some mysterious reason. Will Mohun did not know which it was, but Ernley had no doubt, and it explained to him why Agnes had seemed so impervious to all his attempts to attract her.

Perhaps it was a relief. It spared his vanity, if he had any, and left him free since he was aware that the family attributed his assistance in the theatricals to his admiration of Agnes, and he could now feel that there was no treason in opening his eyes to other attractions.

So came on the evening when there was a great dinner party of grandees arrived to stay in the house, and of county magnates to meet them.

Lady Willingham's share at dinner was an officer who had never been so happy as when quartered in Ireland. Miss Dorset sat by General Mohun, from whom she extracted some amusing stories of the Major's doings in India, and what a favourite he had been with the mess. Ernley's neighbour was the dark-eyed girl, whose name he found was Gillian Merrifield, and who viewed the hopes of being his Ayacanora on the morrow like a dream of rapture, though her enthusiasm almost silenced her. Agnes had the Vicar of Rotherwood—from whose unwitting lips she heard of the offer of Beechcroft to Harry Merrifield which set her heart beating. The Vicaress fell to the share of George Buckley, and thought him empty-headed and underbred, while he was chafing at his consignment to an old rustic, in a black satin that had seen service.

He did not know that she was an honourable, nor that he was the subject of punctilious civility not being quartered out of the house, though even Lord Ivinghoe had to sleep at the Vicarage. He had expected a renewal of the smoking-room delights of the palmy Pettifer days; and if there were no trace of these, it was hard not to walk across the gardens with Lady Florence's party as Mr. Armytage and the Major were doing on their way to the keeper's lodge.

The long shadows of the battlements of the Castle on the silvery dew of the lawn, in contrast with the lighted windows in the dark wall, were a perfect enchantment to the elder ladies 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' a saying truer of those past the early agitations of opening life than of their juniors.

(*To be continued.*)

# SIX STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

## I.

THE South of France—Provençe—was the seed-plot of modern literatures. There, as in some nursery, grew the delicate buds, which, in process of time, were to spread over Gaul, and Italy, and Spain; making those literary wildernesses flourish like the rose. At first, nothing seems more charming than the picture that the word 'Provençe' suggests—a land of love, and wine, and song; and, even on a closer inspection, the witchery does not all cease. To be sure, the chill of disillusion strikes us on finding that what occupied them—those troubadours and fair ladyes—was a vapid gallantry—ceremonious regards or base animalism—seldom *love*. But it is needless to expatiate. Whatever was amiable in the system was caught by the questing eye of Sir Walter Scott, to be reflected in a delightful sketch of *Le bon Roi René* (*see* 'Anne of Geierstein,' chaps. xxix., xxx.).

This devotion to the mimicry of love, so characteristic of Provençe, was really a kind of mysticism. It was what the Germans sometimes call *Schwärmerei*, and, therefore, its tendency was to spread. At length to every previous motive, egotism, *bonhomie*, or whatever it may have been, was added a more drastic and conclusive argument, which caused an exodus, a veritable stampede, of the poets in the direction of the peninsulas. This was the crusade against the Albigeois, 1209. The extirpation of heresy, it is notorious, was carried out in this case rather promiscuously. 'Kill them all!' cried Arnold, Abbot of Citeaux, with sardonic emphasis; 'God will know his own!' Evidently, amid these scenes of persecution, of carnage, the art of poetry was out of place, anomalous; but, as it fortuned, the condition of affairs elsewhere favoured the disconsolate bards. The lords of the border countries were, naturally, unwilling that an insignificant corner of France should continue to absorb such a notable secret as the *art de trobar;* and it grieved them that their Courts, deficient in no material splendour, should lack that distinguished ornament—a bard. As there is no magnetlike self-interest, no spur like the fear of impending destruction, hordes of eager

missionaries, both troubadours and jongleurs, traversed the Alps and Pyrenees, to aid in the diffusion of culture in the benighted lands of the South. The majority of the exiles found a refuge at the Court of Montferrat, at Ferrara with the Princes of Este, and in Sicily.

Among the troubadours who visited Italy was a redoubted lady-killer, Peire Vidal, who took up his abode with Bonifacio II., Marquis of Montferrat. The same marquis made Rambaut de Vaquieras, another of the class, a knight, and there appear to have been tender passages between the said Rambaut and a sister or daughter of Bonifacio (there seems to be a doubt on this point), Beatrice.

The wide repute of Provençal song led foreigners to study it, and to write, some of them, in the Provençal tongue. Folquet de Marseille, who was the son of a Genoese merchant settled at Marseilles, may be considered the first ring in the chain uniting the Provençal and Italian literatures. There are, however, quite a number of these hybrids. Lanfranco Cigala, Simon Doria, Perceval Doria, and Bonifacio Calvi, all Genoese; Bartolomeo Zorzi, who, though a native of Venice, was taken prisoner by the Genoese, and learnt their ways; and, greatest of all, the famous Knight of Mantua, Sordello. In 1237, on the occasion of the death of his patron, Blacatz, Sordello wrote a *serventese*, which poem contains a very curious sentiment. The Princes of Europe are bidden to do a strange thing, viz., to eat the head of the deceased; but those who have paid attention to the subject are of opinion, that it is not to be understood literally as an invitation to cannibalism, but as expressing in a symbolical way the pious wish, that the persons in question may appropriate the ideas of the dead. There are a good many stories about Sordello. If they are all true, he was a very wonderful paladin; but they cannot all be true, because they are inconsistent. Tiraboschi has reviewed the evidence with his usual thoroughness, but the result is unsatisfactory. Amidst the clever manipulating of dates and data, Sordello has somehow disappeared. The pale shade of him is introduced in Dante's *Purgatorio* as a countryman of Virgil.*

The word 'troubadour' is often used loosely, so as to include both branches of the profession. Strictly, it applies only to the poets. It may perhaps be necessary to explain, that, besides the poets, there was an inferior race of jongleurs (It., *giullari*), who interpreted poems, with or without musical accompaniment, like the rhapsodists of Greece. The poet was a man of honour, a gentleman; but the fiddler, whatever we may think him now, was not so regarded. Nevertheless, these artists often won no small renown by poaching on the preserves of the more

* 'Surse ver lui del luogo ove pria stava,
Dicendo: O Mantovano, i' son Sordello
Della tua terra. E l'un l'altro abbracciava.'
*Purg.* VI. 73–75.

dignified faculty. We hear of one Master Ferrari of Ferrara, who, though only a jongleur, is stated in an ancient commentary to have understood better how to 'invent' (*trovare*) or poetise in Provençal than any man in Lombardy. 'It is said that when the Marquises of Este gave a feast, all the giullari who understood the Provençal tongue ran together thither, and they all went to him, and called him their "master." And if any came thither who understood better than the others, and who raised questions about his "inventing" or any other person's, Master Ferrari replied to him on the spot, so that he was the first champion in the Court of the Marquis of Este.'

Between the languages of Provençe and Lombardy there was no great difference. This, and the fact that the speech of Lombardy was not, like Provençal, an organ of refined expression, easily accounts for the want of a vigorous native poetry. There was no need for it. The country-folk were not destitute of songs, but their effusions did not rise to the dignity of a literature.

It is hard to say how far this invasion of the regions north of the Po contributed to the formation of Italian taste. There are reasons for surmising that its influence may have been greater than has been commonly supposed. But for practical purposes we must look away from Lombardy to the romantic, but much-suffering island, whence issued the expiring notes of classic Greek poetry—Sicily. Frederick II., king of that country, is a great figure in this early period. The *rôle* which he played was at once mundane and mundatory. The head of the Holy Roman Empire, he found himself in sharp conflict with the secular claims of the papacy; wherefore, not content with employing carnal weapons, and standing, as it were, on the defensive, he carried the war into the enemy's country, and opposed to the learning of the monks the seducing graces of the *gai science*. Nor was this enough. He instituted a reform, a purge, in that very art which was to be his instrument. The poetry which hailed from Provençe had been shorn of its glory by the antics of its expositors. The giullari, it should seem, endeavoured to commend themselves by a ridiculous excess of gesture, by low pantomimic display. Their recitations were mere buffoonery, the giullari themselves merry-andrews. To attempt to canonise this sort of thing would be impolitic—suicidal. Frederick determined on a change. He dissociated learning from ecclesiasticism, and announced himself as the patron of the humanities. The new poets were to be gentle scholars, bred in an atmosphere of culture, with lofty imaginings borrowed in part from the antique. A brilliant group of versifiers soon gathered around him, eager to second his attempt: Piero delle Vigne, Ruggieri di Puglia, Rinaldo d'Aquino, Jacopo da Lentino, Stefano da Messina, Ruggerone da Palermo, Mazzeo Ricco da Messina, Ranieri da Palermo, Guido dalle Colonne, and Ruggieri d'Amici. Frederick

accomplished as much by example as by precept. He aspired to be a poet, and so also did his sons Enzo and Manfred.

Interesting notices occur both of Frederick and his successors in the old writers. Of the former it is remarked in the *Cento Novelle Antiche:* 'The Emperor Frederick was a very noble gentleman, and people who had good talent came to him from all parts, because he gave much willingly, and showed a fair countenance; and whoever had some special talent they came to him—troubadours, sonneteers, and good speakers, artsmen, tilters, wits, and people of every sort and kind.' And as for Manfred, most hapless and accomplished of monarchs, Matteo Spinelli, a contemporary historian, supplies us with the following trait: 'The king often went out at night singing catches and songs by way of jest whilst he was taking the fresh air, and with him went two Sicilian musicians, who were great romancers.'

With regard to the nature of the Sicilian verse, it is clearly an echo of the Provençal, but the language, unused to the terms and figures of a Court, preserves some measure of naturalness and simplicity. The Provençals were copied more faithfully in Tuscany, whither, after Manfred had been laid to rest under the Rock of Roses, the spirit of Poetry removed. Paolo Lanfranchi and Dante di Maiano wrote sonnets not only in the Provençal manner, but in the Provençal language, and the cynosure and envy of Italian rhymers was Arnaut Daniel, a troubadour whose far-fetched conceits and tortured verse imposed even on Dante. Most of the compositions thus produced were stilted and artificial—more so than was the case with Sicilian verse; but to make amends, they were more varied. The *serventese* was often brought into play for the purpose of criticism, the favourite topics being society and politics.

One of the most noted leaders of this early Italian poetry was Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who died in 1294. In his youth he had been a child of the world, allured by human loves. After his conversion he enrolled himself in the Order of the Knights of Mary, or, to give them their popular name, the *Frati Godenti.* Guittone's literary remains, which are numerous, include dissertations on ethics, politics, and divinity. His poetry, however, is not very poetical. He took a perverse delight in unnatural inversions, and used a number of Latin words, which only a few scholars could understand. To Guittone, if to anyone, is appropriate what Prior said of the author of *Paradise Lost* —'a rough unhewn fellow, that a man must sweat to read him.'

Side by side, however, with this dull substitute for poetry, was springing up a school of verse, which already gave promise of those qualities—sureness, neatness, grace, elegance, purity of diction—which have conferred special distinction on the poets of Tuscany. These properties were displayed more particularly in the ballad and sonnet,

the latter of which is in a peculiar sense the appurtenance of Italy. In one of his 'Melancholy Hours,' Kirke White, writing of the sonnet, which had then, after a period of contempt, come into extraordinary favour, calls attention to the fact that its invention has been ascribed to Guittone d'Arezzo. There seems to be no sufficient authority for this attribution—indeed, there is strong probability that the Provençals were the inventors; but, wherever the sonnet had its birth, it was in Italy that it attained unique excellence and perfection of form.

At Bologna, the seat of an ancient and renowned university, poetry assumed the mantle of philosophy, and Platonic ideas concerning the nature of love and the office and character of woman began to rule. The most celebrated exponent of these theories was Guido Guinicelli († 1276), whose canzonet beginning, 'Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore' may be described as epoch-making.* A similar school arose, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in England. 'Metaphysical poets' is the name given to them by Dr. Johnson, who, in his *Life of Cowley*, offers some instructive remarks on the spirit and characteristics of their verse. His comments are, for the most part, hostile to the metaphysicians; nevertheless, Guinicelli and his disciples rendered good service to poetry, for they widened its limits and introduced new and more exalted conceptions of womanhood.

The poet of the transition from Guinicelli to Dante is Guido Cavalcanti, who, says Dante, 'took the glory of the tongue' from Guinicelli, and was a master of the *dolce stil nuovo*. It is not possible to say when Guido was born. It could not, however, have been before 1259. He died, we know, in 1300. Cavalcanti is the *beau idéal* of the knightly poet or scholar-knight. He was the innocent cause of Dante's exile.

* This poem has been rendered into English by Rossetti, in his *Early Italian Poets*. I subjoin the first two stanzas :—

'Within the gentle heart Love shelters him
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart in Nature's scheme
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath its effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

'The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart,
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart,
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it,
And so the heart, created by God's breath,
Pure, true, and free from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.'

Having fought for his party in the civic brawls, he was banished to Sarzana, where he contracted a mortal sickness; and Dante, one of the magistrates, sanctioned his return. The indulgence, granted at so great a risk, was unavailing, for in the autumn of the same year Guido died. Personally one of the most fascinating personages in literature, he appears to have loved more than one lady, and Dante, in his *Vita Nuova*, compares his Giovanna, a Florentine lady, with Beatrice. And then we hear of a certain Mandetta, whose charms played cruel havoc with Guido's heart while on his way *en pèlerin* to the shrine of Saint James of Compostella. Cavalcanti's verse is of a two-fold description. In some of his poems (and these are his best) he speaks of his loves and his sorrows; in others, ambition is his motive—to wrest the glory from Guinicelli—and he is nothing if not philosophical.

Brunetto Latino has also been credited with close association with Dante. He is said to have been his tutor, and was perhaps his governor. Latino does not compare very favourably with Cavalcanti. He is a sort of enfranchised monk, but his place in the community of poets is most precarious. He possessed much learning, and his notion of poetry was that it was, if not designed, at any rate admirably suited for parading this learning. The shell of his *Tesoretto* is a vision. It is composed of a miscellany of physics, ethics, and geography; and he was fully minded to go on and discuss astronomy also; but here a kindly Providence interrupted his labours. Latino resided for some time in France, where he wrote the *Trésor*, a didactic work in French prose. He was born, it is thought, in 1210, and died about 1295. Lastly must be named Cino da Pistoia (1270–1336), who wrote in the Sicilian manner. In an age of riddles his style is a marvel of limpidity.

The way is already open to the highest genius of Italy, for Dante's literary ancestors have all been disposed of in the preceding paragraphs. But we must not neglect one side of the subject, which rather contrasts with what has been previously advanced. Hitherto, we have beheld poetry as inimical to the Church, as a weapon in the hands of her foes. This, however, was not universally the case. In Umbria especially there was a flourishing school of religious verse, of which Saint Francis of Assisi was the founder. In the fervour aroused by his inspired appeals, multitudes of people, 'young men and maidens, old men and children,' went forth upon the ways singing devout hymns. This was in 1233. The rise of the Flagellants, which took place about twenty-five years later, produced a species of verse known as the *laude sacra*. Many of these poems are assigned to Fra Jacopone da Todi, the author of the *Stabat Mater*. His life was chequered and harassed above that of most men. A fanatic in the cause of religion, he was imprisoned and excommunicated by Boniface VIII., whom he had virulently lampooned. Jacopone was certainly demented. In his youth he had suffered a

shock which unseated his reason, while his imagination was allowed to run *à toute bride.* Matthew Arnold has allegorised the incident in an admired sonnet, which I venture to quote :—

'That son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.

'Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

''Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

'Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.'

We now come to Dante. His baptismal name appears to have been Durante, but the shorter form was the one always in use. There was a lesser Dante—Dante di Maiano—to whom the great Florentine sent his first experiment in verse. The poet of the *Commedia* was the son of Alighieri and Donna Bella. He was born at Florence, where his family had been established for several generations. His father died when Dante was an infant, but his mother, whether assisted by Latino or not, was a sufficient substitute. It is common saying that 'the boy is father of the man,' and although not much is known of Dante's education—beyond the statement that he passed through the curriculum then in vogue—it is evident that the foundations of the immense and varied knowledge which he possessed as a man must have been laid in youth. The universality of Dante's tastes might revive the old controversy whether genius is vast unconditional power—as Goethe expressed it, 'an infinite capacity for taking pains'—or a special gift available only in a certain direction. Nothing that was noble or gracious in life seems to have been indifferent to him. Music and the fine arts, especially, found him a willing thrall. He himself records that on the anniversary of Beatrice's death he sketched an angel, and it is difficult to believe that anything which Dante did was done badly. It is necessary also to suppose that he was endowed with a considerable share of bodily vigour, since he rendered knightly service to the State on the field of Campaldino, and at the siege and surrender of Caprona.

These events, however, had no permanent effect on his fortunes; the interest which they excite is purely episodical. The crises or climacterics of his career occurred, the one earlier, the other a few years later.

It is quite in keeping with Dante's grand character that his earthly lot—his vocation as a poet as well as his misery—should have been fixed in a large measure by the great principles of love and friendship—love for Beatrice Portinari and friendship for Guido Cavalcanti, '*primo de' miei amici.*' The former incident is related, with its varying passages, in a little work which he entitled *Vita Nuova.* The name is generally understood as referring to the period of youth, though it seems equally applicable to the transformed feelings, the 'new life' of love.

Dante must have been a precocious boy. He was so far in advance of his years that when he was only nine he succumbed to that strange malady from which few escape, though the visitation is usually postponed to a somewhat riper age. Perhaps from this very circumstance the disease assailed him—in its incipiency—in the mildest form. Thackeray has observed that when boys do fall in love, it is generally with a senior, and he has illustrated the remark in a thrilling, but rather unwholesome romance, *Barry Lyndon.* Dante's case is an exception to the rule, for Beatrice Portinari, the little lady, who, all unconscious, won upon the heart of the youthful Alighieri, was fittingly enough a few months younger. Commonplace souls have been a good deal mystified over this love affair, and Dante fully intended, or at any rate was well content, that they should be. It has even been mooted that no such being as Beatrice ever existed—that she was a poetical personage, a myth, a creation of Dante's muse. But the testimony of Boccaccio is decisive on this point. Whatever disguises Dante may have chosen for her, Beatrice was real, human, incarnate. Nevertheless, the advocates of the opposite view are not wholly absurd. As I have intimated, Dante took a curious pleasure in baffling and misleading people as to the true state of affairs. This began quite early. His first sonnet was a sort of conundrum which the poets of the day were invited to unravel. 'No one,' says Dante, 'perceived the drift of it.' The poor poets were hardly to blame for this, as Dante feigned himself in love with a trio of ladies. However, on the 19th June, 1290, Beatrice died. She had been previously wedded to Simone de' Bardi, a young Florentine gentleman. Dante has depicted himself as fairly overwhelmed by her death; but, without having recovered from the blow, he married, it should seem, the following year, Gemma Donati, who has been reputed, though history gives scant support to the tradition, a second Xanthippe.

Dante's love for Beatrice was of the sort commonly known as Platonic—a pure, high friendship, warmer and more exclusive than that which usually subsists between persons of the opposite sexes, but having no ulterior scope in marriage. After her death it passed into a cult. Quite without reference to Dante, La Motte Fouqué, in the sixteenth chapter of *Undine*, discusses the sense of bereavement which, in the noblest minds, is dissolved only with the dissolution of the mourner.

He uses some remarkable phrases, of which the keynotes are *Priester* and *Priesterthum*. And our own Wordsworth has said: 'The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen, no, nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it: that takes away indeed, but only that the parts which are abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more' (*Essay upon Epitaphs*).

These sayings will serve to illustrate Dante's attitude of mind towards his lost Beatrice. But just as the orders of the angelic hierarchy have been supposed to typify certain qualities, or emanations of Deity, the Seraphim goodness, the Cherubim power, even so Beatrice comes before us in Dante's writings not only as an etherealised woman, but as the symbol of highest things—in the *Vita Nuova* of science, in the *Convito* of philosophy, in the *Commedia* of theology. Of the *Vita Nuova* something has already been said; to his other works reference will be made shortly.

Thus, Beatrice Portinari was the source or elixir of Dante's immortality, the axis of his spiritual motions. In a somewhat similar way, Guido Cavalcanti was, as it were, the brake in his practical concerns.

The spirit of party, the love of dissension for dissension's sake, seems inseparable from human nature. It is surprising what a little will set men fighting. In Constantinople a horse-race was enough; in Holland a silly quarrel whether the codfish took the hook, or the hook the codfish, was the cause of a long and sanguinary feud. At Florence, where the area was more circumscribed, political antagonism acquired all the force of personal malignity, and was prosecuted to a shameless extreme. Italy, in general, was divided into two camps of Guelfs and Ghibellines, the former being the adherents of the Pope, the latter of the Emperor of Germany. Florence, as a state, was Guelf, but the citizens had their own reasons for dissidence, and so we find that there existed two factions, whose very names (*Neri* and *Bianchi*, Black and White) testify to the pettiness of the dispute. During Dante's tenure of office as prior or magistrate, the controversy reached such a point that the authorities decided, in the interests of peace, to exile the chiefs of both parties. As has been said, Cavalcanti, a leader of the Bianchi, was sent to Sarzana, but, as he was understood to be ill, he was permitted to return, and Dante, his particular friend, fell under suspicion of favouritism. The consequences were serious: he was banished, his property was confiscated, and he was even threatened with the stake.

Dante himself was the very reverse of a partisan, though the exigencies of his position compelled him to take sides in a contest in which all were interested. His political convictions are stated in a treatise entitled *De Monarchia*, where, in a multiplicity of arguments, the simple mandate is enforced: 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,

and to God the things that are God's.' Dante's mission was actually of a three-fold character: the glorification of Beatrice, to which he devoted more especially the *Vita Nuova;* the popularisation of knowledge, which is the motive of the *Convito;* and the re-organisation of government, which he advocates in the *De Monarchia.* His *De Vulgari Eloquentia* is a plea for the Italian vernacular, and is connected with his second object. The *Divine Comedy* exhibits a blending of all his aims. In the choice of language Dante titubates between Latin and Italian. The *De Monarchia* and *De Vulgari Eloquentia* are written in the older language, and it would seem that the *Commedia* also came within an ace of being indited in the speech and metre of Virgil. Boccaccio has preserved a line or two of the nascent Latin poem:

> 'Ultima regna canam, fluido contermina mundi,
> Spiritibus quæ lata patent,—quæ præmia solvunt
> Pro meritis cuicumque suis.'

It may be added that the title *Commedia* is closely associated with Dante's final resolve to write his poem in the vernacular. The primary idea is that the poem, despite a gloomy beginning, ends happily. Dante, however, in a letter to Can Grande della Scala assigns a second reason for the name—because he uses the *volgare*, which is, he says, humble and unconstrained. The metre, *terza rima*, wherein the same rhyme occurs thrice over in alternate lines, is a loan from Provençe.

It would be useless in this place to attempt any description of the *Commedia*, which, as everybody knows, has a triple subject—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. It may, however, be said that it is in the architecture, the design of the poem, that Dante's genius is revealed. A mass of learning, an infinity of allusions, enter into the work, but the most perfect order prevails, while all is suffused with the warmth and colour of a genuine poesy. The idea of a journey through the *Unterwelt* was not new, and Dante's choice of Virgil as his conductor shows plainly enough to whom he was chiefly indebted for the hint. His mention of St. Paul in the second canto of the *Inferno* is reminiscent of the passage in which the Apostle informs us that he 'was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for man to utter' (2 Cor. xii., 4).

For the materials of the *Commedia* Dante laid all Christendom, and the world of paganism also, under contribution. This, however, does not detract from his claim to originality, which consists rather in the *tout ensemble* than in the detail of the poem. Nevertheless, the true lover of Dante will find a sincere delight in discovering the sources of his ideas. The table of his obligations ranges from the Prophet Jeremiah to the paintings and sculptures of mediæval French churches, whither, in the course of his sorrowful exile, he may have wandered—

for example, the great rose of Chartres. Thus the reading and experience of a lifetime were pressed into the service of his poem, and that poem the imperishable memorial of Beatrice. It is scarcely needful to select any part of the *Commedia* as of special interest, but one scene in it seems, more than any other, to have impressed most persons—the episode, the sad tale of Francesca da Rimini. Lastly, as to the date of the composition. Dante speaks as though it was begun when he had attained middle age, and the time ordinarily accepted for the commencement of the work is, roughly, 1304. Some critics, however, have preferred 1300, when Dante was exactly thirty-five. If this is correct, then the event would synchronise with the Jubilee of the Church, which was celebrated at Rome with much pomp in that year. The *Commedia*, we know, was finished only a short time before Dante's death, which occurred the 13th September, 1321, at Ravenna.

F. J. SNELL.

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## STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.—I.

[The Syndicate of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations include in their list of subjects the Language and Literature of Italy; and recommend as books of reference Symonds' *Italian Literature*, and Ambrosoli's *Manuale della Letteratura Italiana*. Intending candidates, therefore, will do well to procure these works. The Clarendon Press are about to publish a Primer of Italian Literature, to which these papers are supplementary; and a cheap and excellent handbook by Professor Fenini, published by Hoepli of Milan, may also be perused with profit by those who wish to obtain a general view of the subject before mastering the details.]

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### *Questions.*

OCTOBER.

1. What prose works did Dante write? Give a brief account of any one of them.

2. How were Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio pioneers respectively of the classical revival?

3. Explain and discuss the influence of the *Divina Commedia* on the Italian language.

4. Show by reference to his works Dante's interest in contemporary art and music.

# Church History Society.

## THE REFORMATION.

### IV.—Dissolution of the Monasteries.

*Questions for October.*

33. How was the Dissolution prepared for by the King and Cromwell? and how was such a sweeping measure possible in a free country?

34. Say, shortly, what you know of (α) the 'Black Book'; (β) the Pilgrimage of Grace; (γ) Desecration of the shrine of St. Thomas.

35. How was the Dissolution carried out (illustrate by one instance)?

36. Who benefited by (α) the wealth of the monasteries, (β) the parochial tithes thus set free, and by (γ) the abolition of Papal exactions in benefices?

Books recommended: Dixon's and Aubrey Moore's *Histories;* Perry's *Second Period;* Hardwick's *History;* Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution; Cameos from English History;* and any trustworthy *History of England.*

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st.

*July Class List.*

*Class I.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hermione . . . 39 | Water Wagtail . . 36 | Honeysuckle . . . 33 |
| Etheldreda, Speranza . . . 37 | Ierne . . . . . 35 | Gooseberry . . . 32 |

*Class II.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fidelia . . . . 27 | Veritas, Countess . . . . 23 | Simple Simon . . 23 |
| Laura . . . . . 25 | | Stokes . . . . . 22 |

*Class III.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nil Desperandum . 19 | *Constans et Fidelis . 12 | Miss Molly . . . 9 |
| *Trudel . . . . 15 | | |

* Three answers only.

### Remarks.

With regret Bog-Oak notices a great falling off in Members of C. H. S. The Reformation Period cannot be called as exciting as earlier ones, partly

because from childhood we have known (or at any rate read) a good deal about it. But it is one of the most important of all to the Western Church, and Bog-Oak hopes the Members will forgive her if she fails to make it interesting to them, and remember the immense value of reading the period, in its bearing on modern times. *Papaver*, unfortunately, cannot go on; but where are *Sycorax*, *Malacoda*, *Verena*, *Erica*, *Crataegus*, *Menisa*, *Maidenhair*, and others, whose names and papers Bog-Oak misses?

25. On the whole, *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, and *Honeysuckle* have best given the steps by which Luther passed from an attack on abuses to giving up Papal Jurisdiction and Church Order. *Speranza's* answer would stand first of all, but that she hardly mentions his casting away, as a thing of no account, Church Order. He did so on the very indefinite and unscriptural ground of the 'Priesthood of the Laity.' Unscriptural, i.e. as an argument against an ordained ministry, which certainly existed alongside of St. Peter's 'Royal Priesthood,' and of that spoken of by Moses, whom he is quoting. *Water Wagtail* asks if Luther approved of the appointment of Lutheran 'Bishops' elsewhere than in the Scandinavian kingdoms, where Bugenhagen 'consecrated' them. In writing to the Bohemians, Luther uses the word (A.D. 1523), but it seems doubtful whether he meant any more than the 'Superintendents,' whom he afterwards appointed in 1527 over each group of Pastors in the Saxon Visitation. See Hardwick, pp. 340, 341.

26. Bog-Oak apologises for reversing the order in this question, which should have been—(*a*) the term 'Protestant;' (*β*) the Schmalkaldic League. *Gooseberry* and *Stokes* very properly revert to chronological order. It is best answered by *Speranza*. As a dictionary is allowed, Bog-Oak hopes she may not again have the pain of reading 'Protesant' for 'Protestant,' as one Member persistently spells it. *Trudel:* Protestants are not 'acts' but persons. Neither did they originally or ever mean persons protesting against Rome, for the Zwinglians were already doing this, and they were never called Protestants (and the Greek Church does so now, and it is not called Protestant). It only meant persons who joined in the Protest of the German Princes and cities against the Edict of Spires of 1529; which Protest was not against Rome, but against taking away the toleration already accorded. A Protestant is one who claims the right of private judgment, and toleration to exercise it; and no one must call himself so who does not know what happened at the Diet of Spires. *Gooseberry:* It was not the Dukes of Burgundy who signed the Protest, but the Dukes of Brunswick-Luneberg. The Hereditary Dukes of Burgundy had ended in 1477. The Schmalkaldic League is actually outside our period for this paper. But we shall not have much space for Lutheran affairs, and its beginnings (well done by *Etheldreda*) were in the League of Torgau. *Trudel* makes the remarkable statements that the Turks came to the help of the Protestants, and that the Schmalkaldic League joined the Holy League. The Protestants may have been unpatriotic (and were so when they appealed to any foreign Princes against their Emperor), but they at least made common cause against the Turks. And surely *Trudel* knows that the Holy League was formed by Clement VII. in 1526 to support Papal authority, by uniting England, France, and Italy against the Empire.

27. The Confession of Augsburg is best analysed by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Speranza;* and the Edicts by *Hermione* and *Honeysuckle*. The point Luther did not see was, that if it be true (as not only he, but all Catholic Divines teach), that we are not justified by any acts of our own, we cannot be so by our own Faith, which is a true act, if a mental one. *Countess* and others mention none of his special doctrines. *Constans et Fidelis:* Luther denied Transubstantiation, but held the Real Presence. *Fidelia:* The 11th Article does not say it is unnecessary to confess *to a priest*, but to confess *every* misdeed, on the ground that none 'can tell how oft he

offendeth.' All *Miss Molly's* dates of Edicts are wrong, and she does not say whether they were for or against Luther.

28. The celebrated men best done by *Hermione* and *Ierne*. *Gooseberry* and *Miss Molly:* Von Miltitz was a Saxon and Papal Legate to his own land; and tried by gentle and fair means to heal the schism, acknowledging need of reform, and censuring Tetzel. Why does *Honeysuckle* accuse him of avarice and ambition in this matter? Can she have mixed him with Aleander, Papal Nuncio, who, with Eck, brought the Bull? He and Melancthon, let alone, might have saved a schism; but how much would they have reformed? Hardwick, Moore, and Ranke mention him. *Speranza:* He could hardly *order* the Pope to keep silence, though he persuaded Luther and his antagonists at first to do so. *Miss Molly:* Eck was Vice-Chancellor of Ingoldstadt, drew up the answer to the Augsburg Confession, and was the best dialectician of his day. *Veritas* says he forced Luther to own it was something right to oppose the Pope—a little odd in the Papal champion to a man who wanted no forcing! *Miss Molly:* Carlstadt, whose own name was Andrew Bodenstein, was Dean of Theology at Wittenberg, and went far beyond Luther in Reform. He can be found in every history of the times. *Veritas:* He died before Luther, and could not stir up wars after that. It was the Peasants' War of 1525 he stirred up. *Honeysuckle:* He never submitted to gentler measures, but was banished in 1524. Of course he was more consistent than Luther to the leading principle of that Reformation: viz. the right of private judgment for each individual. Luther having *on this ground* rejected Rome's authority had no right to impose terms of communion on his own equally fallible authority. Carlstadt consistently carried this principle a step nearer its end—German Rationalism; while Luther practically abandoned it, and made himself a Pope or ultimate authority. *Fidelia:* It was Carlstadt—not Luther—who had to refer to his books, before he could answer Eck at Leipzig.

# The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 480.)

## *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

#### DEBATABLE GROUND.

NOTE.—No subjects for competition, except Search Questions, will be set in this number, as the early date at which it is necessary to issue the December number makes it impossible to receive and judge the answers in time for insertion in it. The China Cupboard in December will consist chiefly of Christmas Book notices.

Is self-consciousness good for the character?

Some correspondents have confined self-consciousness to consciousness of our clothes or our appearance, and almost all regard it as a weakness to be overcome. Surely in its wider sense it is a necessary condition of development, a condition of obtaining the highest kind of character, the mark, in fact, of humanity. It makes the life-struggle harder, but opens out to it far higher possibilities.

Papers received from *Sunflower*, *Mave*, *Blackbird*, *Gretchen*, *Sea Anemone*, *Sister Theresa*, and *Stanzerl*. The latter is given.

'The centipede was happy quite,
Until the toad begun—
"Now pray, which leg goes after which?"
This wrought her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Reflecting how to run.'

And we have also heard something about a youth who fell in love with his own reflection, and died contemplating it; therefore, these two tragical histories prove that self-consciousness is very bad for the character, because it makes you either morbid, or self-conceited.

But, after all, are we quite certain about it? Because a little self-knowledge, like all other kinds, may be a dangerous thing, does it follow that the risk is not worth running, and that the old Greek sage who said, 'Know thyself,' and the Christian teachers who repeated it in other words,

were all wrong? In other cases the safeguard is to know a little more, and I think in this also, because though this one study, unlike all others, turns the mind in upon itself in the first place, it surely must in the end lead it out, by imply making the need for something outside imperative. When you first begin to learn to swim how absurdly self-conscious you must be about the movement of each separate limb, but when once you are free of the new element and can forget yourself in it, you can afford to laugh at the ridiculous figure you made, and the trouble you had in learning.

And when we first begin consciously to live and move in that new element we call the spiritual world, is it not almost inevitable that there should be a stage in which we are very much taken up with the self that has done so badly, and is making such feeble, ungainly efforts at improvement.

The danger is, I think, in taking a stage for a final state; if we *will* lie lamenting in our ditch instead of trying to run better, self-consciousness will undoubtedly be the ruin of us. 'Ten looks at your model for one at your own work,' is a good rule for other things, besides drawing from the cast.

STANZERL.

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## *SECOND SHELF.*

### VARIETY SPECIMENS.

#### EIGHTH COMPETITION.

Original poem on a flower.

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Chelsea China hesitated long between *Someday*, *Thorshaven*, and *Meta*, and has finally decided on the last, as having a certain original touch. *Someday's* 'To the Rosemarie' is more musical, and very pretty, but the idea in the first stanza, 'A marriage-bell may be,' is defective. It should be 'ring,' or 'sound,' to be perfect. *Thorshaven's* 'To the Ranunculus glacialis' is interesting and smooth. In short, the three all but tie for the prize. *Marion's* 'Spotted Persicaria' pleases Chelsea China very much, and if it is a beginner's work it is very promising; so does the 'Angel Trumpets,' by *Verity* (why not keep that name?). *Honora Guest's* is a pretty idea; but the French words somehow have a prosaic swing. *Saxon* and *Sintram* send correct but not very original poems. *Pellegrina*, spirited. *N. Winkle*, very pretty and uncommon. All sorts of flowers have been selected, and thirty-eight poems of varying merit sent in.

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#### AUGUST—PRIZE WINNER.

*Meta.*—Miss Tomlinson, Whittington Rectory, Chesterfield.

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#### SONG OF THE JESSAMINE.

I cover the rough, gray walls—
The Derbyshire walls—with my tender green,
My grasp is strong, and I push between
The thatch that over the casement falls,
And shades, and mothers the rough, gray walls.

My network is spiky green,
With baby-soft tendril, and curving stem,
Those tiny tendrils! I cherish them.
I love their softness—too soon, I ween,
They'll take their place in my growing-green.

The sun has kisses for me,
Such loving embraces, so warm and wise,
They kiss my buds into white-starr'd eyes,
'Twixt green and wall on the parent tree,
A crowning glory and joy to me.

And, through the mellowing air
I give back the kisses, so freely lent,
In subtle perfume and sweetest scent.
What link to heaven from earth is there
Like jasmine-scent in the summer-air?

META.

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## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

### ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. Desdemona's handkerchief. 'Othello,' Act III., Scene 1.

2. Namby Pamby is a name given in a burlesque by William Carey on Ambrose Philips's style of verse writing for children. He was born in 1871, died in 1749.

3. Mrs. Gibson in 'Wives and Daughters' (MRS. GASKELL).

4. Lizzie Lindsay—

'She looped up her gown o' green satin,
She looped it as high as her knee.'

*Old Ballad.*

5. 'The youth from Georgia's shore—I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he.'

WORDSWORTH'S *Ruth.*

6. Dr. Jekyll in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' by R. J. STEVENSON.

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### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

*Mab*, 15; *Greta*, 15; *Mumps*, 27; *Gareloch*, 27; *Miss Fullerton*, 12; *Hedwig*, 15; *Double Dummy*, 27; *H. L.*, 12; *M. R. A.*, 12; *Parlet*, 24; *Lal*, 27; *G. Festing*, 15; *Starling*, 21; *Honeylands*, 6; *Rule of Three*, 27; *Apsley Guise*, 12; *Sandford and Merton*, 6; *Sir Percival*, 21; *Swansey China*, 15; *N'Oublie*, 6; *Three-Rocks*, 24; *C. A. B.*, 12; *G. G.*, 18; *The Cousins*, 6; *Sintram*, 12; *Only Herself*, 0; *Old Maid*, 36; *K. Anstey*, 18; *Date Calender*, 6; *Helen*, 30; *L. Halliday*, 18; *Feu Follet*, 27; *Theresa*, 6; *Cedar*, 12; *Myrtle*, 12.

Chelsea China had no idea how many doctors kept private mirrors besides the famous Dr. Jekyll!

*Dorothy Vernon* should have had a reference.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Who cleaned a black kitchen caldron in a pink silk dress?
2. What was the title by which Sophronia Sphinx was usually known?
3. Who went mad in white satin, and her maid in white dimity?
4. What mischief did Frank do to the engineer?
5. Whose golden hair contained a secret?
6. Where are the Standing Stones of Stennis?

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY.

Author required :—

'The sun hath sunk to his evening rest,
'Neath the high-barr'd western gate,
And crowds of servants, gorgeously drest,
Attend him thither in state.
And curtains of amber and ruby
Lie on him fold on fold,
And his bed is draped in crimson,
Streaked with bars of dusky gold.'

THEODORA.

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ANSWERS.

What is the duty of members of the Church of England with regard to attendance at public worship on Sunday, when in places where no Church is within reach? Should they attend Presbyterian, French Protestant, or Roman Catholic, or read their own Service at home?

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This question has assumed the proportions of a debate. Chelsea China must express her opinion that there is a great difference between doing a thing once and doing it habitually. It can, she herself thinks, hardly be regarded as an act of schism to take an opportunity of acquainting ourselves with the means of grace afforded to our fellow-Christians. A much clearer appreciation of the distinguishing characteristics of our own services is sure to result. But to attend such services habitually, say for six months, is another matter, and is, she thinks, likely to prove a trial to loyalty—a trial which *may* be worth making for the sake of charity or of spiritual advantage, but still a trial. But if English people abroad desire to maintain a lively sense of membership in their own branch of the Church, she is sure that the only means of doing so, is strictly to fulfil all the duties of such membership in their power, such as reading the service at home, and certainly by attending their own services, however uninviting, when they have a chance, at any rate, as a point of honour. It is not at all likely that a course of strange services will have *no* effect upon our point of view, or that we shall end them exactly as we began. A sharp distinction is drawn by nearly all the correspondents between Roman and Presbyterian services.

It is obvious that the limitation is much affected by the point of view in which non-communicating attendance is regarded; and this question cannot here be discussed. But in answer to the question asked by *Andromache* as to communicating in foreign churches, it can hardly be often a practical one as regards the Greek Church, and it would be permitted by no Roman priest. Chelsea China would strongly dissuade any young English Churchwoman from making the attempt. The days are, perhaps, past when Roman Services were regarded as perilously attractive; but if loyalty is the point in question, they are likely to prove a good deal more so than Presbyterian sermons, even if courtesy or necessity oblige attendance at the latter. And if our loyalty to the Church Catholic is not to be expressed by faithfulness to our own branch of it, the whole Anglican standpoint is given up. It need hardly be said that if these remarks are regarded as advice, they are offered only to the young and immature, who may feel unable to decide the matter for themselves, or are out of reach of dependable advice.

Several papers have been sent in, of which two, as expressing very different views, are selected.

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The duty of members of the Church of England, where unable to attend their own Services, seems to be clear on the following grounds:—

I. If the worship of our Lord, present in the Holy Eucharist, be the characteristic Sunday worship of the Catholic Church, and our bounden duty, it surely follows:—

II. That members of the Catholic Church must render Him this worship wherever the opportunity presents itself. Whatever claim Presbyterians or French Protestants may have to *individual* membership in the Catholic Church, they certainly cannot *collectively* claim to be branches of it.

The reading of Matins and Evensong at home is merely a devotional practice, and cannot—so far, at least, as the laity are concerned—be considered a matter of duty.—ZINNIA.

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A strange one! Are we not first Christians, then members of some Church? Is true Christian worship limited to the Church of England? Does the Presbyterian government of the Scottish Church destroy its spiritual life? The question is absurd to those who know it. The sermons heard there average higher in power than those of the Church of England. Much the same may be said of the French Protestants—the grave followers of *la religion*. And where can true devotion find nobler expression than in the Services of the Roman Catholic Church? The words of a deep thinker may, perhaps, with advantage be quoted: 'We Protestants are all Dissenters. It is necessary to vindicate our dissent, but as necessary for those in the Protestant established Churches to remember that they are dissenters from the Church of Rome—dissenters, but not schismatics. Rome was schismatic in forcing us out. And it would be well for Christendom if all the members of Christ's Catholic Church would endeavour to preserve the unity of the Spirit, and think oftener of the many and major points in which they agree, than the few and minor ones in which they differ.'—UNSIGNED.

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'A bolt from the blue.' I do not know who coined this phrase; but the idea must be taken from a well-known passage in Horace?—IDA.

Give reference to Horace.

In answer to *C. M. M.*, 'worship' means 'worth-ship'—a state of honour or dignity. The verb is of course used for three different kinds of paying honour: 1. That due to the Supreme Being; 2. That due to persons of dignity; 3. The passionate devotion of a lover.

In answer to *H. N.*, the real name of Novalis was Friedrich von Hardenberg, a German poet and philosopher, born in 1772. He died in 1801, and Carlyle wrote an essay on him (see 'Webster's Dictionary').

There is no continuation of Countess Kate's history beyond that in the 'Pillars of the House.'

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MONTHLY PACKET.'

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I have read the various letters on governesses in your columns, and although not one of your regular correspondents, you will allow me perhaps as an employer to say a few words in answer to *Dragon*. Governesses are very foolish to rest their social equality on the phrase of 'being treated like one of the family.' In plain English this means that their leisure hours are to be spent in the drawing-room. Now this may cause very little inconvenience in larger houses, where there is a large family party, with visitors coming and going, an utter stranger can make but little difference to a privacy which seems immaterial to the heads of the household. But in small families, especially those of professional men, I look upon this claim of the governess as an unwarrantable intrusion. The evening should be sacred to the family. If even the elder children come down in the evening, it is far better for them to be absolutely free with their parents, without the restraint of even a favourite governess. Of course she may come in time to be a valued friend, and to be very welcome at almost all times, but she cannot expect to drop into that position the day she arrives at a new situation, at least, if she has any common sense; but that is a 'subject,' I fear, not included in the High School Curriculum! I write thus strongly, as I think governesses nowadays have far too strong a sense of their 'rights,' and too little of their 'duties,' and care very little for other people's rights. I have seen them show so little consideration for their employers, on this very point, that busy men, disgusted with this enforced intrusion of a stranger between themselves and their family in their only vacant hours, spend the evening in their study or at the club.

OLD-FASHIONED.

[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if all Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

*The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.*]

## 'MONTHLY PACKET' COMPETITIONS, DISCUSSIONS, AND PRIZES.

### I.—ITALIAN LITERATURE.—*October to March.*

In October will commence a series of six papers on Italian Literature, specially prepared for intending Competitors in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. An examination paper will be set with each number, and Class Lists will be issued monthly.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) Competitors must send their answers on the 28th of each month to F. J. Snell, Esq., care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand. (2) The name and address of the Competitor must be written on her MS. each month. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for Class Lists. (3) The first paper must be accompanied by an ENTRANCE FEE of 2*s.* 6*d.* Competitors who desire to have their papers criticised must send an additional criticism fee of 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Prizes.*—Prizes in books to the value of the whole of the entrance fees will be given; but the First Prize will not in any case be less than £3.

[NOTE: Fresh Competitions under similar regulations commence regularly in April and October.]

### II.—CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.—*July to December*, 1892.

A. '*Variety Specimens.*'—A *prize* of 5*s.* is given each month for the best answer to the question set under this heading.

B. '*Who, When, and Where?*'—Questions set monthly. A *prize* of £1 1*s.* is given to the Competitor who gives the largest number of correct answers in the six months.

C. '*Debatable Ground.*'—A question, generally of an ethical or practical character, is started every month. *No prizes.* All readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to take part in these discussions.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) There are no fees for any China Cupboard competition. (2) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to Chelsea China, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (3) Papers must be marked *outside* with their special subject, and must NOT be addressed to the Editors. (5) These competitions are open to all readers of the 'Monthly Packet.' (4) The name and address of the Competitor should be written on every paper. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for the Lists.

### III.—CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

*Subjects for July—December.* July: The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg. August and September: Wolsey and Cranmer. October: Dissolution of Monasteries. November: The 'Ten Articles' and 'Six Articles.' December: Calvin and Zwingle.

# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

**NEW SERIES.**

*NOVEMBER*, 1892.


## TO A SENTIMENTALIST.

*μόνου γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεὸς στερίσκεται*
*ἀγένητα ποιεῖν ἅσσ' ἂν ᾖ πεπραγμένα.*
AGATHON.

YOU weep, Dolores, thinking of this thing—
How fast the buds of April melt away,
How decadent the gladness of the Spring,
How strenuous the powers of decay.

And ah! you sigh, will love be fleeting, too?
Must this, the finer blossom of the soul,
But pass and perish, as the daffodils do,
And make of life a fragment, not a whole?

But lo! the flowers fading bloom again,
New daisies laugh where last year's daisies died;
No atom of their dust is spent in vain,
The violet's ashes tint the rose's pride.

Listen, Dolores; 'tis life's mystery;
Far in the future buried lies the past;
And love, once loved, to all eternity,
Carven in the spirit's characters shall last.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## IX.

### THE FIRST MEETING.

IT seemed an endless time before the doctor came, and then he was riding Frank Leslie's horse, having been unwillingly forced upon it by the anxious lover, in order that not a moment might be lost. He had not, however, been long with his patient before Frank, urging the doctor's old nag into amazed speed, clattered up to the door. Mary met him, pale as death.

'How is she—how is she?' he exclaimed, catching her hand. 'Say she is alive!'

'Oh, she is alive; she is not so much hurt as you imagine,' said Mary, smiling in order to appease his fears. 'She was stunned, but Mr. Jones thinks she will soon come round, and he does not believe that any bones are broken.'

Frank covered his face with his hands.

'Oh, if you had seen it—her face!' he said, with a shudder. 'My beautiful Catherine!'

'I did see it—it was terrible! She must have fallen on stones,' Mary said, in a low voice. 'But it might have been much worse.'

'Yes, I suppose so. I shall never forget it. Is there anything I can do?' he added, hastily, as if trying to force his thoughts in another direction.

'Papa is going to write to Mrs. Armstrong. Would you like to enclose a few lines, as you could tell her exactly how the accident happened.'

'No, I can't write about it—I can't, indeed!' he said, with another shudder. 'Not to-day—don't ask me!'

'You need not, of course,' said Mary, soothingly. 'Papa will

do it all. Shall I go and find out how soon you will be allowed to see her?'

He made no answer, and Mary ran upstairs, meeting her father coming out of his room.

'Frank is here, sir; he is dreadfully grieved and upset.'

'Poor fellow! His is a sensitive nature. Catherine herself will be his best comforter by-and-by.'

'Yes,' said Mary, doubtfully. 'I think it gave him a great shock to see her face so cut about and bleeding. It did look very horrible!'

'He will have cause for deep gratitude if a few cuts are the extent of the harm,' said the Parson, gravely. 'There is a bell, and I think I hear Miss Leslie's voice. Go down to her at once, my dear; the poor girl will naturally be very anxious.'

When evening came, their first fears were greatly allayed. Beyond a breakage of the collar-bone, there were no fractures, and Catherine had regained consciousness, and smiled at them. The cuts about her face and head were, however, extremely severe, and she was weakened by loss of blood, and much shaken. Pitying Frank's condition, Mr. Wilmot asked the doctor whether he might not be admitted for one minute's sight of her.

'Not without she's set upon it, and won't be easy without it,' said Mr. Jones, scraping a splash of mud off his hessians with his riding-whip, and talking in broad Devonshire. 'Tell'ee what, Passon, if he's going to marry her, I'd let her bide a bit, if I was you. Might give un a turn.'

'Not if he's got one spark of true manhood about him!' cried the Parson, indignantly.

Mr. Jones smiled with indulgence. He held less optimistic views of human nature than his friend, but he did not care to express them. All he said was—

'Well, well, that's neither here nor there. I'd sooner she was kep quiet.'

Perhaps it was her extreme weakness which made Catherine not averse from submitting to his decree. She asked several times for her mother, who could not be with her for two days, the mail to Plymouth having started when the accident happened, and Mr. Wilmot fearing to alarm Mrs. Armstrong by sending her an express: he could truthfully say that there was no danger to life or limb, but he knew very well that directly the mother got the news she would post to Highcombe, and he was in the hall to welcome her when she arrived.

'The sight of your face gives me comfort,' she said, springing out of the chaise. 'She is doing well?'

'Excellently well.'

'And I may go to her?'

'At once.' Yet Mr. Wilmot hesitated. 'You must be prepared,' he said, slowly, 'to find your Catherine looking very unlike herself. The cuts on her face have required close plastering, and, in some places, stitching, and Mr. Jones has had the mirror taken from her room lest she should receive a shock. If she should see it in your countenance——'

The mother looked at him and smiled.

'She will not see it in my countenance,' she said. 'Cousin Wilmot, let me go to her this instant.'

By that evening—so quickly does necessity become habit—Mary had a feeling as if there was nothing at the Parsonage which had not been going on for weeks. Harriet Leslie had promptly suggested that Anne and Charlotte should come to the Hall, and there they were established, Charlotte thrilling with delighted awe at finding herself promoted to late dinners and to playing backgammon with Lady Leslie. Frank wandered about, rejecting comfort.

This had lasted for several days, when the Parson began to speak about it to Mrs. Armstrong. They were walking in the kitchen-garden, down a central path gay with flowers.

'Now that Catherine is getting on so well,' Mr. Wilmot was saying cheerfully, 'when is Frank Leslie to be admitted to see her?'

'When he likes, I suppose,' said Mrs. Armstrong, after a scarcely perceptible pause. 'Has he expressed any ardent wish to you? I have not heard of it.'

'You have been so much taken up with Catherine. I blame myself, too, for not having seen as much of the poor fellow as I ought, for I know he has been terribly cut up, and I dare say has been anxious not to thrust himself forward, or to cause poor Catherine harmful agitation. He has sent the kindest messages.'

'Possibly,' said Mrs. Armstrong, coldly. She added hastily, 'I'm not just to Frank Leslie—I feel it myself. I dare say that all you say explains it.'

'Explains what?'

'His backwardness—his want of determination. Cousin Wilmot, it is a week since the accident happened, and Catherine has seen you, has seen her cousins, and is sitting up. If such a

dreadful thing as this had befallen Fanny before you married, or'—she hesitated—'if your George had been in Frank Leslie's place, do you tell me that either of you would have been content with—messages?'

The Parson turned and looked at her, dismay in his eye at her scorn.

'Indeed, I think you *are* unjust,' he said. 'Men vary so much——'

'They do, indeed!'

'And George has a resolute spirit which refuses to give way. Frank Leslie is sensitive and impressionable——'

'And selfish,' put in Mrs. Armstrong, under her breath, so that Mr. Wilmot was not obliged to hear.

'——and no doubt aware that you are unfriendly towards him. Depend upon it, he is dying to see his Catherine, yet afraid of intruding, especially when he has to face the best and most prejudiced woman in the world.'

Mrs. Armstrong turned and put her hand into the Parson's with a smile.

'Forgive me, cousin,' she said. 'You have always been the one to tell me of my faults, and you must still do so unless you think me too old to mend. I will do what I can to be more forbearing towards Frank Leslie. I will tell myself again that there is not a word to be breathed against him, and that he is Catherine's own choice. He must have loved her, or why should he have chosen her when he might have made a dozen more brilliant marriages. He must love her still. I will speak to him to-day, and will tell him that Catherine has asked for him constantly.'

'But has she?' demanded Mr. Wilmot, in surprise.

'Yes. But I—you will blame me—I thought the wish should have come from him.'

'Next Sunday morning,' said the Parson, 'I shall preach a sermon with five headings upon the different forms of pride.'

Yet though he had brought Mrs. Armstrong to reason, he was not quite at his ease about the interview which was to take place. By an instinctive shrinking, common to both, they had avoided the subject of Catherine's changed looks; yet these were in their minds, and lay heavy at the heart of the mother. Nor could the Parson forget that look of horror which Frank cast at his love as she lay bleeding on the road. What was it? What did it arise from? What would he think of her now?

Alas, there was no hiding the havoc which had been wrought! Her beautiful features were swollen and disfigured, and the cuts on her face strapped across with plaster. It was a wreck of Catherine which would meet his eyes; and Mr. Wilmot wondered that she cared to face the ordeal, until he remembered that she had not seen herself, and could not judge of the change.

'And it is right that he should be at her side to help her through the trial,' he declared, determinedly.

It was the next day that the meeting took place—a chill dreary summer day, which is always more depressing than the worst weather in a more fitting season. A cold mist was sweeping over the moors, a fine rain falling lower down; the trees were heavy with clinging drops, and an easterly nip was in the air. If the sun had been shining, Mrs. Armstrong could have lowered the blinds and produced a grateful gloom, by dint of which, she flattered herself, much that was painful might have been hidden. As it was, there was no excuse for shutting out the unbecoming light; nothing could be done except to put Catherine's seat—stiff-backed, and very unlike the easy-chairs of to-day—with its back to the window, and to arrange the lace on her head as prettily as could be managed.

Frank was evidently nervous, but he behaved as well as possible. He came in hastily, and kissed her hand with extreme tenderness.

'My dearest,' he said, 'let me hear from your own lips that you are better. I have thought of you day and night, and every day has seemed to have in it double the usual number of hours.'

'Oh, I am much better!' said Catherine, brightly. 'It was worse for you than for me, for I did not know anything that was happening, and so was spared the shock; and it would have been much more serious if I had broken any bones.'

'Yes,' he said, with a shudder which might have been thankfulness.

'Now,' she went on, still smiling, 'you'll not be called upon to marry a poor cripple.'

'No,' he again agreed quickly. Something made her look at him with, for the first time, a faint touch of questioning in her eyes. He was staring hard at the wall beyond her.

'Don't let us talk about painful subjects any more,' she said,

after a pause. 'What have you to tell me about yourself? Have you written another sonnet?'

'How could I? My thoughts have been altogether given to you.'

'Oh, well,' she said, playfully, 'I shall soon expect to inspire you! We will have "To Catherine, on her recovery." "To Catherine, with her head tied up." At any rate, confess that they will have the charm of novelty.' Seeing he did not smile, she called to her mother, who had taken up a tambour-frame, and was absently putting in a few stitches. 'Mamma, please come and assure Frank that Mr. Jones is quite satisfied with the way I am getting on. Very soon I intend to assert myself and go downstairs.'

'Yes, I already see signs of rebellion,' said Mrs. Armstrong, trying to speak gaily.

'You must run no risks. My father hopes you will of all things avoid draughts,' said Frank, rousing himself; 'and my mother told me to say that the carriage shall come for you directly you are allowed to go out. Would you like any books?'

He talked about public matters—who the Princess Charlotte was going to marry; whether France would be content under the new *régime*. Yet, in spite of a sprightly flow of conversation, the consciousness of effort was over all; and Catherine's eye, seeking his, never met it. Mrs. Armstrong, feeling all she was feeling, at last jumped up.

'Mr. Frank, I think you have been here long enough for the first time,' she said. 'If you stay, we shall have Catherine's head aching.'

He made no remonstrance; it even seemed to her that he obeyed with alacrity, although he took leave with a fresh access of remorseful tenderness. Her mother, coming back from the door, found her sitting with her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the floor.

'Poor Frank! He has felt for you very much,' she remarked, with an effort.

'For me?' said the girl, lifting her face. 'Mamma, why has not the looking-glass been brought back?'

'My dear,' stammered poor Mrs. Armstrong, glancing round, 'is there none here? I will see for one if—— Do you want it?'

'Yes,' she said, breathing hard. And then she turned her

eyes on her mother with a terrible appeal in them. 'Mamma, he could not look at me!'

What could Mrs. Armstrong say? What mother would not have rushed to comfort? She laughed.

'My dear, don't be fanciful. Of course you are a funny-looking object just at present; but you will get better every day, and more like Frank's ideal.'

'Better? Shall I get well? What does Mr. Jones say? Oh, mamma, I sha'n't be marked?'

Her mother was kneeling by her side with her arms about her.

'Such injuries cannot disappear at once, dearest. You are young. We hope.'

Catherine put her hands on her shoulders, pushed her back, and searched her eyes.

'Shall I be marked?' As Mrs. Armstrong's sad eyes dropped, the girl sank back and covered her face with her hands. 'Oh,' she moaned, 'why wasn't I killed—why wasn't I killed?'

## X.

### AND AFTER.

AFTER this interview Catherine was much worse. Two or three weeks passed before she so much as reached again the same level of convalescence; and, during this time, she would only see her mother and—once or twice—Mr. Wilmot. The talk with her lover had proved so exciting that there could be no thought of its repetition until she was decidedly stronger; and it seemed to Mrs. Armstrong as if the security of this gave Catherine relief. But, after the first outbreak, she did not speak again on the subject of her changed appearance.

Frank had been unremitting in his inquiries, in his attentions. Flowers, fruit, books, newspapers—expensive items in those days—came from the Hall in profusion; and when she was strong enough to attempt a drive, the family coach rumbled down and took her out in a kind of state.

'Anne,' said Harriet Leslie, as the girls stood at the door of the little general shop in the village, and kissed their hands as the carriage drove by, 'I don't understand these new-fashioned lovers at all. If Catherine is well enough to go out, why does not Frank see her? And why should she not soon come back to the Hall?'

'Mary says she believes she is dreadfully sensitive to the scars on her face,' said Anne, 'and fancies that they shocked Mr. Leslie.'

'Frank is a goose!' said his sister, irreverently. 'But he can't be such a goose as only to care for her pretty face. Imagine a man in love being put off by such an accident! Imagine your brother minding!'

'George! George would only have loved her the better!' cried Anne, with warmth. 'I beg your pardon; I suppose I ought not to say it to you, but I don't think I can ever forgive Catherine for her treatment of George. Not that he ever told us, or said a word, but it was evident from what he let out in his delirium. And then that she should have had so little heart as to go to a ball when he might have been dying!'

'It was cruel,' said Harriet, in a low voice. 'Tell me, Anne, do you think he has got over it yet?'

'Yes, I do. He writes very compassionately, but there's not one bit of deeper meaning in his letters. You don't know George, Harriet; he's not at all the man to cry over spilt milk.'

Anne spoke with a touch of indignation, and Harriet turned her eyes from following the retreating carriage, and let them rest on the other girl's face. They were pretty dark eyes, and there was a wistful look in them just now instead of their usual alert expression.

'He cares very much for his profession, does he not?'

'I don't think he cares for anything else in the world,' said Anne, bluntly; 'he doesn't even want to come home.'

'No,' said Harriet, thoughtfully.

The next morning Catherine startled her mother by a proposition that they should go back to Plymouth at once.

'The drive did not tire me; so you see, mamma, I am stronger than any one supposes. Here we are at the end of July, and Anne and Charlotte have been turned out of the house for weeks. We could post down, and I'm sure the change would do me good; I don't feel as if I should ever get well here.'

'Then you don't wish to go to the Hall? They expect you, remember.'

'Oh! no! no!' Catherine cried, imploringly. 'I want to be at home, and to have you all to myself.'

'Perhaps it would be best,' Mrs. Armstrong agreed, looking at

her. 'Well!—but, my dear, we can't take ourselves off in this abrupt fashion. If we go, you must see your cousins and Mr. Frank Leslie, at any rate.'

'I know,' said Catherine, with a little shiver. 'Will you arrange it all quickly, mamma. Frank might come this evening to the garden. Say the evening, please.'

It was settled as she wished; and half-lying on a sort of lounge, with her cheek on her hand, and a shady hat, she was not so unlike herself. She talked and smiled in a manner which surprised her mother, who had not looked for anything so cheerful. But when Frank spoke of following them to Plymouth, she decidedly negatived the plan.

'Go back to your work at Oxford,' she said, 'and perhaps at Christmas you will come and see us.'

'Christmas! We are to be married before Christmas,' said Frank, more abruptly than he often spoke.

'Not now. I find I could not leave mamma so soon.'

'But, dearest Catherine——'

She put up her hand and stopped him playfully. 'You mustn't contradict me. It's one of the prerogatives of illness not to be contradicted. I have thought it all out, Frank, and we will be married at Easter. I love the spring, and by that time——'

She broke off suddenly; and perhaps he was afraid of agitating her, for he made no further attempt to change her resolve.

So Catherine and her mother went back to Plymouth. It was a strange home-coming; it seemed to Mrs. Armstrong, when she looked back upon it afterwards, as if a life-time had passed since that fair summer day when Catherine, as fair as the summer, had set off in the coach. Everything was changed; the skies, the season, Catherine herself most of all. She shrank from seeing her friends; and it was an evident relief to her to find that the Radcliffes were from home. She would make a pretence at work, but, as often as not, when her mother looked at her, it was to see the work dropped, and the girl's sad eyes fixed upon the ground. Nothing interested her much.

All this while the injuries to her face were gradually healing. The swelling went down; the redness was not so red. The Plymouth doctor spoke cheerfully of time smoothing out the scars until they were scarcely perceptible; and when Catherine first heard his opinion, her spirits rose so suddenly that her

mother was almost more troubled by the rise than by the depression. But her patience was not equal to the strain. Before a fortnight was over she was miserable again, and would not look in the glass. Mrs. Armstrong was obliged to insist that visitors should be admitted, or Catherine would have shut herself against them; and then there was always the chance that some unlucky touch of pity—too openly applied—or some appropriate moral reflection, would upset her composure, and cause either misery or irritation. The irritation was so new to one of Catherine's sweet nature that it amazed and shocked herself, and would often react in remorse as morbid as the other misery. All Mrs. Armstrong's good sense and love were wanted to meet the different phases of suffering, in which both consolation and scolding were inefficient.

When Christmas came, Frank wrote warmly, begging to be allowed to spend it with them; but Catherine's agitation at the idea was so extreme, that Mrs. Armstrong dared not insist.

'Pray, pray, mamma, don't force anything so distasteful upon me!' she implored. 'I cannot—will not see Frank yet! I know very well what he felt at Highcombe.'

'But, my dear, you are much better since then, and I really believe he would be most agreeably surprised. Besides, if his love is worth anything, surely it should bear the strain of a little outward alteration?'

'You don't know him,' said Catherine, feverishly. 'Mamma, you haven't the heart to be so cruel!'

'If I give way to you now, you must fix a definite time for him to come,' Mrs. Armstrong insisted. 'It is only just to him.'

'Yes, yes—I quite understand, and every month will make a difference. I will tell him that he shall come in February—at the end of February.'

So it was settled, and by February the hurts were so much healed that the mother began to think perhaps Catherine had been in the right.

'I declare she's almost herself again!' said Miss Kitty Rosedew, turning the girl's unwilling face round to the light. 'But you mustn't think too much of it, my dear, for you know we're always taught that beauty is nothing, and that handsome is as handsome does. And, pray, when do you look for Mr. Leslie?'

'Any time to-day,' said Mrs. Armstrong.

'So sister said, but I couldn't credit it, and so, though we were in the midst of reading the most interesting book, that's but just

come out, "Milford House, or Folly as it flies," I said I'd step over and find out. Dear me! To-day! Well, I make no doubt you're all in a flutter, as I should be myself, and as I have been once in my life, though you mightn't think it, and so I shall just go back to sister, and we shall keep an eye on your door!'

And it was at this unlucky moment, when Miss Kitty was enveloping Catherine in an ample embrace and a woollen cape, that the door opened, and Frank Leslie, looking pale, but very handsome in his blue riding-coat with brass buttons, buckskins, and hessians, was ushered in.

Catherine coloured with vexation, and colouring now was not the delicate fleeting blush which used to enchant him; it only served to bring out the disfiguring scars more strongly. Miss Kitty made him a low curtsey, and Mrs. Armstrong, thinking, perhaps, it might take off the stiffness if she left them alone, went downstairs with her visitor. But when she returned the stiffness was still there, though Catherine was asking questions with simulated brightness, and Frank was talking about London, the splendid routs given by Lady Ducie to six, and by Lady Carnarvon to seven hundred fashionables; and how, after a great entertainment at Astley's, several carriages had been broken to pieces; and how the town was raving about Miss Stephens' lovely voice; and how he had been to the play to see Kean, and another night Miss O'Neill and Mr. Young, in the 'Gamester'; what great complaints there were of footpads, and of the inefficiency of the old watchmen; what pictures had been shown in the British Gallery, and how much he had been interested in a new poem called 'Helga,' written in seven cantos by Mr. Herbert. He talked more agreeably than Mrs. Armstrong had ever heard him talk before; and he went away—after kissing Catherine's hand—declaring he would be there early on the morrow. He kept his promise, indeed, he kept every promise, and heaped attentions upon Catherine, so that Fanny Radcliffe could not say enough about his visits, and the flowers he brought. And Mrs. Armstrong was so anxious not to stir discordant strings, that she never once allowed herself the luxury of a sharp speech, or even so much as a smile at Frank. What Catherine felt, she, on her part, did not say; from the moment of his arrival she shut herself into an unusual reserve, so that her mother could not tell whether she were content or not until a week later. Then, as she came into the house, she heard a door slam, and the next moment Frank came running down the stairs, with an air of

such disorder, that he did not even notice her standing in the little passage. With a sinking heart she flew up to find Catherine, her face buried in a cushion, sobbing too violently to speak.

Mrs. Armstrong's eyes blazed with anger.

'Be quiet, Catherine,' she said, almost harshly. 'He is not worth it.'

But she knelt down and took her head on her shoulder, smoothing it tenderly, until the girl became calmer.

'Now, tell me,' she said, 'has he thrown you over?'

'No, no, mamma,' Catherine faltered, turning her swollen face towards her; 'you must not blame him—he would have married me, he would, indeed! He implored me to fix the day——'

'Then why——? My dear, tell me all.'

'He does not love me—he cannot love me,' Catherine said, slowly and piteously. 'Mamma, I see it in all their faces. Is no one going to love me any more?'

## XI.

### THE DOGS OF WAR.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE WILMOT had done his best to forget his cousin, and appeared to have succeeded admirably. He looked for her name, to be sure, in the home letters; but if it was not there, he had reached the point of suffering no pang, and finding no difficulty in going off, whistling to whatever came in the way. He was only mightily alarmed lest, in these new days of peace, there should be no more chances of glory and honours, especially as even the disbanding of his battalion had been hinted at. His letters were full of this dread, and of plans for obtaining a new commission if worse came to the worst. Meanwhile, there were no greater favourites in the regiment than George Wilmot and his friend, Peter Maguire; and it was perhaps a significant expression of this fact that a miserable little half-starved terrier, which they had picked up in St. Jean de Luz and brought home, was adopted by the regiment as by one man, and admitted to march with George's company at the cost of many disparaging remarks from an otherwise admiring public.

And it was in the midst of grumbling at the loss of promotion, that one day early in March, when a blustering east wind was blowing a swirl of fine dust across the barrack square, Peter

strolled into George's quarters, and remarked, in an uninterested tone—

'Molasses' (by which title the regiment irreverently designated its senior Major) 'is in a jewel of a temper this morning, over the last batch of recruits.'

'Why?' his friend demanded, looking up from splicing a fishing-rod; 'there's lots of time to get them licked into shape.'

'Well, I wouldn't say,' Peter drawled. 'Ye don't seem to have heard that that blessed Boney's bolted.'

'What!' roared George, springing up.

'Bolted. Out on the spree. Coming along in a post-shay, picking up a few men on the road, and throwing cocked hats out of the window, promiscuous.'

George stared and burst into a great laugh. 'You're romancing, you villain!'

'Faith, it's true as Gospel that he's out, though nobody seems to think there's any chance of a shindy, worse luck! But the Colonel's putting in his word in case there might be a few of us sent over just to see fair play,' said Peter, with hope in his eye.

'What can the poor devil do all by himself? By Jove, he's got pluck!' George declared, walking up and down, and beginning to picture things, but not going so far as to foresee that grim battlefield which lay hidden as yet by the growing corn.

The next day the regiment got its route for Flanders, as much, perhaps, because of many dissensions and jealousies among the allies, and the feeling in England that her arguments would have more weight backed by victorious soldiers, as from any idea that Napoleon's attempt would prove serious. However, the men were hurried away, the colonel in too great terror lest delay might lose his regiment the chance, to permit unnecessary preparations. George scrawled a line to his father—'Off to the front, wherever that may be. God bless you all!'—and that was all they knew from him, until they heard that he was quartered in Brussels. From that gay little city he wrote in a less elated strain, for everything was so peaceable—except for the presence of the military—and so given over to parties and dances and gambling, that it seemed ridiculous to think of such rough matters as war and fightings, and it was generally supposed that Napoleon's army would melt away long before it came so far north. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington gave a grand ball on the 9th of June, and issued invitations for another—never to be held—on the 21st. Peter Maguire enjoyed himself on the

whole a good deal more than his friend, who felt himself awkward and out of place in a ball-room, and would not be roused to admiration by any of the beauties, to one after the other of whom Peter lost his heart. What was worse, he lost a good deal of money at the card-tables, for which little Mrs. Munro, the wife of one of the Majors, rated him soundly.

'A pretty account I shall have to give of you to your family!' she remarked to him when they were climbing the steep street leading from the lower town to the Place Royale.

'Couldn't ye whitewash me a little, just for old acquaintance sake?' suggested the culprit, hanging his head.

A twinkle crept into Mrs. Munro's eyes as she surveyed his capacious person.

'Peter,' she said, 'you'd be too expensive, you'd take a whole bucketful. Now, as you're under orders to tell me all the scrapes you get into, be good enough to say where you were losing money last night?'

'It wasn't much, upon me soul,' said Peter, meekly. 'I only played for an hour.'

'Where?'

'At Symonds', Symonds of the Black Lancers. His wife's got her sister with her, the prettiest girl that ye ever saw.'

'Oh!' she exclaimed, scornfully.

'She is, I give ye me word! This time I've lost me heart utterly and entirely.'

'Don't talk to me about losing your heart! You keep the thing tethered safely enough; I only wish you could get back your money as easily. Captain Symonds, indeed! He ought to be ashamed of himself, sponging upon you poor silly boys! Pray, does your friend, Mr. Wilmot, follow your bright example?'

'Not he,' said Peter; 'he's the very warning of the regiment. I'm thinking some girl's had the bad taste to throw him over, and now he won't look at a card or a woman, which obliges me to do double duty, for the credit of the old country, ye'll understand. Besides,' he added, slapping the region of his heart with quite unnecessary violence, 'I'd hoped I'd grow thin upon sighs and heartaches, but no such luck! I've told the colonel, if I fill the place of two men, and run a double chance of being shot, 'twould be only fair to let me draw double pay. As me friend now, Mrs. Munro, couldn't ye persuade the Major to put in a word for me?'

They passed the Place Royale, just as the Prince of Orange

and his staff rode through, and were turning off to the little park, crowded with gay people, when she remarked—

'They say the Duke is confident there'll be fighting by-and-by.'

'Why, ye'd not be after depriving us of our living!' he exclaimed, reproachfully, detecting a tremor in her voice. 'Well, of all the unglorious, unreasonable mothers of regiments, when ye ought to be raising our spirits with visions of laurel crowns, and such like adornments!'

'You want no one to keep up your spirits when there's a chance of fighting, Peter,' she said, sadly; 'it's we poor women, who have to stop behind and go down on our knees and cry our eyes out, who should have the laurel crowns, if they could comfort us —which they can't! Don't let us talk about it. Have you a card for the Duchess of Richmond's ball?'

And so, in spite of forebodings, there was gaiety in Brussels all through those early summer days, when the beeches in the forest of Soignies had burst into rejoicing leaf, and the jackdaws wheeled and cawed about the dark towers of St. Gudule, and—not many miles away—the cows were being milked night and morning on the farm of La Haye Sainte, and orchards blossomed pink round the grey house at Hougoumont, and at Quatre Bras the early rye was ripening for such a harvest as the fields had never known before, a harvest in which Death was the reaper, and men the grain.

On the very day on which Mrs. Munro and Peter talked of the chances of war, Napoleon, once more Emperor, received his enthusiastic subjects on his throne in the Tuileries; and two days later, on the 13th of June, marched out his army of a hundred and thirty thousand men. There is no doubt that he crossed the frontier before Wellington expected, but at midnight on the 15th, there was a beat of drums and rendezvous in the Brussels Park, and at four in the morning of the 16th, George Wilmot's regiment, forming part of General Pack's Infantry Brigade, and of Sir Thomas Picton's division, marched for Quatre Bras, and, halting for a short time in a wood, reached the ground at about three in the afternoon, and was immediately engaged by the advancing enemy. The regiment suffered severely, but Sir James Kempt's praise put the men into high spirits, and the next day the Duke retired to his final position at Waterloo.

On this day—the 17th—early in the afternoon, a violent thunderstorm broke, and lashing rain fell for hours. The roads were in a wretched condition for marching, and the fields, from

the long trampled corn, almost as heavy, while in places the water was above the men's knees. By this time the country was in a ferment; the forest of Soignies was crowded with peasants, driving their animals helter-skelter before them, and dragging what possessions they could to safer quarters in Brussels, while terrified Belgians carried back news of terrible disaster, and the total overthrow of the British Army.

So far George had escaped; but he was not to go unhurt, for in the next day's ever-glorious fight a round shot struck his shoulder; not, however, until late in the day, a reprieve, for which he thanked heaven all his life long, because the regiment had been in the thick of the fight, and had stood the splendid charges of the French cavalry like a rock. His servant managed to get him into a waggon, but he found the jolting so unendurable that he got out and walked eight miles to Brussels, reaching the inn at midnight in a terribly exhausted condition. There was not much sleep in the gay little city that Sunday night; numbers of the inhabitants poured out towards Waterloo, carrying food and drink for the wounded, and for those that remained—as all day long there had been black rumours of a flying army, of Napoleon advancing in triumph, and of the fabulous sums offered for means of escape; so now the ears strained with listening to the dull roar of distant cannon, could not let the sound go, but heard it still, though it had rolled away in pursuit far out of hearing, and left behind it the beaten down corn, and more than fifty thousand dead or wounded men.

With the feverishness of his wound and fatigue upon him, George was for a time delirious; it was the sight of a young lady who stood before him with a cup in her hand which at last seemed to recall his scattered senses. He stared uneasily at her, his hollow eyes following her as she moved; and when she asked if he recognised her, nodded only as though afraid to speak. At last, when the doctor came in, and she had left the room, George beckoned to him to stoop down.

'Does she know?' he whispered hoarsely.

'Yes.'

'God bless her! The Major was cut down early in the day—there wasn't a braver officer,' gasped the sick man.

'Tell her so. But, by heaven, I think the women are as brave as the men,' said the doctor, packing his instruments back into their case.

Were they not? Little Mrs. Munro was not the only one who, with a stricken heart, restrained her own tears that she might help those wounded for whom other women were watching and praying. And when she wrote home for George, after she had sent his love to his father and sisters, she hesitated with the pen in her hand, and her face turned away from him.

'Is there no one else who may be looking for a word?' she asked, softly.

'No one,' said George, without a pause.

The Parson and Anne started at once for Brussels as soon as this letter arrived. There had been anxious, uncertain days in England, with varying rumours. The *Morning Chronicle* had leaders deprecating the rash idea of engaging Bonaparte. It was difficult to obtain authentic information, and a gentleman who left Paris on the 11th, was eagerly beset upon his reaching the Stock Exchange on the 16th. Then came more uncertainty, so that it was not until the 22nd that the full news was known, and then north, south, east, and west, the coaches, wreathed with evergreens and flags, rattled down into the country, carrying with them the great story of Waterloo, and the people cheering as they listened.

Until Mrs. Munro's letter came they had not known where George was, nor how severe the wound might be, so that it was read again and again, and cried over. It was just before Mr. Wilmot and Anne started, and while he was on his knees cramming an impossible pair of boots into an old valise, that he looked up and said—

'Mary, send the letter to my cousin Armstrong by the next mail.'

Mary was a kind girl, but she had never been able to forget that ball to which Catherine went, when George, who loved her, was lying wounded almost to death, and she demurred. It was all over now, it was true, but why should Catherine be admitted to share in anxieties to which she had once declared her indifference?

'I'd rather keep the letter, and write to Plymouth myself, if you don't object, sir,' she said, stoutly. 'I'll be careful to give all the necessary particulars; but it's of more value to us than to them.'

'I prefer that it should go,' said Mr. Wilmot, after a moment's pause. 'Send it, and, if you will, ask to have it back again.'

So Mary had to obey, but before it could be despatched,

Harriet Leslie came down to hear the news, and Mary could not help showing her the letter, and talking it over, and crying again at the thought of poor George. Harriet kissed her, and cried too.

'I can't bear sending it away,' said Mary, 'and I don't like Catherine to have it, because——' and then she suddenly remembered all that there had been between Catherine and Frank Leslie, and turned crimson. As for Harriet, she was pale.

'I think you should send it to her,' she said, in a low voice, which, however, was steadier than she took it to be. 'Thank you for showing it to me. Papa bade me say you should be sure to have the *Morning Chronicle* to-morrow, because it will interest you so much. There's no doubt that Mr. Wilmot must have his company. Only think, Mary, the rye was so tall, they say it almost hid the men at Quatre Blas!'

So all was changed; an emperor was in flight, our troops were on their way to Paris, and Brussels—no longer the scene of *fêtes* and brilliant balls—was turned into a great military hospital, or to a place of mourning, where people came to see where those they loved lay buried.

By the time the Parson and his daughter reached their journey's end, George was well on the mend, and very happy to have them. He was still weak, but the shoulder was going on well, and he was in high spirits over the surgeon's assurances that there would be no permanent stiffness, and over the praise the steadiness of the regiment had won for it in high quarters. This was what he talked chiefly about to his father when they were alone, for Anne spent a good deal of her time with some friends called Fullerton, who had come across to look after a wounded lad. The heat was intense, but, as the days went on, the cheerfulness of the place revived, and when the invalids could be driven out there were pleasant hours passed under the beeches of the Bois du Cambre, and, sometimes, too, strange meetings of those who had been down to the very gates of death, and were clambering up again, pale spectres of themselves.

It was one specially hot afternoon when Mr. Wilmot and his son were driving slowly in the shade, that the Parson said—

'I have not told you much about your cousin Catherine, George.'

'She is well, I hope, sir?'

'Well in health, but sadly altered by the effects of the accident. It is to be hoped they will wear off in time, but meanwhile the

poor girl feels the change acutely, and, her mother writes, cannot be persuaded to go into society.'

George was silent for some moments.

'I had no idea it was anything—anything to distress her so greatly,' he said, in a low voice. 'Surely Frank Leslie could talk her out of her fancy?'

His father looked at him in surprise.

'Have the girls not informed you that the engagement is at an end?'

It was George's turn to stare. 'At an end?' he repeated. 'Since when?' he added, with an unusual touch of bitterness. 'And who is the other favoured suitor?'

'There is none that I am aware of,' answered the Parson, gravely. 'My cousin Armstrong has written little beyond the bare fact that Catherine and her lover had found out they were unsuited to each other, and so parted. You know the wedding was to have been at the beginning of the year, but Catherine's health was not considered to be sufficiently restored.'

'Was she so much hurt?' asked George, quickly. 'Surely, sir, by this time she must have recovered?'

'Not her beauty,' Mr. Wilmot said, with hesitation. He did not glance at his son, but he was conscious that his eyes had fastened themselves upon him.

'The fellow hasn't left her for that?'

'I cannot tell you—I do not know. As I have already remarked, my information has been of the scantiest; but, I cannot forget that Frank Leslie has a nature curiously fastidious and sensitive in its shrinking from anything painful or repulsive. It was so always; it has been, unfortunately, fostered by his habits of life, and his mother's spoiling, and it is possible—mind, I don't speak from knowledge—that he cannot get over the shock of the change in Catherine.'

Under his breath George uttered two words to which the Parson discreetly turned a deaf ear. It was at this moment that they met the Fullertons' carriage with the other invalid, his mother, sister, and Anne, and they drew up to talk over the prospects of France, and the strange break in intelligence from the army.

'Where is the Emperor concealed?' asked Mrs. Fullerton. 'For my part, I shall not feel at my ease until he's a prisoner, and scarcely then. But, talking of prisoners, our landlord tells us the townspeople have been hooting the French as they were

brought in, which is very disgraceful, for I'm sure the poor fellows don't look as if it had been their fault at all, or as if they liked their position, and I can't think what we shall do with them. I suppose the guns will be some good. Actually a hundred and twenty-four great cannon have arrived, all tied up tastily with ribbons!'

Mr. Wilmot prepared himself for further questioning. It did not, however, come, and the good Parson told himself that whatever liking George had felt for his cousin had been swept away by the change in her own sentiments, and by the exciting interests of a soldier's life. It was natural enough that this should be the end of it, and only a little doubt as to Catherine's own heart, and compassion for her loss of beauty, could have caused his father's regret. As it was, he was soon able to reconcile himself to the vanishing of a dream.

George had not dismissed it so lightly as his father imagined. Of late he had succeeded far beyond his expectations in banishing Catherine from his thoughts. There had been a black hour which he did not care to remember, when first he heard that she was faithless; but, fortunately for him, the stirring march of war had given the necessary impetus to recovery in the very nick of time. He had flung all his thoughts into his profession, and if the news he had just heard had come to him when he was in the swing of fighting, probably he would have been little affected by it; but meeting it with all the languor of weakness about him, and when war seemed ended, it made a greater impression, and cost him a sleepless night.

In the morning he stood for some time with a glass locket in his hand which he had taken from a writing-case. Then he thrust it back again, feeling that his judgment endorsed his resolution to think no more of Catherine. He was a soldier, loving his life, and, always excepting occasional pulls at his heartstrings, with no desire to set up a rival to its claims. More than once during the past year he had congratulated himself that when the call came he went into battle unencumbered by those ties which give its worst pang to the word farewell. Catherine—it was when he thought of Catherine, changed, deserted, sad, that his heart swelled, and his arguments faltered in their ranks—Catherine had never loved him. Time would bring her consolation, for he refused to believe that her beauty was really gone; and when next he heard, it would be that another lover—more worthy than Frank—had won her back to her old brightness.

George thought it out, and made up his mind. Once or twice he spoke strongly of Frank, but he let his father understand that he had no intention himself of marrying, and that he meant to devote himself altogether to his profession.

Then suddenly came all-absorbing news of the Emperor's surrender to the English. By the end of July, Mr. Wilmot and Anne—Anne bubbling over with new thoughts, new interests, and new fashions—were back at the Parsonage, and a week or two later Captain Wilmot rejoined his regiment, now under canvas near Paris, and realised something of the gaps which Death the reaper had left in its heroic ranks.

(*To be continued.*)

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## IN MEMORIAM.

(*October* 6, 1892.)

PASSED is the Poet of our prime,
  Who thought the thoughts we thought in youth,
  Who told us what we knew for truth,
Who gave us voice, who made our time.

His rhythm echoes in our lays;
  We see, with him, the fields and flowers,
  With 'newer,' other eyes than ours,
New poets see in newer days.

Nay, look, these 'other stars' will shine.
  He loved the younger, larger hope,
  He stretched our hearts to widest scope,
New thoughts, not ours, are still Divine.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

## SKETCHES OF SOME PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

THEIR race is well-nigh extinct. Shall it pass quite away, and leave no trace behind? Though 'posterity has done nothing for me,' yet will I, for its sake, place on record a few pleasing reminiscences of the brotherhood.

First; from the dark days when three-deckers and velvet cushions were the rule and not the rare exception, there looms forth the striking figure of Job Stutters, tailor by trade for six days of the week, and parish clerk by profession on the Sunday.

I say 'figure' advisedly, for Job was the fattest man I ever saw—walk, especially in a black gown covered with tassels. As he lurched up the aisle, like a heavily-laden barge in a rough sea, all eyes were fixed upon him with interest; the genial-faced Curate and the pale, meek Rector being comparatively unnoticed.

But the culminating point of interest was when Job performed the feat of squeezing himself into his desk, and then sank down exhausted, to mop his crimson head with a yellow bandana; after which, he would plaintively place his two doughy hands on the region of digestion. Many a Sunday, at our early dinner, have I heard the head of the family declare that Job had 'done it for the last time.' Yet still, more Sundays came and went, and the oracle remained unfulfilled.

It may readily be imagined that Job was naturally somewhat scant of breath; but he had an ingenious way of reading his verse of the Psalms which quite overcame this difficulty. He would start off in a fine rolling bass; and, having reached the third word or so, at which point the congregation had been, from their childhood, trained to follow him, he would then cease to read until the verse was ended; when Job would deliberately give forth the last four or five words alone.

It was not without a struggle that each new Curate fell in with

this peculiar style of reading; but all remonstrances, gentle or otherwise, were in vain.

'I'll just pint out the difference, sir, betwixt you and me,' would Job reply. '*I've* led this congregration for nigh upon forty year: and, so long as I do my dooty, nobody can't turn me out. For why? It's the parish that put *me* in. But you, sir, you're quite different. Why! I've had fifteen different gentlemen to sit behind me. There was Mr. Sweetly; every one liked him. Well! he makes love to Mrs. Pryme's daughter; and the old cat goes about a calling of him a penniless wagabone. The Rector, he was very fond of Mr. Sweetly; but, at last, he asked him, for the sake of peace, to resign. So he did. Then the next gentleman, he wouldn't make love to Miss Pryme at no price. At last he says, says he, "I can't stand that old lady no longer." So off he cut. Oh, yes, sir, curates is curates, and clerks is clerks.'

But, one Sunday morning, the old clerk's place was empty; and we read the responses in a subdued and saddened tone, for we knew that he had been called away by a higher Power than the parish.

And now my memory turns from the Midlands to the green south-east corner of England; where, in local names, as well of people as of places, and occasionally in strongly-marked personal peculiarities, one is startled by glimpses of the 'dead Past.'

Near the little village church of ——, a side road suddenly dips down into Dane's Hold—a dark, wooded hollow, partly formed by an old quarry. It is a short cut to an outlying farm; but is never used by the villagers after daylight. The clerk's cottage stands just above.

One summer evening I saw the old man watching me as I strolled down the beaten path. He was very tall and rugged-looking, and had a shock of iron-grey hair, and fierce black eyes beneath overhanging brows. He reminded one of an old weather-beaten pine.

'You bean't a-going through t' hollow, be you?' shouted he, in his strong, hard voice.

'Why not?'

'Folks don't ought to—not if they take my adwice.'

I sauntered towards the cottage. 'Issenden, why is this place called Dane's Hold?'

'It's allers been its name.'

'I know; but why?'

He gazed into the darkening shadows of the trees: then said, in a low tone, 'When I was a boy, that hollow used to be a terrible pretty place for primroses and woilets and bluebells; but my father, he warned us never to go there after sundown. He told us that, some years agone, a gang of robbers came over the sea and settled down there. And a werry bad lot they must 'a been, by what he said. Why! they thought nothing of fetching a sheep out of a field, and a-cooking of him whole down there! So that a man might smell his own mutton a-roasting, and not dare to go and bring it away. There warn't no pleece, you see, in them days. Ah! and that warn't the worst! From the time they came till the time they went, there was nothing but robbery, and murder, and kidnapping of children. Folk did say they worshipped stone idols like the heathen.'

'Where did they go?'

'Why, they went away in their boats.'

'But where to?'

'Nobody could tell. But at last the soldiers were sent against them, and they never came back no more.'

'How long ago was all this?'

'Can't say; but I'm in my eighties. My father told me, and he said his grandfather told him, and it was a werry old story even then; and we're a werry old family—one of the oldest in these parts. So it must ha' been hundreds of years agone. Schoolmaster he says it's in the books. I don't know how it got there; but it's true—true as Gospel. No, sir; don't 'ee never go down there—leastways, not after sundown.' A warning shake of the head and an earnest gaze into the dimness.

It suddenly occurred to me that old Issenden had probably an hereditary right to speak with authority of the peculiarities of Dane's Hold. Notwithstanding that his shoulders were now rounded by age and by field work, the whole man was, doubtless, a living portrait of one of his ancestors. In character, he was a very rebel, and he would be insolent where he dared to be so; but the love of gain usually kept him within bounds. Still, there was a certain attraction about him, in spite of his rough words and ways; and he had strong natural affections.

Early one Sunday morning, after an unusually heavy fall of snow during the night, Issenden presented himself at the back door of the rectory.

'There won't be no bell, nor yet no Church to-day, tell t' Parson, 'cos o' the snow.'

'Lor!' was the astonished reply. And away strode the old giant.

On the message being brought to the breakfast-room, the master of the house got up and went to the hall door; remarking quietly, 'I am under the impression that *I* am the Rector.'

Two olive branches followed him; and when the old fellow, who was slinking off between the shrubs, pretended not to hear the first call, such a trio of 'Issenden, *Iss*enden, *Iss-en-den*' was performed, that perforce he turned round and began shouting, 'No Church to-day. Snow's right up t' church door——'

A hand was held up, and 'Wait for me,' was the reply.

Then came a hasty buttoning of coats and leggings; and forth sallied the male portion of the Rectory folk, spade in hand.

Whether under mesmeric influence, or whether merely counting the cost of disobedience, is not known, but Issenden remained '*planté*' in the snow, and growling to himself. As the party came up to him—

'T'aint a bit o' use,' said he; 'the women won't be able to come. They'd catch their death.'

'Then let them stay at home. My duty and yours is to go and open the church.'

Now, in a quiet little village, the sight of the Parson and his boys, each with a spade on his shoulder on a Sunday morning, is highly sensational. As they plunged along, faces peered from the cottage window panes, and, by ones, by twos, and by threes, came forth a contingent of boys and men, in more or less work-a-day clothing.

The way being cleared in no very long time, and the bell being rung for a few minutes only, in trooped the workers, glowing from exercise, and considerably pleased with themselves.

Afterwards, the general verdict was that the Service had been 'Oncommon beautiful. Not a woman to be seen!' Their absence seeming to raise the men in their own esteem.

Issenden remained sulky and mute; until, finding others plucking up courage to take his office, he quenched the intruders with such a vicious I—men! and such a fierce glare from his fiery eyes, that they were fain to bob down their abashed heads beneath the shelter of the high pews.

In the following spring, the old man was observed regularly to leave the church just before the sermon, and to re-enter it just in time for the Blessing. He evaded all inquiries as to his motive, with 'I looks round.' But, in a moment of weakness, he confided

to Cook at the Rectory, that he 'allus made hisself a Sunday pudding; and lest it should get off the bile, he just stepped round to see to it. But,' added he, 'I'm allus back in time for my work. Parson doesn't want me when he's a preaching.'

What was to be done with an obstinate old child of eighty, with no wife to keep him in order?

A day or two before Trinity Sunday that year, a message was sent to the clerk that he was to prepare for a Baptism on Sunday afternoon.

'Shan't do nothin' o' the sort. There ain't no babby.'

'Well!' said the messenger, 'there are your orders.'

'Rector, he's made a mistake. Tell him I know all the babbies round, and they've every one o' them been done. There ain't no more. Leastways,' considering—'not afore harvest's well over. Why! I should look like a fool. No; I'm not agoing to do it.'

On Sunday it was evident that *somebody* had done the clerk's work. Moreover, the old grey font wore a crown of white, and crimson, and gold roses, their green sprays dipping into the brimming water.

'What's to be done with all this rubbage, supposin' the babby does come?' asked Issenden.

'Nothing is to be touched. The cushions and books are all prepared.'

In the afternoon, there stood the old fellow, outside the churchyard wall, shading his eyes with his hand, and anxiously looking by turns down each of the several approaches. When the bell stopped he came in, saying quite audibly and triumphantly, 'Ne'er a babby in sight!'

But when, after the second Lesson, the Rector walked down to the font, being met there by all of the Rectory people; and when a beautiful, grown-up young lady, who had been staying there on a visit, answered a very distinct 'No' to the first question, Issenden's face became a delightful study; and his I—mens were meeker than had ever been heard before.

By-and-by, the young girl, passing out at the porch, dropped some silver into the old man's hand. He burst forth with 'Bless the babby! 'Tis the prettiest one *I* ever see; and I do wish'—with a glance at the coins—'that there'd come some more like her!'

Memory now carries me to the North Midlands. I behold again a rectangular, whited-sepulchre-looking building, having at its west end a bell-turret, surmounted by a tarry, black cap;

which, with sundry queer slits just beneath, and a couple of shoulder-like buttresses, gives irresistibly the effect of a village patriarch in his clean Sunday smock frock.

We enter between two rows of ringers and boys. There is a strong smell of tobacco; but there are no pipes—visible.

Over the inner door is the highly appropriate and encouraging text—

'How dreadful is this place!'

It was a hot Sunday in June. The clerk, who was a remarkable likeness of the man in the moon, when the latter is somewhat rubicund and not low-spirited, was the only decorated object in the church. He wore a full-blown crimson peony in his buttonhole.

Coming in rather late, he walked briskly up the aisle; and, having vainly tried to reach something which lay hidden beneath the Communion Table, was fain to go down on all fours to peep for it. Presently, out came a tall pewter flagon, and then a black bottle. Having with some difficulty got out the cork, he poured a portion of the liquid into the flagon, and then re-corked the bottle vigorously, the cork making its usual protest against compulsion.

Then, becoming aware that that part of the east window which ought to have been opened was still shut, he removed the crimson cloth from the Table, and climbed up on his knees, both arms being raised above his head, and the soles of his boots—new ones—being fully displayed. But the window refused to open: so up he scrambled on both boots; and having reduced it to obedience, jumped down the next moment with a triumphant 'Bang!'

I had looked furtively around to see the effect of all this, and beheld simply an expression of deep interest on all faces.

More recently, in the far west, I had occasion to examine a certain Church Register, in which I had become deeply interested.

It was a curious study of by-gone days and ways, and names and people; with, here and there, a fact added which seemed to tell a whole story: such as

'*Bury'd* to-day a Stranger. Found lyeing under the old yew; decently cloathed in black, but in very poor case. Age about 40; no money or papers.'

'*Baptiz'd.* Betty Strange's third child, Zachary. It is fear'd,

deaf and dumb, like the others. (Mem. Cousins have marry'd for three generations.) Jehu Strange hath himself a halting speech.'

After long search, I came upon the name I wanted. It was a peculiar one, and was spelt variously, according to the fancy of the owner. Suddenly,—a hiatus in the register. On my applying to the clerk, a respectable and very intelligent man, he asked for the date. When I told him, he threw up his hands, and exclaimed, 'Ah! to be sure; if ever anything is wanted pertickler, it's sure to have lighted Simon Drabe's pipe.'

'Why! you don't mean to say——.'

'Look here, sir. In them days, the books was kept up on that shelf. *Now* they're kept at the Rectory in an iron safe with a patent lock, so as no one can't meddle with them. Drabe began in 1780, and he died in 1810. In his old age he was rheumatic; and if he wanted a bit of paper to light the vestry fire, why— rather than go and fetch some from his cottage, sezzee, "When folks is dead and gone, what good does writings do 'em?"'

H. PACKER.

# KISMET!

BY LANOE FALCONER.

THE band was playing in Mrs. Helmore's garden that February afternoon, while to the music, her guests—English, American, French and Italian—wandered about the orange groves, or sipped tea on the highest terrace, over which the roses drooped in pink and crimson clusters. Thence they could see over a bay of violet waters even to the long, low mountain chain of misty blue.

'How perfect! How divine!' cried Lady Duncombe, looking down upon the radiant scene. 'Imagine, my dear Mr. Helmore, what it is like in England now.'

Mr. Helmore gave a little sigh, not altogether of admiration. He remembered very distinctly what a February day might be in England, brooding soft and grey over the dun fields and the withered coverts, where the huntsmen and the hounds were waiting. He felt a pang of home-sickness, even as he thought of it; but, shaking aside the feeling, answered:

'Yes; I suppose it is not quite so warm or so sunshiny.'

'Not so warm or so sunshiny!' repeated Lady Duncombe, raising appealingly to heaven eyes that twenty years ago had been the loadstars of a London season; 'my dear Mr. Helmore, what are you thinking of? You have been so long out of England that you have positively forgotten the horrors of our climate. At Dolefield, just now, it is absolutely impossible to breathe, such is the cold; and nothing to be seen but thick white fog; and yet Sir John has the brutality to wish that I should live there!'

'No doubt it is a trying climate for delicate lungs,' said Mr. Helmore, who migrated every winter on his wife's account. 'By the way, how is Sir John?'

'I have not the faintest idea,' said Sir John's wife, coldly. 'I

am thankful to say he does not write, as his letters are always odious and contain nothing but abuse of everything I propose.'

Mr. Helmore, who was the old and confidential friend of both husband and wife, cleared his throat in evident discomfort, and looked round in search of something else to talk about. Nor did he require to look long, for almost instantly after, there appeared on the other end of the terrace, a striking-looking pair; a sweet, fresh-faced girl—English, evidently—and a pale, dark-eyed young man, who looked and moved as if he ought to have worn a plumed hat, and carried a rapier by his side. The girl unfurled a large parasol, ivory-coloured, like her dress, and they paused to look down on the view.

'How admirably the foreground suits the picture!' cried Lady Duncombe, contemplating them through her eyeglass with perfect approbation.

'Ye-es,' replied Mr. Helmore, who was not so pre-occupied with the artistic side of everything as his fair friend. 'Young Alloria seems very attentive to Margaret.'

'He adores her,' observed Lady Duncombe placidly.

'And she?' asked Mr. Helmore anxiously.

'Oh! of course, she is in love with him—who could help it? May I trouble you to put down my cup?'

As he did so, Mr. Helmore had time to reflect upon the full import of the intelligence so cheerfully offered. If there was one trait more distinct than another, in Sir John Duncombe's strongly-marked character, it was his hatred of foreigners, and, as he would have called them, Papists. The Marchése Alloria belonged to both of these black lists. Mr. Helmore drew a chair to Lady Duncombe's side and sat down.

'I am such a matter-of-fact old slow coach,' he observed, 'that perhaps I have taken too serious a view of what you said just now. You don't mean to say that there is really anything serious between Margaret and Alloria—anything more than a mere passing flirtation?'

'You scoffer!' cried Lady Duncombe, shaking her gloved finger at him. 'You do not believe in love or romance, I know; but it is true, all the same. I assure you, Margaret and the Marchése are deeply in love with each other. I could not have imagined Margaret was capable of so much feeling. I rather fancied she inherited some of her father's coldness, but I did her injustice. She is quite as susceptible as I could wish.'

'But, at any rate, it has not come to any question of marriage.'

'Of marriage? Good heavens! No—not yet! What a prosaic person you are! You will be talking of the settlements next!'

'Alloria is, we have every reason to believe, an excellent young fellow,' said Mr. Helmore, slowly and deliberately. 'The Giacénte give him the highest character. I believe he has a good head on his shoulders, and is as steady as old Time himself.'

'His features are quite classically regular,' cried Lady Duncombe, with enthusiasm. 'He has the head of an Apollo.'

'And he must have a good heart, because he behaves so splendidly to his mother, who is rather an exacting old lady.'

'His eyes are perfect,' said Lady Duncombe; 'and so expressive!'

'His family, of course, is as old as the hills,' went on Mr. Helmore, in the same deliberating manner. 'I don't know how many centuries ago they were ennobled.'

'I could see all that at the first glance.'

'He has a good opening and plenty of interest to back him in the diplomatic profession.'

'His address and manners are enough—he wants nothing more.'

'Then there is the family estate.'

'It is a castle by the sea!' cried Lady Duncombe rapturously. 'The sea on one side, mountains on the other. Can you conceive anything more delightful?'

'But the rental, I fear, is anything but high. They have had to sell some of their town property. He is what would be called in England wretchedly poor.'

'Ah, that is so interesting! We English make a great mistake in being so rich. I often regret that I did not marry a poor man myself.'

'Then he is a Roman Catholic.'

'At present, but he could easily be converted.'

'Altogether,' said Mr. Helmore, summing up, 'I am afraid it wouldn't do at all, my dear Lady Duncombe, and that Sir John would not like it.'

'Oh, that is of no consequence!'

Mr. Helmore rubbed his forehead till his iron-grey hair stood on end, and his hat was pushed ridiculously far back, vainly racking his brains to find a sufficiently delicate mode of conveying to Lady Duncombe that, as Sir John possessed sole and entire control of the purse-strings, his opinion on this, as on all

the other worldly concerns of his family, was really of supreme importance. He was still at a loss, however, when Margaret and the Marchése joined them.

'I fancy,' whispered Lady Duncombe, 'that we are now at the crisis of our little romance. Look at dear Madge's cheeks.'

They were indeed pink as monthly roses, and the hand she laid in Mr. Helmore's broad palm visibly trembled. Alloria was perfectly composed, as he always was, and would have been even on the way to execution; but he looked more thoughtful than was his wont in society.

'Are you going to escort us home, Marchése?' said Lady Duncombe.

'I trust I may have that honour,' said the Marchése, bowing as people in England bow on the stage or at *levées*, and then they all departed, leaving Mr. Helmore much troubled in spirit.

It was a beautiful evening, with a rose-coloured sky and mountains glowing like amethysts in the sunset. Lady Duncombe chattered incessantly and disconnectedly, as was her way, till they reached their hotel.

In their sitting-room Margaret left her mother and the Marchése together. She tried in the quiet of her own room to collect her thoughts and to make out exactly how much she cared for the man she had just accepted. Even younger for her age than most English girls, she was still quite undeveloped in mind and in character—still retained the schoolroom habit of dependence and implicit obedience, and had not awakened to the moral responsibility of a full-grown human being.

Meantime, standing very erect before Lady Duncombe, the Marchése was making a solemn and florid little speech, explaining the state of his affections and of his affairs. He loved Margaret, as Lady Duncombe had divined, and now requested her hand in marriage. His income was not, unfortunately, all that could be desired, but his expectations in the diplomatic service gave him reasonable hope that in time he might be a much richer man. He confessed that he had availed himself of the English custom to address in the first instance Miss Duncombe herself, who by her answer had made him the happiest of men. He now humbly solicited Lady Duncombe's formal consent.

Her ladyship accorded it with enthusiasm, and was good enough to answer for her husband as well. Margaret was summoned to be kissed and congratulated by her mother; the Mar-

chése only ventured to touch the tips of the young girl's fingers with his lips, reverently rather than passionately. But Margaret was perfectly contented. She was extremely shy, and a more demonstrative lover would only have frightened her. Moreover, the blank was well filled up by Lady Duncombe, who, revelling in the situation, talked sentiment enough for both. Her admiration of their happiness was only tempered by reflections on her own less favoured lot.

'An Italian husband! A Genoese home! Happy girl!' she cried, as they took their coffee after dinner round the wood fire, kindled for beauty rather than warmth. 'How different a life from your mother's! What I experienced when I first went to Dolefield Court after our marriage I shall never forget. We had not a neighbour within six miles—I, who absolutely require society. The only possible walk led through a gloomy wood; the other way went to the village—our own village—such a place! Cottages like pigsties, with people so dirty inside them, and altogether so demoralized that I was obliged to refuse absolutely to enter it! I wept without ceasing for the first week.'

'Poor papa!' said Margaret, without, however, any intention of being satirical.

'Do not let us think of him!' cried Lady Duncombe.

'Pardon me, Madame,' said the Marchése, 'if I venture on this point to differ from you. It seems to me impossible to leave Sir John out of the matter. His consent to our union is necessary. The only question is, whether you or I should address him on the subject.

Upon this followed a long discussion, in which Lady Duncombe wandered repeatedly from the main point, but was incessantly recalled thereto, gently but firmly, by her future son-in-law. Finally she gave her verdict, which was that the Marchése himself should address Sir John, because, as she ingenuously explained, her husband was in few relations of life so odious as in that of a correspondent. The Marchése pondered for some time over this information.

'Are you quite certain, my dear Madame, that my suit will be favourably received by Sir John? If not, I entreat you to say so frankly, and I would not for worlds expose myself to the indignity of a rebuff from him or any one.'

But Lady Duncombe had a happy knack of being certain about anything she wished.

Accordingly the Marchése spent some hours next day over the

composition of a letter to Sir John. When finished, it was a model of exquisite penmanship and elaborate style. He wrote, as he often spoke, in French, the only foreign language which Sir John condescended to understand, and explained at some length the state of his family, his finances, his prospects, and his affections. He observed that he had been encouraged by Lady Duncombe in his suit, and authorized by her to lay it before Sir John. He expressed his overwhelming sense, not merely of the happiness of being united to Miss Duncombe, but of the honour of being connected with her illustrious family. He finished with the same formal courtesy, and the letter was despatched. An answer could not be expected for five or six days at the earliest, and that short time sped most pleasantly.

Lady Duncombe's enjoyment was marred by one thing only. The Marchése's conversion advanced less quickly than she expected. He refused to read those ardent denunciations of popish errors that she lent him, on the ground that their tone was disrespectful to his holy faith; and, though he gratefully received her present of an English Bible, suggested that nothing could surpass the original version which he read daily.

'At least, promise me,' cried Lady Duncombe one day, 'that you will sometimes say the "Lord's Prayer."'

'Good heavens, Madame, do you take me for a heathen? I recite it at least twice a day!'

'Ah!—but in Latin, I fear?'

The Marchése remained speechless, and inwardly decided, not for the first time, that the English mind was incomprehensible.

They were all three walking homewards along one of the many roads that led from the coast to the mountainous heart of the country. On one side stretched the olive-woods, with their long dim aisles and twisted stems, touched with lurid green; on the other, a stream gurgled lazily over its pebbly bed, and the path they trod was golden in the sunlight, and dark almost to blackness in the shade.

Margaret was walking close beside the Marchése, to whom the last few days had been drawing her closer and closer. She feared that he was hurt by her mother's comments on his religion, and she placed her hand on his arm with a little half-confiding, half-caressing gesture. Beneath its touch his nature melted, or rather that ceremonious, half-acquired manner which concealed the real nature. He instinctively clasped the little hand, he looked eagerly into the upturned face, and, gazing into each other's eyes

as they had never yet done, they suddenly touched the verge of a new emotion. They had loved each other before, but, perhaps till that instant had never been in love. He stooped impulsively —Margaret the timid did not shrink—their lips met in a passionate kiss. Lady Duncombe missed seeing an incident which would have gratified her sense of the romantic, because her eyes were fixed on a white column of smoke which had risen suddenly far in front of them, and was now slowly dispersing itself in the sunny air. It was the smoke of the 4.35 train, tearing along beside the sea, but invisible itself from where they were.

'Those horrid railways!' she exclaimed. 'How I wish such a thing as steam had never been invented! It has banished all poetry and romance from the world.'

'Ah, that is not possible!' cried the Marchése, strong at that instant in his consciousness of both. 'Destiny employs steam-engines as well as horses to do her work. That train which brings the afternoon mail may be the messenger of fate to many.'

It was the proverbial 'true word spoken in jest.'

Fate's message to Lady Duncombe was a stiff English envelope, addressed in a scrawling hand, which the foreign officials deciphered with immense difficulty and Lady Duncombe recognised with a shudder.

'I positively dread to open your father's letters, Margaret; they are always so disagreeable.'

This certainly was no exception. In concise and curt terms, Sir John signified his desire that his wife and daughter should instantly return to England. He mentioned that Mr. Helmore would supply the needful money and assistance, but vouchsafed no further comment or explanation, being at no time lavish of his written words.

A terrible scene followed the reading of this urbane letter. Lady Duncombe wept hysterically, whilst her maid bathed her head with eau-de-cologne. Margaret sat quietly in a corner, too stunned to utter a word in answer to the eloquent flow of Lady Duncombe's anger. Mr. Helmore saw nothing of her when he arrived, prepared in a measure for the spectacle of Lady Duncombe's grief by a letter he himself had received from Sir John. He sat down at once beside Lady Duncombe, and tried to comfort her. He counselled prompt submission, because the sooner they went the sooner they might return, as really concession would most speedily allay what Mr. Helmore civilly described as 'Sir John's nervousness.'

'But he has no nerves—none!' cried Lady Duncombe; 'and therefore he cannot understand me, who am all nerves! Does he suppose I can exist at Dolefield at this season, I, who am as dependent as a flower on warmth and sunlight?'

Mr. Helmore suggested that there were health-resorts even in England.

'But in what kind of neighbourhood? Material considerations are nothing to me. I require intellectual sympathy!'

'They say the society is very pleasant at Tormouth.'

'Ah! but the air is much too bracing. No, I had better go to Dolefield and die, though what will become of Margaret then I can't fancy, because Sir John is a person who always thinks about himself only!'

'He is thinking about Margaret now, evidently, and is afraid Alloria is not a desirable *parti* for her.'

'And, pray, why not, since I am satisfied? Has he no confidence in my judgment?'

But Mr. Helmore was saved the pain of answering this embarrassing question, for the door was thrown open and the Marchése Alloria announced.

A great change had taken place in his appearance since the Duncombes had parted with him, a little more than an hour ago. It extended even to his dress, which was like that which he would have worn at a religious, or high civic festival. He looked very pale, grave, and even stern. Margaret drew the curtain a little further forward and remained still unnoticed.

At the sight of him Lady Duncombe's grief burst forth anew, and again she poured forth the story of her wrongs. The Marchése standing stiffly in the centre of the room, awaited with an impassive countenance, the close of her tale.

'I, too, Madame,' he then observed, icily, 'have received a communication from Sir John Duncombe, which I must now request you to peruse.'

'No, no!' cried Lady Duncombe, hysterically waving aside the letter which he tendered to her. 'The very sight of his writing makes me ill!'

'In that case, may I request Mr. Helmore to be so infinitely obliging as to read for Lady Duncombe's benefit the letter which her husband has thought fit to address to me?'

This, with some uncomfortable clearing of his throat, Mr. Helmore accordingly proceeded to do. His task was not a lengthy one.

'Sir,' wrote Sir John, in answer to the ornate composition already described, 'I beg to acknowledge your letter and to decline your proposal for my daughter's hand.

'Yours faithfully,

'J. DUNCOMBE.'

'Brute! Monster!' cried Lady Duncombe; 'I told you how it would be.'

'Excuse me, Madame; on the contrary, you entirely misled me. You assured me my suit would be favourably received, and so induced me to address Sir John directly, and thus expose myself to such insult as I never—as no one of my name has ever received before!'

'Sir John,' said Lady Duncombe, 'has no consideration for any one's feelings—not even his wife's! He orders me to return to England, as if I were a child; and interferes with my arrangements for my daughter's good without the slightest apology. But I am not to be treated in this way; I have given way to him too long; I mean to be firm now. I cannot stoop to hold any communication with him, so I must request you, Mr. Helmore, to be good enough to explain to Sir John that I have not the slightest intention of returning to England at present, and that I insist on the marriage of my daughter Margaret with the Marchése Alloria!'

'Excuse me, Madame, but that is now unfortunately out of the question.'

'Do you mean to break off your engagement, sir?'

'It is Sir John who has broken it off, Madame.'

'That is of no consequence.'

'Pardon me, Madame, I cannot agree with you. Sir John's decision is of the very highest consequence. Heaven forbid that I should so far forget what is due to myself and the house which I represent, as to thrust myself into any family against the express wishes of its head.'

They went over and over the same ground again; the Marchése with immovable calm, Lady Duncombe with increasing irritation, which culminated at last in her calling him a fiend and a monster, who had trifled with her daughter's affections.

'It is useless to prolong this discussion, Madame. One only favour I now ask of you. Permit me to say adieu to Miss Duncombe.'

'Unhappy child! where is she?' cried her mother.

'I am here,' said a little choked voice, and Margaret came forth from her hiding-place. Pale, but tearless, her childish face looked younger rather than older for its grief. At sight of her, the Marchése's dignified self-possession suddenly failed, in a way which raised him highly in Mr. Helmore's estimation. His eyes grew moist; his lips quivered; this accomplished diplomatist was at a loss for words. He recovered himself at last sufficiently to take her hand, even to make her a little speech, but not without faltering as he did so. If to English eyes it looked like acting, the actor had his heart in the part.

'You know our sad fate. Your father forbids our marriage. I have never loved—I never shall love—any woman but you. Heaven send you much happiness! Margharita, addio!'

He pronounced the last word with an earnestness which restored it to its old prayerful signification; stooped and kissed her solemnly on the forehead, bowed very low to the other two, and left the room.

'Oh, oh!' groaned Lady Duncombe. 'This will kill me!'

But Mr. Helmore's eyes were fixed on Margaret, who was creeping unsteadily towards the door which led from the sitting-room to her bedroom, and as it closed behind her, he cried in tones of anger as well as grief:

'Oh, Lady Duncombe, this has been a most imprudent business!'

Six years later Lady Duncombe was writing:—

'MY DEAR MR. HELMORE,

'Has Sir John told you that Margaret is to marry the Marchése Alloria after all? Is it not delightful? Is it not romantic? We met him at the Duke of Leeborough's. He took Margaret down to dinner the first night. I knew at once how it would be. Margaret arranged it all with her father. She always does what she likes with him now. She never contradicts him; she never argues; but she *always has her own way in the end.* Of course he was furious at first, but he gave in at last. He was even civil to the Marchése. They are to be married next month.'

She paused and looked out on to the gravel terrace where Margaret and the Marchése were walking up and down in the autumn sunlight.

'Have you any message for Mr. Helmore?' she cried.

But they did not hear her.

Margaret was saying: 'Because nothing has changed. The objections to our marriage are just the same as they were six years ago. So if we could not be married then, why can we be married now?'

'It is *Kismet!*' said the Marchése, simply.

Margaret did not answer, but inwardly she reflected that if in the interval he had not grown more sensible, and she had not grown firmer, it would not, even then, have been *Kismet!*'

NOTE.—Yes, and we will hope Margaret lived happy ever after, being already acclimatised; but we fear that many such marriages have resulted in anything but happiness.—ED.

# SIX STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

## II.

BETWEEN politics and literature there is a close and vital relation —a relation as of cause and effect; and never has this truth been more strikingly exemplified than in that period of Italian history which awaits our consideration. Only a generation separates Dante from Petrarch; yet, during that brief interval, a momentous change, amounting in effect to a social revolution, came over the face of Italian affairs, and Petrarch is, in his own person, the symbol of the change. The exuberant civic life, the magnificent restless energy which had characterized the cities of the peninsula and issued in fratricidal strife, had worn itself out, and everywhere almost appeared that grim potent, a *signore*, a Man of Peace.

The latter appellation, it will be remembered, was applied to Captain Hector MacTurk, a truculent Highlander, who kept order and regulated disputes at St. Ronan's Well. Scott remarks by way of explanation, that he, MacTurk, 'received the name on the same principle which assigns to constables, Bow-street runners, and such-like, who carry bludgeons to break folks' heads, and are perpetually and officially employed in scenes of riot, the title of peace officers—that is, because by his valour he compelled others to act with discretion.'

This was exactly the position of the *signore*. He was the product of turbulence; and, though he had no recognized status, the citizens were fain to obey him as the sole element of order, the one security left them from mutual extermination. To quote an analogy as far above the subject as the other comparison was beneath (both, however, being strictly apposite and germane), the *signore* was a Napoleon Bonaparte in miniature. Now Petrarch was a friend of the *signore* and shared not a few of the salient qualities. Dante had been democratic, modern; in Petrarch we

search in vain for any note of modernity. His sympathies are with the past; he is a true aristocrat, with only contempt for the mob.

Again, the times in which Dante lived, though troublesome, were 'large and spacious.' Great interests, great ideas were afloat, stirring the hearts and filling the minds of men. Emperor and Pope, like stalwart wrestlers, grappled for the prize of universal supremacy. All this was now changed. There was an anti-pope at Avignon; and the Cæsar's hold on Italy grew every day more weak. May we not see a reflection of these transformations in the writings of the two poets? Petrarch, most valid in the 'scanty plot' of the sonnet, egoïstically adoring Laura; Dante, strenuous in a hundred cantos, severed only for convenience, his noble heart throbbing evermore in unison with the fortunes of his own Italy. The fault lay, however, not so much in the *man* Petrarch as in his nurture; a born exile, he, and Italy, when he knew her, debased—politically, a *caput mortuum.*

Francesco Petrarca was the son of Ser Petracco, a notary of Florence. Petracco had been a *bianco*, and had gone the way of all *bianchi* at this time, who escaped the chances of war; in other words, he had been expatriated. Petrarch, therefore, may be regarded as a Florentine, though there is no reason to think that he appreciated the honour. Rather the reverse, for when, in the full tide of his career, the Chair of Latin was offered him by the citizens, he manifested an indifference which may well have been something more. Anyhow, he declined the offer, and so in a way the banishment of Petracco was avenged. The notary and his wife first made their home at Arezzo, a Tuscan city not too amicably disposed towards Florence, and here on the 20th of July, 1304, Petrarch was born. To his parents, however, their stay at Arezzo was only a prelude to a longer sojourn in a strange land. It was at Avignon that Petrarch's early associations were formed; it was at Avignon that he saw and loved Laura.

The atmosphere of this place, infected by long centuries of troubadour folly, was not friendly to good morals, and the presence of a Pope, instead of being a purifying influence, aggravated to an intolerable pitch the prevailing corruption. Years afterwards Petrarch, though assuredly no precisian, in a score of letters which he intended to be published posthumously, relieved his horrified soul by trenchant denunciations of the

'Western Babylon.'* As the facts, unhappily, admit of no dispute, the apologists of the Church have been reduced to the only resource in such cases—a *tu quoque*. Thus Couffeteau, Bishop of Marseilles, remarks, bitterly enough: 'Pétrarque aurait mieux fait de châtier et de réformer ses mœurs que de s'amuser à censurer des Papes et les déportmens de la Cour Romaine.' Yet at Avignon, being such as we have described it, dwelt the woman who was fated to acquire, and nobly to exercise, a life-long dominion over the fastidious Petrarch. Though she mingled with the world, as a lady of high degree, she took no taint from the surrounding contagion, and, to speak in the language of metaphor, she was like a lily in the midst of rank-growing poppies.

It has been announced by an authority which we all respect, that 'he never loved who loved not at first sight.' Petrarch's enamourment being of this description, no doubt can be entertained as to its being genuine. The same example proves to us how extremely inconvenient this law of nature can become. The loves of the poets are proverbially infelicitous; and Petrarch's affair was like the rest, *en règle*. In his Letter to Posterity, a biographical torso, he informs us how on the morning of the 6th April, in the year of our Lord 1327—such particulars being, of course, not things to be forgotten or only vaguely remembered—he contrived to be in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon, and how the little god shot at him, there and then, from the eyes of a lovely Unknown.

The shaft went home; and Petrarch, being naturally anxious to learn more of the lady, made the untoward discovery that she was one who could never honestly reciprocate his feelings, that the youthful divinity, whom he had seen at St. Clara's, was already the wedded wife of Hugh de Sade. This was heavy news, and although Laura, on being told of his condition, did all that she could by unaffected kindness to console him for his disappointment, Petrarch was never reconciled to his fate. Before he ceased to love her, she had become the happy mother

* Petrarch is fond of applying this phrase to Avignon. One of his sonnets (Sonnet LXXVIII. in the Lifetime of Madonna Laura) begins:

'Dall' empia Babilonia, onde è fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fori,
Albergo di dolor, madre di errori,
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.'

No terms could more forcibly express his loathing for the place.

of eleven children; and it needed the gaunt fingers of Death, wrenching her from him, to abate his passion for her.

At first, it may well appear strange that Petrarch should have had so little self-control as to permit himself to be tormented, year after year, by a hopeless and misplaced attachment, while Laura, well fitted to her sphere, lived, as seems probable, a very happy life. If any one but Petrarch had been in the case, we might have been tempted to question the strength of his understanding. But we must have a care what we say of Petrarch in this respect. In a worldly sense no man of letters has better known how to thrive. He was the embodiment of success, just as Dante, his antithesis in most things, was an outward and visible wreck.

The truth is, poets are not as other men, perpetually seeking material comfort. Emotion they must have, even if it spell pain. All, even prosaic individuals, who have been in love, will allow, with a recent verse-writer, that it is not 'a sweet perpetual pleasure;' but ordinary mortals do undoubtedly expect happiness from it. Not so your poet; he esteems the luxury of tears, and goes to it as a soldier to the battle-field. All this is explained to us by Goethe in two rare little vignettes entitled respectively 'Wonne der Liebe,' and 'Wonne der Wehmuth.'

I.

Freudevoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Langen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele die liebt.

II.

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Thränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach, nur dem halb getrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie todt die Welt erscheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Thränen unglücklicher Liebe!

The fact of Laura's marriage was unfortunate, not only because it formed an impassable barrier between them, but as

carrying with it, for Petrarch, a *soupçon* of guilt. Even in the height of his infatuation, he seems never to have been quite easy on the subject, and after celebrating his passion in thousands of charming verses, ended with what to Shelley would have been the unutterable bathos of a 'peccavi!'

Petrarch's Canzoniere, or Book of Song, is a collection of poems, sonnets, madrigals, canzonets, ballate—in most of which he treats of himself, as the victim of Love and Laura. So far as the words go, there are in it some things which are hard to be understood; and the reader who would spare himself unnecessary trouble, is recommended to procure Giacomo Leopardi's commentary, which is admirably brief, yet supplies all needed help. Nor can the dispassionate critic fail to detect other blots, such, for example, as the poet's excessive fondness for mythology, and his childish toying with names. Take, for instance, the line:

'Rotta è l' alta Colonna e 'l verde Lauro,'

where the 'lofty pillar' is Cardinal Colonna, and the 'green bay' Laura de Sade. It is but just, however, to observe that the distaste for these embellishments is of modern origin. Any one who wrote in this fashion nowadays would expose himself to the charge of insincerity; he would be trounced for trifling with the solemnities of human life. The contemporaries of Petrarch felt no such scruples, nor would it have signified if they had; in this, as in other matters, Petrarch, like Shakespeare, was a law unto himself.

It is pleasanter to note the graces of his poetry. First, it is the quintessence of art. Every line is chiselled and polished with the loving care of an accomplished statuary. It was Petrarch's dearest wish, if indefatigable pains could so far avail, to leave his *Canzoniere* flawless. And then the melody, the cadence; it is haunting. The Italian language is naturally musical and singularly adapted to love-poetry;* but Petrarch has transfused into it his very soul, with its subdued melancholy, its abiding sweetness, as of Philomel.

* Milton, in his solitary *canzone*, feigns that he is asked:

'E perchè scrivi,
Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana,
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?'

to which he replies:

'Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.'

Lastly, the *Canzoniere* unfolds to us the quality and character of Petrarch's attachment to Laura. It is abundantly clear that he loved her—not with Dante's philosophy—but as the average man loves the average woman; and if it had been in any way possible, he would have desired to make her his own. The sentiment of his verse is just that which we meet with in the modern novel, only more refined; so we cannot choose but sympathise with him. Petrarch everywhere expresses himself with the utmost propriety, and neither Laura, who was his friend, nor the British matron has been given occasion to censure him for indelicate allusion. I may add that Canzonet III., after the death of Laura, was translated by Edmund Spenser under the title of 'The Visions of Petrarch.'

Not all Petrarch's vernacular poetry was dedicated to Laura. His canzonet beginning *Italia mia*, etc., has always been looked upon as one of the finest examples of the patriotic ode. Under the name of *Trionfi*, also, he wrote in *terza rima*, a series of visions, which he intended to rival, if not eclipse, the *Commedia*,* but which afterwards, so patent was their inferiority, he sincerely regretted having penned. But there is an old adage, '*litera scripta manet*'; and perhaps in his heart Petrarch hoped that posterity would be more indulgent to his *Trionfi*, than he felt he could honestly be himself. Posterity, however, while duly admiring the excellences of these poems, does not rank them among his more successful efforts. The truth is that the fundamental idea—a procession of the great and good of all ages—is incapable of bearing the strain which Petrarch puts upon it. In comparison with the *Commedia*, at least, the *Trionfi* are so much tinfoil.

To himself Petrarch was greatest as a Latinist. He wished to revive Latin as a spoken language, and there floated before his imagination, not only as a waking dream, but as an accomplishable event, the spectacle of a historic resurrection, wherein Old Rome, with her capitol, and consuls, and lictors, and toga-clad

* Petrarch's attitude towards Dante seems to have varied. At one time blinded, perhaps, by prejudice, by ultra-enthusiasm for the classics, or possibly through sheer ignorance, he wrote rather disparagingly of the great genius. It was Boccaccio who taught him to admire Dante, and to estimate him at his true worth by lending him a codex copied by his own hand. Soon after, Boccaccio had occasion to ask him for a Dante, and Petrarch responded by handing him the *De Monarchia*. Boccaccio explained that he intended the *Divine Comedy*, upon which Petrarch remarked that the work could not be Dante's or that of any *man*—it must have been inspired by the Holy Ghost.

citizens appeared once more on the stage of life. Naturally, therefore, he took a keen interest in the doings of Rienzi, and sent him an encouraging letter. The project on which Petrarch had set his heart was essentially impracticable—neither he nor any one could beard Time so rudely and give him his dismissal; but this much may be said for him that he was no idle dreamer, that he did what to him lay to carry his project into effect. He searched everywhere for manuscripts, and himself composed a Latin epic, entitled *Africa*, in six books. Petrarch was exceedingly proud of this poem, which indeed is not unworthy of him, and he made it the pretext for a solemn ceremonial, in which he formally assumed the bays. First, he caused himself to be examined by Robert of Naples, a rather feeble-minded pedant, but a king,* and this monarch, having certified his fitness, he proceeded to Rome, where he received the so-coveted wreath in the Campidoglio. In addition to his *Africa* Petrarch executed a series of works in Latin prose which were, and remain, 'caviare to the general.'

What surprises us in Petrarch is his *savoir-faire*. We see in him a finished man of the world. In spite of his apparent absorption by an agonizing soul-sickness, in spite of his scholarly preoccupations, he was ready to seize on every opportunity which presented itself for his own advancement; and these very circumstances, which to some men would have been as millstones bound about their necks, were in his case just so many steps facilitating his inevitable ascent. He possessed, and perhaps cultivated, the knack of securing for himself the interest and friendship of the great. During his father's lifetime his prospects were anything but bright, and it was proposed to make a lawyer of him. The notice of the Colonnas relieved him from this necessity, and launched him on a prosperous career in the world. Thus this notary's son became the companion and intimate of princes, and in the idolatry of his age was allowed some foretaste of his immortality.

Several places claim the honour of his residence: first, Vaucluse (Valchiusa); then, Milan, Venice, Padua, and finally Arquà, on the Euganean Hills, in which last spot he died, the 20th July, 1374. His funeral was very imposing. An old writer, Galeazzo Gataro, tells us that Messer Francesco da Ferrara, Prince of Padua, and the Abbot and Priests of Padua and the Paduan district, and all the cavaliers, doctors, and scholars of

* Dante generously dubs him a *re da sermone*.

Padua, attended his exequies. The coffin was carried on a bier covered with cloth of gold, and with a baldachin of gold lined with ermine. And Andrea, Galeazzo's son, adds to this account that the poet's remains were deposited in a coffer of red stone, supported on four pillars, in the church at Arquà. To this memorial Byron alludes in 'Childe Harold,' Cantos XXX., *et seq.* :—

'There is a tomb in Arquà;—reared in air.
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name,
With his melodious tears he gave himself to fame.

'They keep his dust at Arquà, where he died;
The mountain village, where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

'And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sea can make sufficient holiday.'

From Petrarch we naturally turn to Boccaccio, who, however, is in every sense less engaging. If Dante is the Doctor Angelicus of love, and Petrarch images its more human aspects, Boccaccio, descending still lower in the scale, finds his archetypes and ideals in the commonwealth of the brutes. There was something of the satyr in his constitution; and his works, unless carefully expurgated, should be rigidly excluded from every decent boudoir. Still his great position in literature renders it impossible to ignore him, even in an article intended principally for ladies.

Giovanni Boccaccio was born, as seems most likely, in 1313 at Paris. His sire, who was a merchant, wished him to follow his own calling; but Boccaccio, after fruitless efforts to school himself into compliance, decided that the sacrifice was too heavy, and his father, like most fathers, not regarding literature as a profession, sent him to study canon law at Naples. Naples was then, as now, a byword of wickedness; and Boccaccio's animal vices, in the neighbourhood of its baleful fires, came out like sympathetic ink.

Under the same stimulus, his literary faculty began to manifest itself; and he wrote a succession of poems, chiefly classico-romantic. Several of these tales were borrowed from the French. The *Filostrato*, for example, was suggested by a romance of Benoît de Sainte-More. His *Teseide* has a special interest for English people, as it was translated by our Chaucer, who, however, renamed it 'Troilus and Cressida,' and greatly improved its tone. *Indirectly*, Chaucer owed his version of *Griselda* to Boccaccio. The story was not Boccaccio's by invention, but Petrarch was so pleased with his manner of relating it that he rendered the narrative into Latin. This Latin translation fell into Chaucer's hands, and he used it as material for his *Clerke's Tale*. That is how he says in the prologue:—

> 'I will you telle a talé which that I
> Lernèd in Padowe of a worthy clerk
> * * * *
> Frauncis Petrark, the laureat poete,
> Highté this clerké, whose rethórique swete
> Enlumynd all Ytail of poetrie.'

It is just possible that Chaucer may have met Petrarch, as the above passage would seem to indicate, but the theory is not without difficulties. Speght, in his *Life of Chaucer*, observes:—'Some write that he with Petrarch was present at the marriage of Lionell, Duke of Clarence, with Violante, daughter of Geleasius, Duke of Millaine; yet Paullus Jovius nameth not Chaucer; but Petrarke, he sayth, was there.' Sir Harris Nicolas argues the question with merciless logic against the too sanguine Godwin (who, like a novice in criticism, eagerly assimilated the gossip), and though he does not declare altogether against it, he thinks there is some fear that the story may have to be relegated to the limbo of pleasing fictions. Chaucer possessed a copy of Boccaccio's Latin work 'On Famous Women;' and Lydgate produced a translation of Laurent de

Premierfait's version of his 'Falls of Princes' (*De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*).

The *Tale of Griselda* forms part of the *Decameron*, which, as all the world knows, is Boccaccio's *chef-d'œuvre*. As a work of art, this was an immense success; and all the more so, because vernacular prose, when Boccaccio, a disappointed poet, turned to it, was still infantile. The improvement he wrought in it is so marked that it is the fashion to call him the father of Italian prose. As regards the stories themselves, Boccaccio seems to have gone everywhere for them. Ancient and mediæval legend, Eastern fable, city scandal, French romance—he was not particular; it was all passed into his mental mill, where it was dyed and devilled into the *Decameron*. This cosmopolitan spirit, this happy appropriation of other men's wares has never been made a reproach to Boccaccio, any more than to Chaucer or Shakespeare, who were also huge borrowers. Boccaccio was what people call in these days a 'realist,' and though he presents instances of moral excellence and even heroic virtue, as in the case of *Griselda*, the age was too vicious, and Boccaccio was himself too much a slave to the vices of his age, to render his stories at all suitable for general perusal.

Yet with all his faults Boccaccio was useful in his generation, and that in three different ways:—(i.) in a literary sense, he almost created Italian prose; (ii.) by collecting codices, by his writings on mythology, geography and history, with all of which he was profoundly conversant, and by his efforts in the cause of Greek scholarship, he helped on the study of the classics; and (iii.) finally, though so dissimilar in character, he strove hard and effectually to place Dante on that lofty pinnacle, on which, in the estimation of his countrymen, and of all intelligent foreigners, he now stands. In his *Amorosa Visione*, a work in which, like little Iulus, he follows the supreme poet '*non passibus aequis*,' he affectionately calls him 'Master;' this verse, and Boccaccio's *Life of Dante*, and his unfinished *Comento* still remain to attest his interest. The *Comento* was begun at the request of the Republic of Florence, which in 1373 gave him the welcome task of explaining the *Commedia* to the Florentines in the Church of San Stefano. Hardly, however, had he arrived at the sixteenth canto of the *Inferno*, when he was surprised by death. This event befel in his house at Certaldo, on the 21st December, 1375; but many years previously, he had in some measure prepared himself for it by public contrition, and by execrating

the *Decameron* and whatsoever else he had written to the prejudice of good morals.

The next century is distinguished by the rise of Italian epic poetry, in which species of literature the natives of the peninsula may fairly claim the pre-eminence—at least, in modern times. The pioneer in this new departure was Luigi Pulci (1413–1484), a citizen of Florence and a courtier of Lorenzo de' Medici. His poem has to do with a chivalrous subject, the materials being drawn from popular compositions of less note and desert. The real hero is Orlando (or Roland), who quits the Court of Charlemagne in disgust, and whose subsequent career is described to the foughten field of Roncevalles and the death of the *preux chevalier*. The title of the work (*Morgante Maggiore*) is derived from the name of one of two giants who figure in it—to wit, Morgante and Margutte. These are curious animals: the former representing good-natured might, while the latter is the incarnation of roguery and deceit. There is here also a remarkable devil, Astarotte, who expounds and defends Christian doctrine. Singularly enough, Pulci, by the mouth of this devil, anticipates Columbus by announcing the existence of a new world. Altogether the *Morgante* is a strange medley, reflecting in this respect the eccentricity of the author and the levity of the age.

F. J. SNELL.

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## STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.—II.

### *Questions.*

NOVEMBER.

5. Write a short life of Petrarch, dealing especially with its practical side.

6. 'Tutti i periodi più infelici dell' arte hanno per loro carattere la prevalenza del petrarchismo, mentre le lettere risorgono a nuova vita e più robusta ogniqualvolta la nazione torna allo studio del sommo poeta.' Illustrate this.

7. Give a brief account of the minor writers of the age.

8. Mention some famous works which are based on the *Decameron*.

## HANS THE WOOD-CARRIER

FOR two full hours I had been suspended midway between two sweet apple-trees. The noonday sun penetrated the dense foliage only enough to send an occasional glint across my reclining figure; the hum of voices from within the open windows a few feet distant was pleasantly subdued; the buzzing and humming of bees, unceasingly on the wing between hives below the windows and the meadow beyond the orchard, was soothing in the extreme.

These sounds, and the contemplation of the peaceful rural scene which lay spread before my half-closed eyes, would soon have landed me in dream-land had I not, with sudden impulse, resolved to take a lesson of the busy insects nigh. Springing up, I seized cushions and book, swung my aerial couch over my shoulder, and was presently mounting the short, steep stairway of the ancient peasant-house, where we, my friends and I, occupied summer lodgings. I deposited my burden, picked up my sketch-book and pencils, and called out, 'You needn't wait dinner for me; I'll pick up something somewhere in this land of country inns! As for you, shut yourselves indoors this glorious day; plan your autumn outfits; make out shopping lists anent your return to town! I wish you joy and adieu!'

Then I nodded a passing farewell to the jolly, red-capped cardinals, who gazed complaisantly upon me from their antique frames in the hall.

'What mad freak next, you crazy-headed girl?' came faintly to my ears, as I hastened towards the lake.

At the boat-house everything was locked up, and no creature in sight; so I went up to the boat-master's house. The open door invited entrance, and I walked through a long corridor, looking into rooms on either side. No sign of life till I reached the kitchen; there I found pretty Kathe busily scouring the great kettle which had held their eleven-o'clock meal.

'Ach, Fräulein, recht guten Tag!' was her pleasant salutation; but no word of mine had force sufficient to move her from her place to row me over the lake until she had finished her work. And the others? Oh, they were all up in the hayfield; no one at home but herself. So, willy-nilly, I waited, and a few minutes later Kathe and I were gliding swiftly towards the south end of that placid lake. It was not the first time she had rowed me, and she chatted freely and showed me her pretty teeth and dimples with no shadow of shyness. 'Art thou not lonely, Kathe, the long winter through?' I asked. 'Ach, wherefore then? What know I different, Fräulein? Wahrlich, I think never at all about it!'—and she laughed merrily, and the light breezes playing among her flax-coloured curly hair, bared to the sunshine, made a fair picture of this free child of Nature. Her arms were muscular and brown, in contrast to the white sleeves which reached only to her elbows, coming from under a sleeveless dark waist. She pulled a strong stroke, with free swing of her body, which sent us spinning smoothly over the waters.

A half-hour brought us to the lower end of the lake; I paid my half-mark fare, and was amply rewarded for an added copper by the prettiest of rustic curtsies and a smiling 'Danke bestens!' Then, standing erect, she poled her boat away from the shore.

The noonday lull of nearing autumn lay upon the scene, and as I walked down the well-kept highway which led to the village of B—— some miles distant, in the course of some twenty minutes I met but few persons; and the farm-houses passed looked deserted, for the peasants, men, women, and children, were all making hay—the second crop—on this sunshiny, late August day.

Arriving at a 'Gasthaus,' I thought it wise to make a stop, the veranda, with its tables and its lovely outlook, offering an attractive resting-place.

The 'Kellnerin,' in trim bodice and fresh apron, seemed also under the influence of the autumn lull, for it was with no little difficulty that I convinced her that a 'bifsteck *englisch*' would satisfy my hunger much better than a veal cutlet. 'Would Fräulein then wait till Johann went down cellar to cut one?' 'Oh, certainly!' And while I waited, the German family of four members—sole occupants of the veranda on my entrance, and who had given me a welcome, the two gentlemen rising and lifting their hats—entertained me pleasantly. They had about

finished their meal; their beer-mugs having been refilled, they, between sips, were studying the distant heights through a powerful glass.

'Would the Fräulein, perhaps, be pleased to look?' And the head of the family offered me the 'Fernglas,' at the same time apologising for his rough costume. 'They had,' he said, 'just made the ascent of the W——;' and, with infinite pains, he pointed out the road they had followed, and the small 'Gasthaus' at the top, where they had taken a second breakfast. Presently a fine equipage appeared, and, with many bows and 'adieus,' the party drove away and left me alone with my beefsteak.

'Count v. L——!' It was Kathe who gave me the information. 'They have a summer villa at T——, and drove over this morning as far as the foot of the mountain.' To be sure, I *should* have known he was a Count by his recognising me as an equal, and in spite of his want of linen! How stupid!

With no very definite plan in mind, I resumed my walk in the direction of B——. The way thither, for upwards of a half-hour, led through a delightful wood, nothing visible but pines of various sorts with intersticed glimpses of mountains; nothing audible but insects and an occasional belated bird.

As I emerged from this wood, I noted a tiny habitation to the right of the road a little further on, with its natural surroundings of mountain and vale, picturesque in the extreme. 'Ah,' thought I, 'just what I want!' An old man seated on a bench outside the open door did not appear to notice me, so I called out, 'Guten Tag!' Instantly his face lighted up with a pleasant smile, he arose, and saying, in hearty tone, 'Grüss Gott—grüss Gott, Fräulein!' came towards the gate where I had paused.

'Would you kindly allow that I sketch your home? The situation is so charming!'

'Ei, gewiss; if you will! And so the Fräulein is an artist? From where comes she, then?'

'From America. You have heard of New York?'

'What? Im Gottes Namen! Way from New Yor-r-k? But come in—come in!'—and he opened wide the gate with the air of a cavalier.

'If you would let me have a chair, please. Yonder, from the corner of the garden, I can get the best view.'

'Ei, surely—looking towards the east, nicht wahr, Fräulein?'

He entered the house, and, as I stood outside, I took in the interior details. One room only, of moderate size, with but one

small window, the walls papered with illustrated weeklies, a rude bed in one corner, a table, upon which lay some pieces of black bread, and one rickety chair, which he brought outside for my use—such the meagre furnishings of this lowly abode.

'Where? Here? So—is that right, gnädiges Fräulein?' he said, as he placed the chair exactly right to command the best view.

Then, when I had seated myself and commenced my sketch, he returned to his bench before the house, and, resting his hands upon the knobby top of his stout stick, calmly smoked his pipe.

During nearly the entire hour that I worked he sat contentedly thus, dividing his time, however, at intervals of some ten minutes, between two benches—the other at the side of his hut—and he seemed to have his gaze, from behind blue glasses, riveted upon me. These glasses, indeed, and a white moustache—his chin being clean-shaven—gave him a distinguished air, in spite of his shabby clothes. Of course he must come within my picture—an addition not to be despised! He should supply all the 'life;' his house—what could better give the 'architectural' element required? It surely had all the essentials—foundation, wall, aperture, and roof; the last a sufficiently prominent feature to satisfy even a Ruskin. Yes, the hut was truly picturesque according to that keen analyser, for 'parasitical sublimity' might be reckoned among its charms.

The peaked, over-hanging roof was not only patched and mended, and stayed with many-hued shingles and rocks, but these in turn had become overgrown with lichens and moss; a huge pair of antlers curled aloft from the front gable, while many horns of more modest growth—no doubt trophies of his youth—and a quantity of woody excrescences, were fastened to the small façade, bracket-like, supporting hardy little plants.

There were few other buildings in sight, one house and two or three barns, and these so removed they were but dots in my sketch. At the back of all rose the majestic mountains, the peaked Wendelstein overtopping the others. Once only did the old man quit his post—when another old peasant hailed him; then he hastened down to the gate and chatted a few moments; fragments such as the following reaching my ears—

'A visitor, eh, Hans? And a lady!' whereupon the newcomer laughed immoderately.

'Ei, freilich! An Amerikanische Malerin—from New Yor-r-k!'

'Der Teufel!' exclaimed the other; and he looked at me as though I were at least one of the seven wonders.

My sketch finished, I held it out and asked Hans did he wish to see it. He came readily towards me, but when near, said sadly—the first sad tones I had heard from him—'Alas that I *could*, Fräulein! Then would I indeed rejoice!'

'What, is it possible? You are blind, poor man?'

'Ach, there is but little light left! I can yet see enough, mein Fräulein, to know you for a "weibliche Person," even were your voice less fresh and youthful. Gottlob, as yet I can tell the night from the day; but more I perceive not—since twelve years come the New Year.'

'How I pity you, my poor man Never to view this landscape more—so heavenly, so peaceful!'

'Ah! but I do see it, Fräulein. Before this blindness came over me, I had studied it—this scene so full of memories, both happy and sad—it is pictured in here for ever,' and he tapped his forehead gently; then, as though feeling guilty for indulging in sad reminiscences, he changed his tone to a more sprightly one. 'But tell me, Fräulein, you have put the Wendelstein into your sketch, nicht wahr? And also the zigzag road? Ach! how plainly I see it still! It leads up to the "Gasthaus" at the top. *You* cannot see it, *but I can*, Fräulein!'

When I said I had viewed it through the 'Fernglas,' he seemed well pleased, then he wandered on.

'Ei, ei, many the "Kraksen" of wood I have carried up yonder for the "Wirth"—a long, hard pull, freilich; but then "meine Anna" was always there—*she* gave me welcome each time! So what did I care—a strong young "Bursch"—if the way thither *was* steep and rough?'

As he paused I took occasion to ask: 'And you have lived all these dark years alone?'

'Ach gewiss, mein Fräulein, and full forty years without "meine Anna"! And to think that I should have killed her!'

I started involuntarily. 'Surely not!' was all I could say.

He repeated slowly and sadly. 'Ei, God knows it was *I* that killed her.'

And I had not courage to inquire further, for his face had lost its genial look; he seemed buried in painful thought. Timidly I offered him a small silver coin, enough for a 'Glas Bier,' I said. Magic words! His gloom at once took wings, his face resumed

its cheerful aspect, and he thanked me cordially as I took my leave and started towards home.

The Gasthaus veranda offered a mute invitation to stop for afternoon coffee. The Kellnerin seemed to have waked up, and was quite brisk in serving me; but when presently I inquired did she know blind Hans, and how he killed his wife, she looked surprised, and ejaculated: 'Gott bewahre! Never have I heard aught against Hans; a harmless old wood-carrier he! Freilich though, it is not long I have lived in these parts. Here, Frau Wirthin!'

The landlady appearing, the waitress asked, 'What means the Fräulein? Did blind Hans yonder kill his wife?'

'Ei, but one may well say that he did! Surely without his aid she would, mayhap, be living now. Ach, the poor, pretty Anna! And as good, as true a wife as ever man might wish for!'

The buxom Wirthin had taken position directly before me with arms akimbo and a complaisant expression, which said plainly enough: 'Ja, Fräulein, it is I that can tell a right racy tale; it will, however, require at least a second cup of coffee.' Besides, she knew it would be relished more did she wait for a little urging. All she said, however, was, 'It is a long story. Has the Fräulein much patience?'

With open eyes I walked into the trap. 'That good old man —I cannot believe it! But tell it me, I beg—I am in no hurry at all! Here, another cup of coffee, Kellnerin!'

Then, as I sipped, the Wirthin related the following touching story—

'Hans was as fine a Bursch as one often sees, mein Fräulein; and in those days he was wood-cutter as well as carrier—it is only since he is blind that he has dropped the hatchet. He used to work up the mountain-side yonder, in the royal forests, and freilich a strong arm he had for laying the old trees low. Then in the summer, when the Gasthaus up on the Wendelstein was open—in winter they are all at the lower Gasthaus close by the lake—he was the one always sent with the wood which was needed in the kitchen. The overseer favoured him thus, for it was well known that Hans courted the Wirth's pretty Anna, and besides, who could carry a heavier load? So, in time they were wed, and settled down in the village, and when there was nothing much doing at home Anna would go with her Hans up into the forest. She liked right well to be nigh him, it seemed, and she

could help him guide a tree in its fall as well as could many a Bursch.

'But ach! never shall I forget the day when Hans came running in here, white and out of breath; and how in distress he gasped out, "Meine Anna! Gott erbarme! Ach! in Himmel's Namen, come quickly!" That was all he could say, and he started back as fast as he had come, my "Mann" and Karl at his heels. And they found the poor thing lying senseless, a fallen tree upon one foot. "Ach, barmherzige Maria."

'When they at last got her freed, the poor foot was crushed quite flat, and the pain—ach, poor Anna, no sooner did she show sign of life than the pain made her swoon again. And so they carried her down here, it was nearer than their own home. Ach Gott! when she finally regained her senses the lockjaw set in—and it were hard to tell which suffered the most—Hans or his poor wife—in the days that followed.

'At last death gave her rest, and left him to live a long life alone, poor old soul. Yes, quite alone, for he has had little intercourse with his fellow-men since then. He *would* build that hut, my "Mann" and Karl helped him, and spend his remaining days within view of the Wendelstein. "Freilich," said he, "the happiest hours of my life have been associated with that height, with that steep zigzag road with Anna at the end."

'Well, the long years soothed him in a way, or perhaps his life, so quiet. These many years is he called contented Hans, cheerful Hans, ei, even happy Hans, for he never complains, and has ever a pleasant word for anyone passing the hut, though to be sure, poor man, it is most twelve years since he has been able to distinguish one friend from another, save by their voice.'

'Poor old Hans!' I said, as the landlady paused, 'I was sure he was no criminal! Sorrow he has had, that is evident, but there is no sign of despair or remorse about that fine old face. But how can he earn? How clothe and feed himself?'

'Ach, he is sure enough of his way, Fräulein, with his stick taking the lead. He carries wood, a smaller load than when young freilich, from the forest to this Gasthaus, and also to the three along the lake-shore. He gets little pay, save meals, and during bad storms a bed, and now and then a half-worn garment.'

'Well, for all his shabby clothes, so patched, he has the look of a gentleman—little of the peasant air about Hans, with his chin so clean-shaven!'

'Why, Fräulein, it was his Anna that could never endure his beard, and so, just the same since her death, he never lets it grow. Ei, blind as he is, he keeps it close and without harming himself. Ich bitte, Fräulein, do us the honour to call soon again!' And the Frau Wirthin curtsied low as I arose, and having paid my bill, said 'Adieu.'

A few days afterwards as we, my friends and I, entered the Gasthaus near our lodgings, I was surprised to see Hans seated at one of the tables in the outer room where the peasants are furnished refreshment. An empty plate, and a half-emptied beer-mug stood before him, and he had just lighted his pipe. I stepped towards him, much to the dismay of my friends, and asked him did he remember the 'Amerikanerin' who had once paid him a visit.

'Ja, gewiss!' he cried joyfully, springing up and taking off his hat; 'and pray, how find you yourself to-day, Fräulein Malerin?'

He showed such evident satisfaction at being addressed by the 'artist from New Yor-r-k,' that I favoured him with a few questions.

Yes, he had brought down a load of wood for the Wirth of the 'Seerose,' and in exchange for his labours, had received a right good dinner. He seemed delighted to hear that I purposed remaining till October, and that he would probably see me again out as far as his 'Hütte.'

After all I was not of such tender years, though he *had* found my voice so youthful, that I could not care for myself should my friends carry out their determination to flee shortly to town.

Four weeks passed rapidly, my sketching taking me in many directions, but so far as it happened, not again towards the Hütte.

One bright forenoon I was seated at the roadside diligently at work, when I spied the old wood-carrier in the distance with a load towering far above his head. A wonderful 'Bursch' he must have been truly, could he ever carry a greater? I intended to speak as he passed, but he gave me no chance. When still some feet distant Hans addressed me.

'Guten Tag, Fräulein Malerin! And how goes it with you?'

I was so surprised that I quite forgot to return his polite greeting. 'Why, how know you it is I?' I exclaimed, and he laughed as he made reply—

'How, indeed, Fräulein, but that I *see* you!'

'What?'

'Ja, ja, Fräulein, I see your friendly face, I see you seated at the side of the road with your sketch-book on your knees. Ha, ha, nicht wahr, Hans is one old fraud, mein Fräulein?'

'Is it possible? And you deceived me, and would now laugh at me for believing your story; my pity all for naught, "Unverschämter!"'

I was all at once so irate, that he stopped my words short with, 'And where have I been these last three weeks? Know you that, Fräulein?'

'I know nothing at all!' I answered curtly. I resented that such liberty had been taken, that both he and the landlady had thus made sport of my sympathies. Perhaps, then, it was all a lie, his Anna and all!

'Have patience, Fräulein! I will tell it you. It is three weeks last Monday that hearing of the good "Augenarzt," the Archduke Carl Theodore, and that he was still at his summer villa over yon mountain at T——, I started at once, hoping he might do for me as I heard he had done for many. "Ach, Gott sei ihm gnädig," the beautiful man. And what a lovely woman his wife! May Heaven preserve them both these many long years—years in which they may still work deeds of mercy without number. It is true, Fräulein, that when I went there I was blind enough, ei, so blind that I had to feel my way carefully with my stick, though as a Bursch I knew that highway well; and, three and twenty days thereafter, I returned in half the time, and——' he paused, for his voice was unsteady, 'and I could *see*, mein Fräulein, I could step along freely without fear of falling, ei, and "Gott sei Dank" I could look at the blue heavens, at the cheerful green earth! Ach, may the good God bless those kind, noble-hearted people, the Archduke and the Archduchess, who devote——'

Here he became too choked for further utterance, and I hastened to assure him that I believed all now. Indeed, it was not the first time that I had heard of the charitable labours of that right royal pair. When Hans became calm he told me many particulars of the kind care he had received.

When he had finished I said, 'But even though you see now, your load is heavy for your years!'

'Ach, it matters not at all, Fräulein! That I expect, that the way should be both hard and long is reasonable to expect, but still, as in the olden time when I climbed the Wendelstein, there

is light at the end. Ei, even when blind that light never failed to cheer my lonely way. Meine Anna, as then, is looking out for me, she is watching, and will greet me when I reach my journey's end.'

Good old Hans, how radiant his face, it did not belie his words. I could but wonder, would he have developed such a contented, trustful spirit, had his lot been cast differently. For instance, in the slums of a city instead of among the restful beauties of these Bavarian Highlands.

As he was about to proceed on his way, I noticed the stick he carried. It was carved with some skill, the top in the form of a fox, and on my admiring it he said, 'I made many, Fräulein; some with beasts, some with birds, when I was a Bursch.' Ah, those halcyon days, when Hans was a Bursch! And how much solace it afforded him to dwell in the past!

'Take it, Fräulein, if it pleases you; I have another at home.'

'No, no, my good man. Think you I would send you marching with no stick upon which to lean? Nay, I am not so cruel, though you *have* recovered your sight.'

As he urged it upon me, I said, 'No, no, keep it, Hans, and one of these fair Autumn days I will call at the "Hütte" for it, and at the same time bid you Adieu.'

I have not been there yet, but I mean to keep my word, and carry to town a tangible memento of old Hans, the contented wood-carrier.

MARGARET B. RUDD.

# WORK AND WORKERS.

## BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

## XIII.—MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE W. LATIMER, M.D.

THE admission of women to the study and practice of the profession of medicine has been for about fifty years a debatable ground for partisans on either side; and it is only within the last few years that the subject may be considered to have been at last decided. The question, as it now stands, is no longer whether a woman who has chosen the medical profession in any of its branches as her work in life, is entitled to receive a suitable education, and to find in it a fair field in which to labour; the education, if she desires it, is within her reach; the opportunities to exercise it are no longer denied to her. She will stand or fall in the future by her own merits, and it is now time to decide whether she is able to fill worthily the place which has been accorded to her, and whether the result of the freedom of choice and action, which is now hers, will prove to justify the claims which have been urgently brought forward in its favour by the advocates of a medical career for women. It is under this aspect that I wish to consider the subject, as well as to bring forward a few of the points which, from my own experience, I feel sure should receive the most careful consideration before the choice of medicine as a profession is made.

In the first place, it cannot be too strongly urged that it ought never to be undertaken from motives of a pecuniary nature. It is greatly to be regretted that a certain number, at all events, of both men and women in the profession are actuated, to a greater or less extent, by these sentiments, and that, from first to last, their chief object seems to be to obtain the exact amount of

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

education which will authorise them to receive fees, at the least possible expenditure of time and money; and, having once attained the degree which legally entitles them to do so, they no longer consider it worth their while to make any further effort towards pursuing their education, unless they can see some immediate pecuniary return as a result. Doubtless the labourer is worthy of his hire, and those who work faithfully and conscientiously in this, as in any other profession, are entitled to receive from it an honourable support; but it may be long before even this result is reached, although a woman standing on the threshold is perhaps more fortunate in this respect than a man under similar circumstances, for, as their numbers are comparatively small, the competition among them is not so great, and success, if it be hers, is sooner attained.

Of the various elements which enter into combination to form that success, the most essential is the possession of a really good education, not in medicine alone, but comprehending a thorough preliminary training in science as well as a knowledge of other subjects indirectly bearing on scientific work. Such an education should always, if possible, be obtained at college, not only because the habits of study acquired there are of great importance, but because the necessary laboratory work cannot easily be supplied elsewhere; the possession of a diploma from a college of good standing is also of value, and will sometimes save its possessor from the strain of further examinations. A collegiate education, however, valuable as it is, is not absolutely essential, as the requisite amount of knowledge can, of course, be obtained in other ways; but from whatever source it is derived, it ought to include, in addition to the ordinary English branches, a fair amount of Latin, a reading knowledge of French and German, and a thorough elementary training in physics, chemistry, and biology. A knowledge of botany is also useful, and there are occasions when a little Greek is of service; but their absence will not cause any serious inconvenience. In the increasing educational demands which characterise the present generation, it is often necessary (for we are but human) to select among several branches of knowledge those which will render us the greatest service, and when such a choice is to be made, nothing should be allowed to take precedence of the scientific studies. The ability to read French and German at sight is required in order to keep up with current medical literature.

It is true that very few medical colleges require so much pre-

liminary education, as a necessary qualification for admission ; but the work after entrance will be far easier to a woman who comes thus prepared ; while any one who wishes to advance steadily in her profession, and to do scientific work in it, will find that, if she has not gone over the ground before beginning her medical education proper, it will be necessary for her to do so later, when it will be accomplished under great disadvantages. The work which is required during the years spent in studying for a degree in medicine is very difficult and laborious, and the better prepared a woman comes to it, the less she will be liable to suffer injuriously from its effects. Indeed, I believe that a large proportion of the cases in which the students have broken down in health from overwork, either before or after graduation, are due to the fact that they have entered upon their medical education with so little previous preparation, that they cannot follow the necessary course of instruction without over-fatigue.

In regard to the choice of a university in which to pursue an education in medicine, although there are excellent facilities both in Great Britain and the United States, the highest educational advantages are to be found, at present, at the foreign universities of Zurich, Basle, and elsewhere. At all of these institutions, women are admitted on equal terms with men, but such a system is considered, by many persons, to be open to very grave objections. I speak with great hesitation on this subject, as I have never seen the system of co-education in action among undergraduates, and I cannot but believe it to be most undesirable in colleges where the standard for entrance is low, and where the students, as a class, are, consequently, under-educated and unrefined ; but the objections to it are certainly much lessened, if not entirely removed, by the existence of requirements for admission so severe, as to give assurance that those who possess them are earnest in purpose, mature in judgment, and have received the elevating influence of a superior general education. A medical education received at one of these universities, which are everywhere acknowledged to be the highest source, is of such value to its possessor, that any woman who contemplates making medicine her work in life, will do wisely to weigh carefully the advantages to be derived from it, before arriving at a decision in the matter. In regard to a choice among the various schools in Great Britain, I think nothing could be added to the statements given in Mrs. Penny's admirable article on Women's Medical Work in India, in the September number of the 'Monthly

Packet'; and it is evident that, in order to enter any of those she mentions, as well as those on the Continent, a thorough previous education is essential. It is, of course, apparent that such an education as I have endeavoured to describe must necessitate a liberal expenditure of time and money. The amount of time consumed is not so great a disadvantage as might, at first, appear, for neither the study nor the practice of medicine is suitable for a very young woman; and if seven, eight, or even ten years are expended before she enters on the exercise of her profession, she will not be much under thirty years of age when she attempts it, and this is quite as soon as it is at all desirable, for her own sake, that she should do so. The matter is entirely different from its pecuniary side, and I fully appreciate how hard this barrier must appear to women whose heart is in their work, who have chosen it from genuine love and enthusiasm, yet who find themselves constantly hampered, and in some instances completely arrested, in their progress from lack of the necessary means. When no other course is open, it is wiser to wait until it is possible to lay by a sum sufficient to obtain first-class education, rather than to enter at once upon an inferior one; but in some cases it is an excellent investment of a small amount of capital to expend it in procuring the best advantages which will in time bring their own return.

It may be objected that many physicians are both successful and respected whose education has been much below the standard I have given; and this is perfectly true, as it is also true that many children, whose moral training has been greatly neglected by their parents, do nevertheless become good and useful men and women. But their ultimate integrity and usefulness are the result of efforts made in adult life to conquer faults which should have been corrected for them in childhood, and to overcome bad habits which they should never have been allowed to acquire. Instead of starting on the race in life fairly equipped, and with an even chance for its honours, they are under a hard necessity which obliges them to exercise, in a constant restraint upon themselves, the faculties which should, legitimately, be fully employed in the service of their own necessities and ambitions. So is it in medicine; if a woman has entered its ranks without the necessary intellectual preparation, she will, if she is in earnest and respects herself, endeavour to supply the deficiency as soon as she perceives it by all the means in her power; but the effort to do so will be a great addition to her daily labour, and

occasions will constantly arise when she will be forced to feel keenly that her work suffers in comparison with that of others more fortunate than herself, or that she is not fully able to enter into subjects under discussion, in which, nevertheless, she is deeply interested.

One of the questions most ardently discussed by the partisans for and against the admission of women to the profession of medicine has been whether her mental capacities were sufficient to justify such a course. Without entering into the subject of the differences existing between the intellects of the sexes in the abstract, there is now probably no unprejudiced person who does not freely admit a woman's ability to receive and profit by a medical education, as far as intellectual qualifications are concerned. It is the practice of medicine in which a woman can never stand on exactly the same plane as a man, and her disabilities in this respect are less mental, than physical; the average woman cannot enter upon a life so arduous as that of the general practitioner, without being heavily handicapped physically, when compared with the average man. I am fully aware that this view of the question differs from that held by the majority of women who are interested in it; but I cannot but suspect that the very eagerness with which they repudiate even the most qualified statement of the kind, shows that they will not allow themselves to consider the subject fairly. No doubt a number of women do practise medicine who are able to meet the demands on their strength successfully for a number of years; but they must do so at a constant expenditure of nervous energy which they are more eager to spend, and less able to spare, than a man would be under like conditions, and their liability to bankruptcy in this respect is therefore much greater. I am speaking at present only of what is known as general practice, in which the wear and tear of body and mind, from incessant competition, heavy responsibility, and frequent loss of rest, are very great; and when to these is added, in many cases, constant pecuniary anxiety from a precarious means of livelihood, I think it is evident that the life is one calculated to tax severely the strength of the strongest.

Assuredly, for those whose endurance is equal to the demands which will be made upon it, the field of usefulness is very wide; but I would urge a most careful consideration of this side of the shield on those who are yet irresolute, and I would entreat them to believe that it is not within their power to estimate justly the

strain which their nervous force will be called upon to endure, and therefore they must trust to the experience of others who tell them that the number of their sex fitted by nature for such endurance are in the minority. But general practice is not the only path of usefulness and honour in medicine; there are many others which can be followed, in laboratories, in hospital wards, in practice among the insane, and many others which offer great opportunities for practical usefulness and the keenest intellectual enjoyment, and which are well fitted to a woman's nature and physique. The entrance into these fields of labour, it is true, is carefully guarded; but the 'open sesame' needed in most cases is supplied by a superior education, which is only one of the many reasons why it is of such paramount importance to a woman that she should start fully equipped in this respect; and I feel sure that an acknowledgment on her part that she is physically more fitted for work of this kind, together with the endeavour to qualify herself especially for it, would tend to elevate her place in the profession rather than to lower it.

When the gates of the domain of Medicine have been passed, and the journey over its high road is commenced under the guidance of necessity or of choice, it remains to be seen whether the traveller will consider her education as completed, or as begun. Until this time it has been required of her to work up to a certain fixed standard, and her ability to keep her place in the ranks has been tested by frequent examinations which have obliged her to exert herself, or to fall behind on the march. Now she is free, and it becomes a question of individual force of character, ability, industry, and, above all, of genuine love of her profession as an intellectual career, whether she will at once seek opportunities to acquire more knowledge and to gain experience in the practical exercise of her profession, or whether she will consider that enough has been accomplished when she is no longer required to pass further examinations. Mr. Edward A. Freeman tells us, that when he had received his degree and fellowship he said, 'Now I will begin really to read;' and it is this feeling of future enjoyment in study which ought to inspire those who experience the delicious sensation of freedom springing from the knowledge of deliverance from the clutches of the examiners, not the eager acceptance of relief from a required task which, once completed, has no further claims. It is during the years immediately following graduation that time can be devoted to regular attendance on post-graduate courses of in-

struction; for as the years go by, and the claims of engrossing business press on those who bear the burden and heat of the day, they cannot command their time sufficiently for this purpose. The special kind of work undertaken must vary, of course, with personal taste, opportunities, and the different vista which opens before each individual; but some pursuit with an educational aim in view ought to be entered upon as soon as possible after professional life is begun, and if a woman has the right spirit within her it will cease only with its close.

I am afraid that I am already encroaching on the space which my subject is to fill; but, before I close, I must say a word in regard to the woman doctor viewed as an individual, and not as a class, because so much of both her usefulness and happiness depend on her own personality. During undergraduate life it is a great advantage to a student in medicine to live at a distance from her immediate family, for the innumerable petty claims on time, which will arise incessantly in her own home, will be a serious obstacle to the hard study to which she must devote many hours each day, and to the complete rest which she ought to enjoy in her spare moments. The reverse obtains, however, when a professional life is entered upon, if she contemplates establishing herself in practice. No doubt, in some cases, it is necessary for young women to leave home because there is there no opening for success; but I think the necessity is sometimes more fancied than real; and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman should, if possible, have the protection and support which family ties will give her, and to think that even some sacrifices will be compensated for by the comparative freedom from unpleasant criticism and comment which these will afford her. In the natural course of events, as time goes on, her family ties become loosened one by one; but the respect due to increased age, and to an established position, are then her protectors, while during youth, as Mr. Henry James tells us, 'a young gentlewoman without visible relations is like a flower without foliage.'

It is a common objection to medical women that they are hard, aggressive, and unwomanly, and I fear it must be admitted that too much reason is given for the accusation, in the manners, appearance, and conduct of some of their number. But these women are such by nature, and, although a life which forces them to rely entirely on themselves, and brings them constantly before the public, may have a tendency to foster these unlovely qualities, they would exist under any conditions and environment, even

though they did not receive the same opportunities for display. It is unjust to assume that a profession having such aims as the advancement of science, and the relief of human suffering, can, in itself, exert a deteriorating influence over character. For many years the educational privileges granted to women were so small, the struggle to obtain even these so great, and the position of a woman exercising the profession of medicine in every respect such a trying one, that women who possessed refinement, cultivation, and social advantages, shrank from embracing such a life, or were discouraged by the arguments and opposition of friends. Many of its objectionable features have now disappeared, while those that remain are rapidly becoming modified; and one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the recent movements in favour of a medical career for women, is that those among them who are entitled to our esteem and admiration, not only for their intellectual, but for their womanly qualities, will have every encouragement in future to make it their chosen work in life. Yet the life before them, of which they ought fully to count the cost, is one of hardship, fatigue, discouragement, and of incessant self-denial, although its intellectual gratifications are of the highest order, and the opportunities it affords of human intercourse, and of usefulness to the world at large, are of the widest kind. No woman should enter on the profession of medicine from any other motive than genuine love and enthusiasm for it as a science. Even the desire to do good in her generation, and to alleviate, so far as lies in her power, the suffering of humanity, is not a sufficient reason for the undertaking, if it be not based on an instinctive affection for the work in itself. This only can enable her to toil onward for years under the burden of opposition, or at best, cold indifference, from friends, to bear the sting of professional jealousy in her own success, to refrain from reflecting it in that of others, and, above all, to endure cheerfully the almost complete isolation which must be her lot.

In return, she will have the happiness of great opportunities of usefulness; she will, if she is all she ought to be, receive, as years go on, the respect and affection of many to whom she is able to render valuable service, and she will enjoy the absorbing interest conferred by the ability to follow the advancement of science in her profession; but the nature of her occupations and interests must tend to separate her from other women, and to render her path a solitary one. For all the sacrifices, misconstructions, and.

disappointments of her life, her compensation must be found in devotion to her work, and in the interest and enjoyment which a devotion so strong to a profession so noble must bring her in return.

To the woman whose earnest love has prompted her choice, and who is governed in all her actions by the true spirit of the science to which her love belongs, the profession of medicine can bring only ennobling and refining influences. She will be happier for the knowledge she acquires in its pursuit, and better for the broader views of life, and of its aims and opportunities which it will open to her sight. The last half-century has determined that the profession of medicine shall be opened to women; the next must decide whether the work that she accomplishes there will be such as to convince the world at large that there is need in it for her services; and it is now within her own hands that the answer to the question lies. C. W. L.

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## XIV.—CARE OF INSANE PATIENTS.

EVERY one knows what a great improvement has taken place of late years in the management of the insane; but I think every one does not know that in many of the large mental hospitals there has lately been a great movement to supply patients of the upper classes with companion attendants of more or less the same social standing. In most, if not all, of these hospitals for the insane there are also nurses of a lower grade, and a strong staff of servants; but it is the lady attendants who live entirely with the lady patients, sharing their meals and exercise, starting and encouraging their amusements and occupations, and giving as bright and healthy a tone as possible to their daily life.

It is not, of course, a work that would suit every one. No girl should think of it unless she has sound health, steady nerves, and a patient cheerful temper; and even of those apparently so qualified a large proportion fail on trial.

But those who are fitted for the work come to take in it a most absorbing interest, and certainly it is hard to imagine any life

more filled with acts of loving kindness, more rich in opportunities of doing good. It has also this in its favour, that small personal advantages and a stock of slight accomplishments are of much greater value in it than in most careers for women.

A pleasant appearance, voice, and manner go for much; so do other trifling gifts, such as skill in fancy work, in any or all its branches, an every-day amount of musical capability, skill in out-door and in-door games—any art, in fact, which, by inciting to effort and emulation, may help a sufferer through the weary day.

'We are so glad,' said an experienced lady attendant once to me, 'of anything that will kill an hour.'

Any lady feeling drawn to the work should of course begin by applying for admission at one of the many great hospitals for the insane where attendants of a superior class are employed. I may mention St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water (Superintendent Dr. Philipps); Barnwood House, Gloucester (Dr. Needham); St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton (Dr. Deas); and there are many others.

I am told that the medical men who manage these establishments are already overwhelmed with applications; as in everything else of the sort, the market is getting over-stocked. At the same time it is inevitable that not every so-called 'lady' attendant should quite deserve the title, and I cannot but think that there is a demand for real born and bred gentlewomen, who must be the most suitable and acceptable companions to those of the same class. It is, of course, extremely difficult for a doctor to judge of this by correspondence only, and a personal introduction is most desirable. In any case, it is probable that the applicant will have to wait some time for a vacancy.

That difficulty overcome, she goes to whichever Mental Hospital she has obtained admission to, and starts on her six months' training. It is probable that the rules vary according to the place; I will mention what they are in the only one of which I have any personal knowledge, and this will give a good general idea, as the difference is not likely to be very material.

In the Mental Hospital of which I speak, the salary to start with is £25, all found; collars and cuffs, I believe, are also provided, and the lady attendants wear a grey uniform. The patients are divided into 'galleries,' being, of course, most carefully classed according to the degree and kind of their affliction. Through each gallery in turn the attendant under training has to pass, being minutely instructed in the management of every kind

of mental disease, and, of course, giving her assistance in every possible way to those set over her.

Public examinations are being now instituted for every class of attendant, and probably before long no one will be engaged who has not first passed and obtained a certificate.

As yet, however, I believe the practical knowledge obtained by this six months' training is sufficient to entitle any one who goes through it satisfactorily to be a qualified attendant. The hours on duty are from 7 A.M. to 9.30 P.M., and practically more, since the attendant sleeps in the room with at least one patient, probably several, and must take her chance of disturbed nights.

The night nurses, making their hourly rounds, have the power to remove and specially care for any very violent or noisy patients; but the attendant must expect constant minor disturbances from nervous and exacting sufferers, and the day begins inexorably at 7 A.M. no matter what kind of night it follows. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the long hours 'on duty' include many that may very likely be passed pleasantly. There are constant walks and drives, much lawn tennis and ladies' cricket in summer, with tea taken out of doors in the shade; in winter there are dances, musical evenings, private theatricals, and other entertainments, at which patients and attendants of both sexes meet under the superintendence of the matron and of the doctors.

The attendants are most of them bright merry young people, ready to give and take much pleasant sympathy, and many of the patients are convalescent, and may be very agreeable companions, although not yet quite sound enough to be launched into life again.

The attendants have an afternoon free once a week, from about 2 P.M. to 9 P.M., the same about every 4th Sunday, and a whole day out once a month. Three weeks' holiday every year after the first, and six weeks for the head attendant.

The six months' training over, the lady attendant receives her certificate, and then she may either remain on the staff of the hospital in which she has started, or she may try to get a 'private case,' that is, the care of a mental sufferer whose relations prefer keeping her at home or in private lodgings.

This must be in some ways a far more trying life than that of one among many in a hospital. The responsibility is so much heavier, and there is so little of sympathy or companionship to lighten it. On the other hand, it is much better paid; the salary

of a lady attendant with a 'private case' varying from thirty shillings to three guineas a week, according to her capabilities and the means of her employers.

If the lady attendant remains in the Hospital for the Insane, she may either continue to move from gallery to gallery pretty often, that being found best for the health and nerves, or she may be told off to the care of a single patient whose friends may prefer her having an attendant entirely to herself, or who may require, from the turn her illness has taken, constant watching. Her duties may include the trying one of fetching new patients from their homes or from other asylums, and she will probably sometimes have the more cheerful one of accompanying to her home one 'out on leave,' that is, one who, though sufficiently recovered to return to her family, is still, as a measure of precaution, kept for the first few weeks under supervision.

It is not necessary to point out what close companionship with the patient is implied in these arrangements, and how thoroughly desirable it is, in the case of sufferers of naturally refined habits and traditions, that they should not be exposed to the constant irritation of living, eating, and sleeping with a person who does not possess those traditions, and to whom those habits are an effort and an achievement. This is indeed eminently a work for *ladies*, and I trust that this fact will be constantly more and more realised.

So far I have not dwelt on the more painful part in the life of a lady attendant on the insane. But it must, of course, be remembered that while some patients are more nervous and whimsical than positively insane, many others seem to have sunk below the level of humanity; some seem—and who can say that they are not?—to be the victims of diabolical possession.

Those who undertake the care of these poor sufferers must brace themselves to endure the sight of terrible misery and despair, to listen unmoved to fearful blasphemies, to encounter calmly, and control wisely, strange abnormal propensities to mischief and to crime; and to practise a ceaseless watchfulness, which in itself is a strain on nerves and spirits. There will be much that is loathsome and repulsive, much that shocks a woman's delicacy, much that tries her temper; and through all she must be able to 'possess her soul in patience,' or she is unfit for her work.

Above all, if she would not be overwhelmed, mind, body and soul, by the sight of these most strange, inexplicable afflictions,

she must hold fast to those three only clues in the labyrinth of life—Faith, Hope, and Charity, 'believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things.' She must carry about in her own heart that great sunshine of the love of God which alone can light up the dark places; and, remembering Who it was to Whom they brought many lunatics, and many possessed with devils, she must feel it a blessed privilege to follow humbly in His footsteps, and, by patient, obedient, self-denying work, to help in bringing comfort and perhaps healing to a class of sufferers on whom our Blessed Saviour always had compassion.

# FEAR.

(*St. Matt.* x. 16–39.)

BY MARY BRAMSTON.

THE keynote that runs through all these instructions of our Lord to His Apostles is the exhortation to fearlessness. They were to be fearless in face of persecution (v. 17), of a hostile tribunal (v. 18), of underhand conspiracy (v. 26), of danger (v. 29), of death (v. 28).

Fearlessness is a very beautiful thing to contemplate, even when, as often happens, it proceeds rather from constitutional tendencies and high spirit than from faith in God. Even a villain in a play, when represented as absolutely fearless, like the wicked Abbé in Irving's *Dead Heart*, enlists our sympathies more than the virtuous hero. But this constitutional fearlessness need not necessarily bring with it any moral merit. It may even come from sluggishness of imagination—want of high breeding as well as high breeding. Well-bred dogs, for instance, are in some ways much less fearless than common curs, though their spirits may rise higher in the moment of battle; their imagination is more developed, and they tremble all over at thunder, or a brass band, or an odd-looking bit of paper swaying in the wind as if it were alive. The real virtue of fearlessness is one which the most highly organised natures can acquire as well as, or better than, the less developed. And in fact, unless we all do acquire it, we can get on a very little way in our spiritual life.

If any of you have read the story of Zanoni, you can hardly have helped noticing the striking allegory it contains. If we wish to lead any really noble life, beyond the common and obvious region of the senses, we, too, have to conquer the 'Dweller on the Threshold'—Fear. Then we may go on to higher things. As long as we fear we are in bondage; we are not able to do what we think the best for fear of consequences. Slaves obey through fear, children through love; if children are

held back from, or driven into, obedience by fear, so far they are slaves. There is a terrible kind of slavery to fear by which people are sometimes possessed, when from weakness of will they get under the control of some one else, so as to lose their own independence of conscience. Children sometimes suffer from this, and they are infinitely to be pitied, though as a rule whenever a grown person finds it out, it can generally be stopped. But the situation is also frequently represented in novels, when the weak man or woman gets under the control of the villain, who threatens exposure or other vengeance if they revolt. In such a case we cannot help despising the person so held in thrall; we feel that he ought to say 'Do your worst, but I will keep my soul free.'

This is what, if we are to conquer fear, we must learn to say to the possibilities of life. We must learn to say to them, 'Do your worst, you cannot harm my true self.' But then we must be sure it cannot harm our true self, and why. We must have a real conviction that our true self is that part of us that cannot be hurt—that our 'life is hid with Christ in God.' And as for the part of us that can be hurt, we must not trouble about it beforehand. The more we think of it, the bigger it will grow, and the more it will hide our true self from us, and put all our relations to other people and things in a wrong light.

In order to conquer fear, we must think what the worst can be that will come to us if our fears are fulfilled. Nothing is so bad as a vague terror we dare not look at. I don't mean that we should imitate the girl in Grimm's fairy tale, who went to draw beer, and seeing a nail sticking out began to cry, because, as she said, 'If I married Hans, and we had a son, and he came down into the cellar to draw beer, he might kill himself by means of that nail.' The fancies of illness or depression are often about as sensible as this. But often people suffer severely from the dread of a given thing happening to them, which they are afraid to look at. Young people are sometimes, secretly, extremely nervous about their health. Perhaps they think their heart, or their lungs, or some other vital organ, is out of order. Or perhaps, if measles or scarlatina or mumps should be about, they are afraid of catching it. In this case it is just as well to look at the fear frankly in the face. In the first case it is better to resolve either to put the dread entirely out of their minds, or else to speak of their symptoms to those who are in charge of their health; it is very likely that they may come from some slight and perfectly

removable ailment, such as indigestion; but not to let the vague dread weigh upon them. In the second place, the dread of catching some prevalent epidemic, it is just as well to say to ourselves, 'If I did catch this what would happen? I might be ill—I might have to bear pain—drop my interests and amusements for a time and be in quarantine—well, all this would be vexing and troublesome, but not unbearable; and in any case I would try and make no fuss.' People who took their fears in this spirit would not frighten themselves into an epidemic, as has frequently been done before now.

Or perhaps the vague dread may be of some change in your lives, which would involve your leaving the home of your childhood where you have grown up, and outside of which you don't think you should ever feel yourself again. This is more sentiment than reality after all: for of all the people you meet in the world, how very few have not had, at one time or the other, to leave the home of their childhood? and yet they have all survived. It is, of course, hard to be uprooted: it is very disagreeable to have to live with our roots in the air till we get planted and rooted again; but it is a discipline, the want of which is apt to make those who have never had to do it children all their lives. It is better to say to ourselves, 'If it comes I will try to meet it with pluck and without self-pity,' than to make ourselves miserable by keeping our fear like a skeleton in the cupboard, which we dare not look at.

Or there is the dread of death—for others or for ourselves. This is often a terribly haunting fear with imaginative young people. It is not so much that they cannot trust God with their souls as that they dread, for themselves or for others, all the accompaniments of death, and the mystery and terror with which they have heard it alluded to. With this, I believe that the only cure is to bring forward your dread out of the recesses of your mind, and face it. Is it the dread of pain either for yourselves or others? Then the best plan is to remember that pain is not the worst thing there is—if God is with us in the pain. He can 'make the rushing fireflood seem like summer breeze by woodland stream.' Is it the dread of the unknown? But if we have a close relation with God here, we shall keep it there—'all live unto Him.' Still, this feeling should not be lightly put away, until we have looked into what our relation with God really is, and endeavoured seriously to make it a reality. Is it the dread of separation from those we love? But the only real and lasting

love is the love that has God for a Third, and the only real life for us or others is what is joined to the life of God, and cannot be affected by death. Whichever of these it may be that frightens you at the thought of death, don't let it remain a skeleton in the cupboard, in the back recesses of your mind, but bring it out and face it. Think what you would feel like if you were told that you were to die soon; or if you were told that one of your parents, or your brothers or sisters, or some dear friend, were to die, and whether you could so conquer your fear that you could be brave in the prospect, for yourself and for them. Otherwise we act as a person would who disliked earwigs, and so when she found a box with earwigs in it, put it away into the cellar to hide it out of sight. We may be sure the earwigs would make their way out, and breed all about the house, whereas if the box had been emptied and exposed to the open air and sun, it would have been harmless wherever it was put. Let us expose our fears—even the worst of them—to the sun and sweet air.

And with regard to our fear for others, remember that those we live with will infallibly be the worse if we let ourselves get nervous or over anxious about their health. Anxious watching, even without words, tells on the health and spirits of the person watched. We can attend to them carefully in trouble or ill-health while at the same time we keep ourselves in a brave and trustful spirit.

Of course, the fear of death is not in itself a fault. It is hereditary in us—one of the strongest hereditary tendencies of the human race, and it comes out much more strongly in some people than in others. But we, as Christians, are not tied and bound with the chain of hereditary tendencies. We are members of Christ, and in Him we can conquer them, and with them the fear of death. 'Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.'

There is another form in which fear holds people, and greatly lessens their power for good. This is nervousness—fear of other people, which prevents our *possessing ourselves*. Any fear of other people which prevents our showing out our best selves is unworthy of Christian people who bear within their souls a Divine Gift. Shyness is not modesty. A modest person is always dignified—respecting himself and respecting other people;

but a shy person does not respect himself enough, and is too anxious about the opinion of others to behave quietly and sensibly towards them. Remember that no one is too young to have *personal dignity.*

We often think of our Lord's example to us in gentleness, in forgiveness, in meekness; do we ever remember that if we want to be like Him we must, like Him, conquer fear? From the Transfiguration onwards, at least, He saw clearly what awaited Him. He knew that His own people, whom He loved with more than the love of a patriot, would betray Him to death, and so forfeit their last chance of carrying out the mission God had meant for them; and yet He deliberately came to Jerusalem to meet that fate, for Himself and them, when He might have escaped it. No one, at least, thinking of Gethsemane, can say that He had no fear to conquer. But He conquered it for us, that we might never have reason to think our fears too excusable to fight against them. Whether their object is big or little, we have no right ever to give way to nerves or cowardice in any form. The true Christian spirit is St. Paul's, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.'

How is one to discipline one's emotions sufficiently to conquer fear? One way, and a good one, is to treat Fear as an enemy which has no power over a child of God, and to deny by an effort of will—in words sometimes as well as thoughts—that we are afraid. Fear cannot stand against Faith, and there is no spiritual enemy as strong as Christ.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER is the month most abused in the whole year. Scott tells us that—

> 'November's day is dull and drear,
> November's leaf is red and sere.'

—valuable lines to the cappers of verse in distress for the letter 'N.'

But, in very truth, November has many delightfully quiet, still soft days, when 'calm decay' has set in, and the leaves, lately coloured by October's frost, come gently floating down in the 'calm undressing' of the woods. If it be dry weather, it is really delightful to go crackling among them—

> 'To heap and toss them wild and free,
> Their fragrance breathe, and o'er them see
> Soft evening lustre shed.'

Some of them are very handsome too, especially those of the sycamore, which come down yellow, marked all over with round black spots—I believe a sort of fungus. Their keys are shed likewise, and produce multitudes of little trees, of which, however, very few continue to grow after they are a few inches high.

The horse-chestnut has become apricot-yellow as to its leaves, and where the beauteous spikes that made it a giant's nosegay once were, are its fruits, by no means equalling the blossoms in number, for each spike only produces at most three of the round prickly green balls, which, when split open, as they generally are by their fall from the tree, show themselves to be lined with a strong white coating, with a partition in the middle, containing the two nuts, flat on one side, rounded on the other, each in colour, markings and polish like a well-rubbed mahogany table, and

forming charming playthings, though their bright beauty very soon disappears. If opened when half ripe, the mixture of brown and white makes them piebald horses, but the white is instantly discoloured on exposure to the air. Deer like them, but for human creatures the large yellowish flesh within is unwholesome. However, the tree, whether in flower or fruit, is the great bait to boys, as affording endless 'cock-shies,' and it is vain to try to persuade them that, however it may be with the fruit, it is mere wantonness to throw at the flowers and destroy the leaves, in their beauteous youth and greenery.

Another valued plaything of nursery days was the ripe French bean, which is of a pretty polished black, varied with mauve, and preserves its beauty much longer than the chestnut. It can be strung into necklaces, shovelled in bowls, and altogether affords a far more interesting toy than the far too perfect articles to be bought in toy-shops, and has the great advantage that—barring being swallowed whole—it is perfectly harmless.

The real chestnut is coming down now from its handsome trees in its spiked coatings. The *t* in its name has no reference to the chest, but is a remnant of the Latin Castaneus. It is no native, as indeed we still remember when we distinguish it as Spanish chestnut, and when it has reached its prime the weight of its crown exposes it to be too often ruined by sudden winds. Here—it could not be as in Italy, where a chestnut-tree, or even part of a tree, is a family estate, and bread is made of the ground nuts—those that ripen often are wizen little things, chiefly consisting of rind; but the village child can devour most things, and the paths to the school are strewn with 'shucks' of those eaten without preliminary roasting till the lips are raw and sore, after which the chestnuts are politely presented to the school-mistress. The chestnuts, whose roasting is a fireside delight, or which are sold at little brasiers in the streets, come from Spain and Italy. Beech masts, equally prickly outside, never attain to size within sufficient to attract anything but swine.

These animals, after being herded in the stubble, have another lively time of excursions under the oak-trees, prolonging the diversions of their little Gurth till he is pretty well spoilt for the thraldom of school. 'A visitation of acorns,' says the anxious school-manager, for in favourable seasons everybody capable turns out to pick the smooth oval fruit as it slips out of its little rough saucer. It is well to pick it from pastures, for the acorn is not easy of digestion, and cows who have indulged in it freely

in plentiful years have often died thereof. Pigs in sties have to be fed sparingly on it, though, when turned out, they eat of it in combination with other delicacies of the season, and do themselves no harm. We hear of ancient Britons eating acorns, and it appears that England did not forget the pleasing diet, for, when a *crèche* was first commenced in Winchester, the poor babies proved to be fed on a mixture of which crushed acorns were a portion, and the mothers complained that the good milk there administered spoilt their taste for their home food.

'Hampshire hogs' thus sometimes have begun upon hogs' food. I do not know whether the Hampshire man is more devoted to his pig than the natives of other counties, but it certainly fills an important place in the family possessions, though not in the household, like 'the gintleman that pays the rint' in Ireland. Nor does it run about at large, high-backed and bristly—only sleeping in a little dark den, as in Devonshire of old. Scarcely a house is without a tidy pigstye, the resort of the ruminating master, pipe in mouth, in Sunday leisure. A woman, dying of a long illness, expressed her mournful regrets to her clergyman that she had never seen the present pig, adding that her husband said that, if he had known in time how much she wished it, he would have carried it upstairs, but now it was too big and heavy.

So the pig is the family pet and pride, until the day when the parish executioner comes. If early, the tender-hearted little girls of the cottage hide their ears under the blankets; if late, their mother hurries them off to school, out of hearing of the prolonged dying wails of their favourite; while the boys either hurry up, or else linger about, with all the horrid curiosity that used to attend executions, to behold the last struggles, which, happily, under an experienced hand, are brief, and likewise the further process of singeing off the bristles over a straw fire, after which piggy is hung up by the heels, fair and white, and the family are regaled upon fry, etc., at dinner. I am not sure whether the story is one of the stock clerical ones, but our Rector of seventy years ago told it as happening to himself, that, being told that his flock could not understand the long words in his sermons, he asked a labourer if he knew what was meant by predestination, and was answered: 'Well, sir, I believe it is something about the in'nards of a pig!'

Here in Hampshire the further destination of the bacon pig, after being cut up into joints and salted, is to be smoked in a

chimney adapted for the purpose, but only from a wood fire, and we found it impossible to induce cottagers to abstain from coal. The smoking is done specially at the village shop, and in fact both the preparing of bacon and the curing of hams by special private recipes are among the good arts that importation has overpowered. Pork shows itself by its name to be less an insular institution than bacon, whose name is said to be not even Anglo-Saxon, but British ; and, though we here respect the pork well-roasted and furrowed with crackle, and the fair delicate salt pork leg, we hold that bacon is no bacon unless smoked.

It is not by any means still the only flesh food of the labourer, who used to have his Sunday piece, of which wife and family partook as far as was judged expedient, but chiefly ate the potatoes, that 'if not the rose, had been near the rose.' Now there is more use of tinned meats, and carts from butchers come round and carry on a small traffic, giving more variety, as well as other carts of cheap fish, around which I see an unfailing assembly of women. I have seen little children, boys especially, at a school-dinner cry at the unwonted spectacle of a slice of meat; but this is not the case now. At a mothers' meeting, when I have read aloud 'Ways and Means in a Devonshire parish,' there have been remarks on home economies which proved that the hearers did not live on bread and potatoes alone ; though I confess that the audience did not include those hopeless managers who consume whatever the husband allows them in the first days of the week, and at the end let their children run about, begging of their neighbours, scraps, which the kind-hearted women are always ready to afford.

If pigs are attracted below the oak-trees, rooks are ready to hover above, to seize on the acorns, which they sometimes bury, probably for a winter store. They also fly away with walnuts speared upon their strong bills. They seldom or never build on oaks ; it is elms that are their special delight. There is no bird whose language one would better like to understand than that of the rooks. All *corvidæ* seem to be unusually intelligent, and rooks, like other gregarious animals, seem to have a wonderful amount of social qualities, if not political.

We have vainly tried to induce them to colonize our trees, but, being oaks, these failed to obtain them. Their conversational notes over their nest-building is a delightful spring sound to those who have known it from infancy, and always justifies the meaning of the riddle that declare them the wisest of birds. What a sight

they are, walking about in spring sunshine in their intensely black glossy coats, so shining as to reflect the sun into glancing brightness, every now and then one giving a little sapient croak, while their sentinel sits aloft upon a tree ready to give warning at sight of a man with a gun, which he is perfectly able to distinguish from a harmless stick! Then watch one changing his place. The broad black wings lift him by a flap or two, but, when about to alight, he sails on with them outspread and motionless, and the two claws held up, till near the ground he puts them out, closes his wings and begins his walk, seldom a hop, as he searches for the grubs of cockchafers and daddylonglegs.

A note from the sentry will raise a black cloud, to hurry away through the sky. There are detached colonies in almost every park where elms grow, but in the winter the rooks seem to have a season. About the end of October or beginning of November the different parties from various regions all collect over some favourite wood and there roost, after numerous gyrations in the air, and a loud cawing and calling to one another. 'The rooks are come' is a joyful announcement to the old friends who know and love them, and it is really a wonderful sight to watch them wheeling round and round, the more distant so far off as to be the merest black specks, coming nearer and nearer, while the incessant caws are heard in every degree of sound. After they have gradually settled in the trees, the firing of a gun raises a marvellous outcry, rush of wings, and renewed wheelings, till they subside again for the night. In February they separate to their regular haunting-places, and only the permanent inhabitants remain.

To some it has been given to behold a parliament of rooks, all upon some open space, generally of down, where, in curious resemblance of the human kind, they congregate, and, at least apparently, hold consultation. Sometimes a downcast, drooping criminal or two may be guarded in a corner till sentence is received, when the rest of the community fall on the unfortunates and despatch them. It is reported that condign punishment has been seen to follow stealing sticks from other people's nests, also that enterprising couples building in a new tree are banished and persecuted. Mr. Fowler reports a case of this kind, but I know of one which had a happier termination.

The trees within a Cathedral Close had been inhabited from time immemorial, but never those beyond its precincts, until a pair were daring enough to commence a nest on a new tree out-

side the Close. At first the nest underwent the inevitable fate of being pulled to pieces by the old conservatives, but afterwards a council was held on the grass within the Close, all the sable community attending, and their caws sounding like intelligence. Finally—this really is true—a patriarch with white feathers in his poll gave his opinion, and forthwith the new tree was adopted and filled with nests, while one of the old ones was deserted. Moreover this ancient tree was blown down in an ensuing storm! The final incident is melancholy, but vouches, as it were, for the truth of the story. The white-marked senior, who was respected by all the town, fell a victim to one of those wretched beings who carry guns, and cannot see a curious bird without marking it down for slaughter.

Jackdaws are very amusing pets. They are birds of a strong power of attachment to human beings. There was one here which selected the boy who fetched the newspapers for his favourite, and accompanied him wherever he went, whether to the station or the houses where it was left. Afterwards Jack transferred his affections to a girl pupil-teacher. He tapped at her window in the morning, followed her about, sitting on the roof of the school, or peering in at the windows, or even coming on her shoulder when she changed books at the library!

This daw was not vicious, but sometimes a tame one will be the terror of children, and likewise a great thief. I have known one which, in the course of his perquisitions in a cottage, was accidentally shut up in a drawer, but obtained his release by calls of 'Mother!' in the voice of one of the children. He was also wont to pick up a pen, and, as it was said by his admirers, to use it on the adjacent paper. Jack is a very pretty bird, quaint with his grey head, quick blue eye, and trim black plumage, and seen most to advantage in old towers—as Vincent Bourne, translated by Cowper, says:—

> 'A great frequenter of the Church,
> Where, Bishop-like, he finds a perch,
> And dormitory too.'

—which unfortunately was too often true of the easy-going Episcopate of Cowper's day.

But he is a voracious creature, and will kill and eat young birds when he can. Indeed at Exeter he has been seen throwing poor little daws out of the tower and murdering them on the grass with vehement squawking. Let us hope for the sake of

daw nature that the parents were defending them against the aggressors. Daws, or caddoes, their old name, are said to have driven out the Cornish chough. They seem to like to consort together, but apparently have not the public spirit of the rooks.

But though this is a long chapter, I cannot leave the crow-kind without a tender reminiscence of the delight and terror of my younger days, our old Magpie. He was brought from the nest, and speedily grew up very handsome and extremely clever. His head was jetty black, his breast and part of his wings pure white, the long feathers of his wings metallic blue, his tail of the metallic green of a cock's feathers, and he kept himself spotlessly and brilliantly clean and fresh, ever after the time when he established his release from his wicker-cage, by constantly undoing any complication which fastened the door. He also untied and overthrew his cup of water, and as the fragments were generally held up to him by the maids with an exclamation of 'Mag, you rascal!' he learnt to make the same observation in triumph, as soon as the smash was effected. One wing was clipped, and he was then free of the lawn and house, for he would come in at any open window on the ground floor, and hop upstairs on predatory expeditions. He was to be seen on the window-sill with a thimble on the end of his beak, or any other small article easy of transportation, which he would bury in some of his hoards. Once when a segment of wedding-cake had been left on the table, while we accompanied some visitors to the end of the garden, it was missing on our return. Mag's voice, however, was heard on the rail at the top of the attic stairs going through the triumphant performance with which he was wont to celebrate his most daring feats of mischief.

'Mag — poor Mag! Mag, you rascal! Master Collins! Harriet!' Repeated squeaks like a wheel-barrow, then a fit of coughing, a loud laugh, and finally an original chatter and scream. On pursuing him, there was a grand treasure-trove, not only the cake reduced to crumbs, but candle-grease, a thimble, and various other purloined commodities.

There stood on the lawn a very tall old apple-tree, loaded at the top with ivy. Close to this was a pink thorn, and just below a large Portugal laurel. The ivy was Mag's chosen roosting-place, and about sunset he began to make his way up from the ground, through the laurel and thorn. He could come down all at once, though he could not fly upwards, and his pan of water being kept below, he used to proclaim his descent by wheel-

barrow squeaks till the dish was filled, when he bathed, and, if possible, spread himself out, an absurd spectacle, in the sunshine to be dried. There was, year after year, a nut-hatch's nest about four feet from the ground, in a hole in the trunk of the apple-tree, and to rob this nest was his desire. The hole was smooth and inaccessible from below, so he used to take the trouble of mounting his ladder again and creeping down, branch by branch, to some long loose trails of ivy which waved nearly over the nest, and by which he tried to swing himself to the hole; but he uniformly slipped off, fell down, and then stood on his dish, squeaking and chattering in fury.

He was a tyrant on the lawn, pecking the heels unprotected by boots, and never suffering certain polyanthuses to be touched. Only two persons were exempt from his attacks—his little master and one of the maids, on whose shoulder he would sit and drink tea out of her spoon. Once when two girl visitors arrived, somewhat overdone with the long journey, and not able to rise early the next day, shrieks were heard from their room, and the wicked bird was found dancing about on their counterpane, and making vicious dabs at any finger or eye which emerged for a moment.

A friend presented us with a second magpie, which had long been in a cage, and had rubbed off his tail, whence he was known as Stumptail, or Stump, long after the next season of liberty had repaired the loss. Even then he was never quite so handsome as old Mag, and he must have had less brain, for his head was flat instead of round, and he was not nearly so clever, though his moral character might be higher, for he was neither thievish nor spiteful, though sometimes there was a combat between the two birds when old Mag disinterred his hoards.

Stump took a violent attachment to one of our young lady visitors. He was at her window in early morning, looked in at her all day, and followed her about out of doors. When she went away, he took to village life—could be seen in the school playground in the midst of a circle of children, as if he were teaching a class, and strayed further and further, till at last some stranger threw a stone which killed him.

If I remember right, these wanderings did not begin till after the death of the beloved old Mag, which was strangely occasioned by his running under the feet of his young master, who was jumping off a step, and came down with his full weight on the poor bird's head.

There was an endeavour some thirty years later to revive the

magpie delights, but the later one was by no means equal to the former beauties. It never kept itself smart and clean. One day I said to it: 'Oh, Mag, why don't you wash? What a figure you are!' It obeyed me too literally, for its body was found floating on the top of a tub of hot water, where some clothes had been put to soak.

November has two noted days. Of course we—

'Remember, remember,
The Fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot.
There can be no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.'

Here we have nothing specially characteristic, only the bonfire, which, unluckily, in dry seasons, often leads to the burning of a great deal of furze. There is no carrying about of Guy, nor do the boys, as in Devonshire, sing—

'The Pope, the Pope!
Up the ladder and down the rope.'

A French traveller in England, in the seventeenth century, records bonfires on St. Brice's night, in memory of the massacre of the Danes on the 13th of November. Could he have confused this with the Gunpowder Plot, or did this absorb St. Brice?

As boys will not be baulked of their saturnalia, the authorities of Winchester have wisely devised a sort of pageant and procession, ending with fireworks, which keeps them out of mischief.

One of the many Saints Clement—probably the one who is mentioned in the Epistle to the Philippians—has his feast on the 23rd of November. Legend declares that he was thrown into the sea with an anchor fastened to him. Thereby he became the patron of forgers of anchors, and thence of blacksmiths, who have never ceased to hold a festival on his day. It used to be a grand affair in London, and here it is still honoured by the smiths exploding gunpowder on their anvils. In a neighbouring village they have a dinner, at which a curious legend is read of Solomon inviting all the workmen of the Temple to a banquet, but omitting the blacksmiths till they proved their claim by showing the bolts and bars they had made, when they were admitted, but washed clean!

In 'Great Expectations,' Joe Gargerry sings a song at his forge where every verse ends with 'Old Clem'—another survival; but I never came in for more than the bangs upon the anvil!

# CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCCI.

1746.

### CULLODEN.

CHARLES was in Scotland again, not devoid of hope of maintaining his cause in that kingdom. It was not encouraging, however, to find the town of Dumfries actually illuminated for his own supposed defeat.

He imposed on it a fine of £2000, and only obtaining £1100, carried off the Provost as security for the remainder. Thence he went on to Glasgow, but that city had been always hostile to him, and a pistol was fired at him in the Salt Market. A requisition to refit the army was unwillingly obtained from the trading city, and Charles went on to Stirling, arriving on the first day of 1746. Edinburgh had made up its mind not to admit him as before, and the English army was fast advancing on him, while the old Castle of Stirling was garrisoned against him by General Blakeney, an experienced officer, and he resolved to besiege it. There were alarms of a French descent on the south of England, and the Duke of Cumberland had been summoned to take measures against it. Marshal Wade had broken down under the winter fatigues; and the General appointed to the command of the English army in Scotland was Henry Hawley, who thirty years previously had served in the battle of Sheriff Muir. The appointment was a great mistake, for he was an incapable person, and was much disliked for his harsh and cruel temper. The first thing he did on arriving at Edinburgh was to have two gibbets erected, in readiness for any unfortunate rebels who might fall into his hands. He carried executioners with him for the same purpose, and from his resemblance to Judge Jeffreys, his nick-name was the Chief Justice. When Lord John Drummond, who was actually an officer in the French army, wrote to propose an

exchange of prisoners, he burnt the letter, and told the messenger that he made no terms with rebels.

The Duke of Perth was conducting the siege of Stirling Castle, with a French engineer, who was so unintelligent as to place his battery on the strongest side of the castle, where there was nothing but rock to be fired at, and where his people were exposed to the cannon above. Charles was protecting the siege, and was at Bannockburn, when Hawley reached Falkirk, both places memorable in Scottish history, and only nine miles apart. Hawley was full of derision of poor Sir John Cope, and declared that it was impossible that Highlanders could stand against steady regiments, and he had 8000 regular troops, about equal numbers with those of the Prince.

But 'are ye waking yet?' might have been applied to him more suitably than to Cope, for on the 17th of January, when there was nothing but the rough heather moor of Torwood between the armies, he was enjoying a hospitable meal at Callender House, where Lady Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the Prince's army, did her utmost to entertain him too agreeably to let him remember his command.

Indeed, he actually said that the Highlanders would flee at the very sight of his army, whereas they were drawn up awaiting his attack, and had twice sent reconnoitring parties to see whether there were any movement in his camp. Seeing none, about mid-day, Charles decided on an attack. His army crossed the river Carron, and made a circuit to avoid the bog of Falkirk, and were seen advancing from the west by an officer, Captain Teesdale, who had climbed a tree and used a telescope.

'Where's the General? What's to be done? We have no orders!' was the cry; but at last Hawley galloped hastily up, cursing and swearing.

There was a mound in the midst of the rough heather of the moor, and the beginning of the battle was a sort of race, the Highlanders on one side and the English troops on the other, each striving to be the first to gain it; but there was a heavy shower of sleet and hail beating against the English, and the Highlanders were the swifter and won the hill. The two armies drew up, Charles standing in the rear of the second line on a rising ground, still called Charlie's Hill. Lord George Murray commanded the right, Lord John Drummond the left wing. Hawley's men were likewise in two lines, and behind was a reserve of Argyle's Campbells and the Glasgow volunteers. His guns

were stuck in a bog in the rear, but the Jacobites had no artillery with them, so all was equal in that respect.

Colonel Ligonier was commanded to charge with the dragoons, two regiments being the very men who had fled at Preston Pans. The Macdonalds and Frazers waited till they were close upon them, then fired, with such deadly effect that the first line fell, and the others, wheeling about in terror and confusion, got entangled in the bogs, and there the Highlanders came up with them and cut them down remorselessly. One of these, many years later, told Sir Walter Scott that it was like slicing bacon!

Lord George Murray tried to keep the Macdonalds from breaking their ranks; but their excitement was too much for him. They loaded their pieces, rushed upon the two regiments of infantry beyond, and when their muskets had been fired, dropped them, and fought furiously with their claymores. The storm of wind and hail fell on their backs, but full in the faces of the English, who gave way before their furious assault.

To the right, however, the royal troops stood firm and repulsed their assailants, who had begun to break and hurry away, when Charles, descending from the hill, rallied them and forced the English to retreat. One part of the army hardly knew what the other was about. Lord John Drummond, seeing the English regiment, called Scots Royal, flying, exclaimed, 'These men behaved admirably at Fontenoy; this must be a feint!' He hesitated to pursue them, and waited till a message came from the Prince, showing that the victory was won. Charles, in heavy rain, entered Falkirk by torchlight on that winter's evening, while Hawley rode all night to Edinburgh, having left four hundred killed and wounded at Falkirk, many of them officers. He consoled himself by making examples of his runaway soldiers, many of whom were hung on the gibbets erected in the streets in preparation for the rebels. About a hundred prisoners were left in the hands of the Jacobites. One, an Irishman, was heard observing, 'By my troth, if Charlie goes on in this way, Prince Frederick will never be King George!'

The Jacobites had lost about a hundred and twenty men. The Highlanders spent the night in stripping the slain so effectually that in the morning the bodies looked, from a distance, like a flock of sheep on the hillside. There was no means of preventing such barbarity in the undisciplined army, and, on the other hand, the English soldiers took pains utterly to destroy the fine old palace of Linlithgow, where they had been quartered, and which

remains to this day a blackened ruin. Charles did not pursue, for many of the clansmen went off to dispose of their plunder, and the others were in a tumultuous state in the flush of victory.

One of the prisoners was Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, once famous, but now best known by the oft-recited piece:—

> 'My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills
> My father feeds his flock.'

He was witness from a window to a curious scene, when a soldier, in English regimentals and the black Hanoverian cockade, strolled into the street, and Lord Kilmarnock, directed by the Prince, hurried up to him, knocked off his hat, and trampled on the cockade. Two sets of Highlanders rushed out—one to take the soldier's part, the other that of Kilmarnock—and there was vehement shouting in Gaelic until a Highland officer, who could speak English, acted as interpreter, and explained that the soldier was a Cameron who had enlisted before the war and deserted to his clan. They had insisted on his coming in thus in full regimentals, and the officer himself held that only Lochiel himself had a right to relieve him of his cockade.

Unfortunately, when one of the Macdonalds of Keppoch was examining a captured musquet, it went off, and mortally wounded Colonel Æneas Macdonald, the second son of the chief of Glengarry. His clan demanded life for life, and though with his last breath the victim exonerated the poor man, and though the Prince strove hard to pacify them, it was deemed expedient to let him die; and it was said to be fortunate that both alike were Macdonalds, or the camp might have been more fatally divided. Charles went to Bannockburn, and Lord George Murray tried to carry on the siege of Stirling Castle in a most ineffective manner.

The tidings of the battle of Falkirk reached the English Court and filled it with consternation, though there was leisure to laugh at an old peer who, in the confusion of his mind, addressed Sir John Cope as General Hawley.

The fear of a French invasion was over, and the Duke of Cumberland, who laid all the disaster on Hawley's want of discipline, hurried off to Scotland with the utmost speed of horses, and reached Edinburgh on the 30th of January. He was not absolutely cruel, and he put an end to Hawley's executions of his own soldiers; but he had a fierce and bitter determination

to stamp out the Jacobite party, and carried it out so as to leave an indelible bloodstain on a name that would otherwise have been honourable. He only stayed thirty hours at Edinburgh before pushing on towards Stirling with Hawley and the Earl of Albemarle.

In the meantime, Lord George Murray and the other experienced officers had become convinced that the siege of Stirling was hopeless, and held a conference, the result of which was that they sent a memorial to the Prince, signed also by Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, and several other chiefs, representing that it would be madness to await a battle where they were, with so many of the Highlanders continually drifting away to their homes; whereas, if they retreated to the mountain fastnesses, they would be able to collect a much larger force in the spring.

Charles, who was in full expectation of a battle and victory, was terribly dismayed. He struck his head against the wall, crying, 'Have I lived to see this?' He sent Sheridan to argue the point with the officers; but they were quite decided on the necessity of the retreat, and he submitted with the same despondency as at Derby.

The heavier cannon were spiked and the powder exploded, the latter with so little precaution that several people were killed and the church of St. Ninian's destroyed. Charles, as before, would not exert himself to give orders, and thus the retreat became a scene of confusion. The army broke up into several different bodies, which did not unite again for several weeks, but met at length at Inverness.

This place had been fortified with a ditch and palisade, and was held for King George by Lord Loudon with 2000 men, and among them the chief of Clan Macintosh, whose castle of Moy, about ten miles off, Charles occupied with the goodwill of the lady, who called up the clan, and rode at the head of her following in a man's bonnet, with pistols at her saddle-bow. Lord Loudon tried to surprise the place by night and capture the Prince; but five or six Macintoshes, detecting the approach, hid themselves among the trees, and fired from such different quarters, that the attacking party thought the whole army was on them, and hastily retreated, so that their flight was called the Rout of Moy.

In the morning Charles marched on Inverness; and Loudon, on the news, transported himself and his men across the Moray

Firth; but he was pursued by Lord Cromarty, and forced to disperse his army. However, Cromarty himself was seized in Dunrobin Castle by the Sutherlandshire militia and made prisoner.

Charles was baffled in trying to take Fort William, and his army, cooped up in the mountains in February, began to suffer. Ships on the way from France with treasure were either taken or driven back; his money failed him, and he was forced to pay his soldiers in rations of meal; but even these sometimes failed, and a few leaves of raw cabbage were eagerly eaten as a prize.

To the support of the English came Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel, with some German troops; but, as these had been placed under parole not to fight against England for a year, Lord John Drummond, who held a commission in the French army, sent a protest against their being employed in active service, and they were accordingly sent to garrison towns further south, and thus enable the troops occupying them to come to the front. The Duke was at Aberdeen, and was expected to spend the winter there, but he hastily pushed on, and Lord John Drummond found it vain to attempt to defend the fords of the Spey against him.

Soon he was at Nairn, almost face to face with the Stewart force, near enough for skirmishing at the outposts. Charles had hurried up from Inverness, and slept at Culloden House, belonging to President Forbes, while his troops used the heather for bedding and fuel, and felt bitterly cold, as well as full of anxiety for their best regiments—those of Cluny, Lovat, and Cromarty had not been able to join them—and they were greatly outnumbered by the English, who were carousing at Nairn in honour of the Duke of Cumberland's birthday.

Charles called a Council of War, and in it Lord George Murray proposed to make a night march and surprise the Duke's army in their camp. The Prince sprang up, embraced him, and declared it was the plan in his own mind. Orders were instantly given, the watchword was 'King James the Eighth,' and the heather was fired, but unfortunately many of the hungry soldiery had strayed into Inverness to get food, and, when the officers tried to hunt them up, they declared that they might be shot, but they would not starve.

Much time was thus lost, and it was not till eight o'clock that matters were in readiness, Lord George leading the first column and the Prince the second. It was very dark, the way was heavy and marshy, the guides were bewildered, and it was two in the

morning before the first column was at Kilravock, four miles from the English camp. Lord George thought it vain to attempt a surprise before daylight. The Prince sent a message that he wished the onset to be made, but left the decision to Lord George, who thereupon felt justified in retreating, and returned with his disappointed troops to Drummossie Moor, better known by its other fateful name of Culloden ; and there they waited, hungry and exhausted, for even the Prince himself had nothing better than a little bread and whiskey. Lord George thought it would be wiser to retreat to Nairn, where the ground would be far more inaccessible to the enemy; but the Prince was determined on an immediate battle, and the men were drawn out in two lines to await the advance of the English.

The Duke of Cumberland, who had real military talent and resource, had drawn up his men in three lines, with cavalry on each side, and two cannon between each regiment in the front. Likewise, to avoid merely thrusting against the Highland target, he directed his men to strike, not at the person opposite, but against him who fronted his right-hand comrade. He likewise made a spirited speech, bidding those to retire who might have kinsmen among their adversaries whom they were reluctant to attack, or whose hearts were not in the matter, saying he would rather have a thousand determined men at his back than ten thousand lukewarm.

Shouts and cries of 'Flanders! Flanders!' answered him. It was nearly one o'clock, and he was asked if the troops might not dine before the attack, but he answered that they would fight more actively without. 'Remember what a dessert they got at Falkirk,' he said. But they were different men, and he was a different leader from what there had been at Falkirk.

In the cannonade which began the battle the Jacobites suffered far more than the royal army ; Charles, as he rode along his lines, was covered by the earth thrown up by a ball, and his servant was killed. After this he stood, as he had done before, on a hill behind the second line.

The first, under Lord George Murray, rushed forward with an impetuosity that as usual broke the foremost regiments, but, foreseeing this, the Duke had strengthened his second line, who stood firm, pouring in their shot so as to disorder the Highlanders, and at the same time the other royal troops closed in and drove back the clans, with terrible loss. Lochiel was wounded and carried off the field, and all was confusion. The Macdonalds

were affronted at not having led the charge, and would not stir, though Keppoch threw himself in front, making a desperate charge, expecting them. Their sullen pride still held them back, though they saw him fall, exclaiming, 'My children have forsaken me!'

The Macintoshes, who charged in front of them, were broken, and came running back upon them, when the whole body fell back together in disorder, pursued by the English dragoons, till these were checked by the fire of Charles's Irish brigade. General Hawley's troops in the meantime broke down the wall where the main line was drawn up, killing any that opposed them, and parties of the Highlanders were beginning to go off the field.

The day was lost; Charles said something of rushing down to rally the Highlanders, and Lord Elcho rode up headlong and implored him to do so; but Sheridan and others were vehement in protesting against his throwing away his life in a desperate charge, and while he was still hesitating it was too late, the whole scene was of rout and confusion. Sheridan and O'Sullivan seized the Prince's rein and turned him away, and Lord Elcho, a fierce and violent man, swore a bitter oath at the Italian coward, on whose face he said he would never look again, but he did not persist in this.

All was lost, colours, arms, baggage and all. The troops who retained some remains of order reached Inverness, and there surrendered. Another body made its way to Ruthven; but almost every man who had a home in Scotland hurried away to return thither, and if overtaken was ruthlessly slain. The wounded were cruelly treated. Twenty were burnt in one farm-house, and the savage brutality with which all were used shocked every beholder. It was pretended in excuse that an order, in Lord George Murray's handwriting, to give no quarter, had been found; but this was never produced, and was utterly at variance with the entire behaviour of Charles or his generals. Lord George was at Ruthven, trying to rally the remnant of the army, only twelve hundred, and those continually melting away, and presently he received a message from the Prince, thanking him and the rest for their zeal and affection, and desiring each to do what was best for his own safety.

# STROLLING PLAYERS.

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

### CHAPTER XXV.

### TABLEAUX.

'And gorgeous dames and statesmen bold
In bearded majesty appear.'—GRAY.

'CAN you drive, Bessie?' asked Lady Florence, who had quite adopted 'Mesa' as a relation. 'Yes? Well, will you drive my ponies in? I find that I am wanted to go in state in one of the Castle carriages, and the fortunate spectators are to meet us at the Town Hall. Whom will you take, Miss Dorset?'

'Thank you, if I am to choose, I should like to have Agnes Willingham. She is an old friend whom I knew at Coalham.'

'Is not there something in the wind there? I know I ought to know nothing about it, but things do get into the air, especially when there is a substratum of girls.'

'Something there was, but I am not sure what it amounts to. I want to make out, and this is my best chance of a private interview. What do you think of her?'

'Very pretty. A nice quiet depressed girl she seems to me.'

Bessie was getting desperate, for the intervening day had been one of the most vehement preparation. Every one seemed to be rushing about between Raynham and Rotherwood, trying scenes, rehearsing tableaux, adapting or trying costumes. Lewis and Juliet, though at first disposed to reserve themselves for the strictly specified engagements, and to despise everything else, had been drawn into the whirl, and were chiefly employed in

training the few and far between stars of Raynham to stand still and not turn their backs on the spectators. Agnes had been called on for unexpected songs, and had to get them up, whenever she was not looking after the costumes, and besides all the available lady's maids, the young ladies supposed themselves to be working, and ending with the performance of Murther in Irish in the Orangery, to all the neighbouring town and parish, with unqualified success.

And now on the great day itself, Agnes found herself seated beside Bessie in the low carriage with the two tiny grey ponies, with black manes and tails, trotting merrily before them.

'You only have to sing this time,' began Bessie.

'Unless I have to be one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies,' said Agnes. 'I believe that can only be settled after we get there.'

'To the female mind all this tableaux business has been far too much hurried, but things have a wonderful power of shaking themselves into order at last,' said the future maiden queen. 'I only trust that I shall not suddenly find myself required to dance disposedly to a little fiddle.'

Agnes laughed faintly, then said, in an anxious, hesitating tone, as if she were feeling her way: 'I did not think you would have done it, though I know you do not think those things quite so wrong.'

'Ah! You are thinking of our last talk.'

'I have been thinking of it ever since,' returned Agnes, 'and longing for another opportunity. I little thought then how serious a matter it was, and how hypocritical you must have thought me.'

'That I could never do,' said Bessie. 'I could quite see that you might not feel it possible or proper to stand out against your family in a matter which is not of absolute right or wrong.'

'You do think so?' asked Agnes, earnestly.

'Everything of that indifferent kind is right or wrong as it is taken up. Don't you see, it makes all the difference what you act, with whom, and why, and again what effect it has on you.'

'I see that. I have said it to myself a thousand times, but it is such a comfort to hear it said by some one else, especially by you.'

'And surely the what, who, why, and how cannot be better than in your case.'

'No, I suppose not. Lewis and Selva would never let us act anything unsuitable; indeed, they had a fight about it with some

people once—but then the more professional we got, the more difficult it became to stave off such things.'

'I should like very much to know what is your general impression of the whole thing?'

'Personally, I must tell you that I hate it more and more, so that I am not such a fair judge as any of the others might be, and I can't act well either, and never shall, in spite of all Mr. Burnet's coaching; but for the rest, I have come to think both better and worse of it since I have seen it nearer.'

'I suppose that it is so with every profession in the world. How better?'

'Since I have come to know Mr. Burnet, and watched my cousin Juliet, I have seen that it is, or can be, a great deal more than just the frivolous amusement I thought it before. I see that when they throw themselves into a good and noble part, they are really trying to understand and interpret a great mind, and it raises them up somehow. There is a great deal more in Juliet now than only being stage-struck; and you will laugh—but you can't think how it has raised the tone of that boy, Dolph.'

'I can understand that,' said Bessie, thoughtfully. 'It is the inner, higher spirit of art.'

'But then there are a good many more to whom it is just a trade and way of living, and would hardly know what putting a soul into their parts meant, except so far as it ensured success,' continued Agnes.

'I see, it is the same as with my own line. One gets gleams of an endeavour to show forth the truly high and noble; and work out something elevating, and then the main body of the work is just to put honest labour into it, succeed, and to do no harm, and sacrifice nothing to desire of popularity.'

'You understand exactly,' said Agnes. 'There's the best side, together with the education in exactness and expression, and all the drilling. But then there's a harmful sort of excitement, and a depending on admiration, and a temptation to say and do risky things, and, oh, gulfs and gulfs that one has heard of, but never looked at! Even this did not show me till things came out in the chatter of an actor's daughter whom we met at Clarebridge. Once, too, even in acting in a private house! Oh, so unlike this, we met with so much that was detestable, that Lewis decided on taking this theatre for a month, so as to have it his own way.'

'And are you indispensable?'

'Well, I'm the only one who can sing; and if they had not me, they must have a professional lady, who would have to be paid, and might be horrid.'

'I see! I do most sincerely feel for you in it all, but I think you might, perhaps, take it straightforwardly as a duty—as, for instance, Fanny Kemble seems to have done.'

'Ah! she was a real success, and felt every one depending on her, which must have made it easier. Now I am only a very bad stop-gap; besides, what has been very sore to me, I have had to give up all my little attempts at helping the good works in the parish, just, too, as I was going home full of plans from Coalham.' And her eyes filled with tears.

'Poor child,' said Bessie, 'you have gone through a great deal!'

'There!—I have never been able to have out a good grumble,' said Agnes, smiling, though the tears developed into drops; 'and it is a real comfort.'

'It must be very trying where no one enters into your real trouble, and the conscientious difficulty,' said Bessie; 'but, indeed, I think you may put that aside as things stand. To refuse your brother would have been worse than to consent, and, having Agnes, it would be well not to go on always *à contre cœur*.'

'Oh, thank you! You don't know how glad I am that you don't think of it as they all do at Coalham!'

'Do they?' ventured Bessie.

'Oh, yes, indeed!'

'Did you never explain all these motives to Alice Wharton?'

'No; perhaps I was too proud; and I knew they would blame Lewis. And'—then bursting out suddenly and eagerly with what had been kept back all this time—'oh, would you tell me how Mr. Harry Merrifield is?'

'I should think he was nearly, if not quite, well,' said Bessie. 'You know, I suppose, that the offer of the living at Beechcroft has gone out to him?'

'Yes,' said Agnes, shortly, 'I know that much; but please tell me—I can't ask any one else—was all this my fault?'

'A good deal more his own, I should say. If a man goes to sleep under a tree in a thunderstorm, and then rushes home wet through, in an excursion train, he has every reason to have an inflammation on the lungs.'

'Ah! Reports about it have been another of these troubles.

I cannot feel that he was rightly treated; I was angry at the tone he took about my brother, and Lewis came down on him without understanding——'

'That he was impetuous, and did not take any of you by the right end,' said Bessie, smiling.

'Everybody was impetuous, I think,' said Agnes, sighing.

'Well,' said Bessie, speaking with a sense of being very conscientious, 'probably, after all this, he will come back, as my brother David says, much more of a man. I hope you will put all that is past out of your head. Let it be as if it had never been.'

'I thought,' said Agnes, looking straight before her, and making her voice rigid, 'that the living would never have been offered to him unless it had been thought that all *that* was over.'

'Never mind. That's all nonsense! I don't believe Mr. Mohun knew anything about it,' said Bessie. 'You need not think about that part of the affair at all. It is not as if you were enamoured of the stage like your cousin! See! there is the Beechcroft carriage'—as a well-loaded waggonette swept past them, and nods and smiles were exchanged. Indeed, so many vehicles began to crowd the way, that the steerage of the ponies required all her attention; nor was she sorry, for she had done her duty, almost against her will, towards Harry, and, though Agnes seemed to her less eagerly-disposed towards him than she expected, she had little doubt of the effect of the recollection of the generous impulse so ill-requited.

By the time they reached the great iron gates of the churchyard, there was a throng of people and of carriages. They were received by General Mohun and a substantial grey-haired gentleman, who took them up to where his ladies were standing in a reserved place—to tell the truth, within a great iron railing, fencing in a whole family of tombs, but commanding a capital view over the heads of the people in the street below. Agnes saw and shook hands with the dark-eyed girls she had met the night before; also with a very sweet-looking, graceful lady, grey-haired and brown-eyed, who was as anxious as she was to keep on the edges, without treading on the flat grave-stones. As to talking—the bells were pealing overhead in the square tower with a deafening clash, and drums and all sorts of instruments playing 'See the conquering hero comes' in some region below, but coming nearer every minute, and all attempts at speech were perfectly futile; only meditations on the tombs were possible.

Nearer and nearer it came—a rush of little boys and girls with

babies first, then the volunteer band, which stationed itself just below, showing that more noise was possible, then the grey-coated volunteers, when all Agnes's neighbours were employed in recognising somebody—*whom* she did not succeed in hearing; then the Aldermen in their red gowns, and the Mayor in his gorgeous collar—all proceeding up the steps and standing there to receive the arrivals in the carriages. Lord Rotherwood in his Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, looking up and nodding to his cousins above; Lord Ivinghoe as a volunteer; Lady Rotherwood in dark-green velvet; Lady Phyllis in white and swansdown; Lady Florence in black velvet. There were other carriages; but when these grandees had been duly received, the party in the pen were let out, and escorted by the north door to the seats in the crammed church reserved by a rope; and again they had to behold the procession, this time culminating in the Bishop of the diocese. There was a short, joyous service and sermon, after which, everybody was dispersed for luncheon in different parties.

'My dear,' said Lady Merrifield, when they were afterwards on their way to see the dinner to the poor, 'who was that very charming girl who came in Florence's pony carriage with you, and was with us at the vicarage?'

'Agnes Willingham,' said Bessie, with a smile, feeling most dutiful.

'That lady-like, sensible woman. Then I don't wonder! But is she really nice, Bessie? I thought her so reverent and good at church, and all.'

'Indeed, she is as good and self-sacrificing a creature as ever lived.'

That was all there was time for, and Agnes herself was long in arriving at a clear understanding who the lady was who was so kind to her all day. When every one stood on the steps of the Town Hall to admire the trades procession, composed, after the German fashion, of gorgeous waggons with men in dumb show working at their trades—cobblers cobbling, carpenters hammering, printers printing, and the like. Then came the dinner and the speechifying, when the ladies who cared to do so looked on from a gallery; but the corps who were to compose the tableaux had time for a hurried rehearsal and arrangement. To her relief, Agnes found that she was not wanted; there were plenty of candidates for silent parts.

In fact, the tableaux went off better than any one could have

expected, so nearly impromptu as they had to be. Perhaps the most remarkable scenes were those of *Westward Ho!* for Gillian had worked herself up to behold, not so much Amyas, as the wounded hero of Egypt. He on his side, tall, magnificent, and with a certain sailor air, let her lead him in his blindness, while she gazed up in his face with all her enthusiasm in her looks, and oblivious that he could, and probably did, see under his eyelashes. With her long dark hair down, she took every one by surprise by her freshly-developed beauty and expression, and the thunders of applause exceeded all except those for the actual impersonations of the Queen and the local heroes.

The various persons responsible breathed freely as the curtain at length fell, and on the urgent entreaty of the Mayor and Mayoress, the whole company and their belongings assembled round an irregular standing feast of viands and beverages of all kinds in the hall where the dinner had been, and there was a very joyous clang of tongues, and many peals of laughter, but again George Buckley felt a curious sense of isolation. The others all seemed at perfect ease with each other, except indeed the poor little Amy of the piece, but Lady Phyllis was talking to her and making her laugh. Being elevated by a glass or two of champagne, he thought it worth while to make his way to her and jocosely compliment her. 'My Countess,' he said, 'you made me feel like a recreant knight. You acted your part to admiration. Were those really natural tears?'

It was just what Amy did not want to be reminded of; she was an unformed little thing, conscious of having gone beyond her powers, and she only murmured an inaudible 'I don't know.'

Lady Phyllis began rapidly to say how successful the scene had been of the Mayor receiving the charter, to which Mr. Buckley replied, 'Well, yes, in its way; but it is always a pity that mixture of ranks, though no doubt in this case it could not be helped.'

Of course he had forgotten who Amy was, and before she had finished her ice and Phyllis could get her out of the way, he had added, 'Rather a joke not to have Amy and Leicester; did the good old wallflowers object?'

There was so much laughter around that George thought a jest quite *selon les règles;* but Lady Phyllis answered coldly: 'Two scenes were quite enough! Come, Miss Rowden, we will look for my mother,' and walked away.

George found himself *vis-à-vis* with Juliet, and exclaimed, 'Vere de Vere' in a tone of mortification.

Juliet bit her tongue to keep it from saying, 'No wonder, if such were the yeoman's manners,' and George Buckley continued—

'One does not expect to be treated as a mere professional after all their soft sawder.'

'Speak for yourself,' she returned.

'Ah! that is just what I am longing to do,' he said. 'You know it, Juliet, if you would only let me.'

'Never!' said Juliet, in a tone of repressed indignation. 'You ought to know better than to think of such a thing. Let me pass, Miss Dorset is looking for me.'

The very words Miss Dorset, instead of 'My aunt' showed the gulf between them; but neither Juliet nor Agnes gave a hint to one another of the crisis that this day had seemed to bring to each.

The following intensified the impressions of the tableau day, Agnes was more affectionately treated, Ernley Armitage and the Major were asked to shoot at Beechcroft the first day they could be spared, and George Buckley felt the more furious, Juliet kept successfully out of his way, and Selva won the affection of Lady Phyllis and her cousin Mysie Merrifield.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS.

'NOW then, hold up your heads. Move with dignity, yet with an air of enjoyment. Remember you are the guests of a great nobleman, and rise to the situation!'

'We have had plenty of opportunities of studying the manners of a nobleman's guests, Mr. Farquharson, as you are doubtless aware. There is no stiffness——'

'Shut up, Buckley—your place is right centre—if you go left you upset the whole thing. Hullo, Burnet, you're a welcome sight! Can you make the thing look less like a funeral on a wet day?'

Mr. Farquharson had been putting the whole company, supers and all, through their paces in the great banqueting scene, which had always hitherto been a woeful failure. Very few minutes

remained before it was necessary to dress for the performance, and Clarence appeared on the scene in the midst of the foregoing agreeable conversation.

'Leave the front clear for the masquers,' cried Mr. Farquharson. 'Mr. Buckley, you cannot conceive that the Count Paris was close by when Romeo and Juliet were exchanging their first salute. Efface yourself, sir, in good time.'

'There's no more time to spend on it,' said Clarence; 'we must do the best we can. How are you, Buckley? Is that front there all right?'

'Perfectly right,' said George; '*I* understand it.'

'How has it all gone off?' asked Clarence, approaching Juliet for a word of greeting. 'I see in the papers that the tableaux were a great success.'

'Oh! the tableaux were a brilliant muddle,' said Juliet. 'It was rather jolly, but I didn't really do the ballad well. When I said—

> '"My childhood's faith I still will keep,
> I do not fear to die,"

I said it as if I was angry, and scolded them. That was quite wrong. Of course they applauded—they applauded *every* one! But is *Raymond Rivers* a success?'

'I don't know. My uncle and the author don't agree. I think it ought to be a fine thing, but I've only blocked it out as yet——'

'Come, Juliet, it's quite time to dress. You will keep every one waiting,' said Miss Dorset, bearing down upon this exchange of confidences—and Clarence, with a start, turned to the business in hand. He had but just come from his other rehearsal, and had had no time to get some food at the station as he had intended. However, that must wait till supper-time.

There was a very full house; many of the race-week visitors had already arrived; and the performances of 'As You Like It,' and the festivities at Rotherwood had excited much attention. The shabby little theatre looked quite brilliant. Behind the scenes all was bustle and excitement; in that most unconventional company, every one did a little of everything, consequently it was never quite certain that anything would be done by any one. As soon as Clarence had dressed himself in the dark velvet suit in which it was his taste to play Romeo, he had to see that the 'street in Verona' was properly set. It was much more like a

street in Clarebridge itself, but George Buckley had really touched it up with some skill, and was now pointing out his improvements in a loud blustering tone, which caused Clarence to look at him sharply, and answer him briefly—

'All right; very good! Take it easy!'

He started as they came off the stage, for there, at the green-room door, stood Juliet, in a dress of soft white silk, quaintly cut and trimmed with gold embroidery, and with a golden girdle round her slender waist. Her rippling, shining hair hung down her back, tied back with pearls, her eager eyes were fixed on his face. Her small slight figure, her simple, absorbed expression gave her the appearance of a child. She looked as if the brook had hardly met the river. How could she realise the passionate daughter of a southern race, the ideal Juliet?

'Will it do? Have I enough rouge?' she said, with a little anxious strain in her clear voice.

'It is quite right,' he said, so gravely that she hardly felt re-assured; but there was no time for more. The overture began, every one had to get into their places, the curtain drew up, and the rival servants began their dispute. Ernley Armytage, in a most splendid dress of his own providing, was a careful Benvolio, and his costume was another thorn in the side of George Buckley, who had only a hired dress for Paris, something the worse for wear. Old Farquharson was the Prince, and the other parts were filled not very much worse than is usual. Clarence Burnet was received with great enthusiasm.

'By Jove,' whispered Lewis to Selva, 'he is a stately fellow; he looks like a Titan, or a gipsy king!'

'Yes, Lewis; I'm afraid he does,' said Selva, with emphasis, as she went off to prepare for her place at the banquet, as the dark-eyed Rosaline. The little white Juliet, with her clear voice and her innocent aspect, had the charm of novelty to old play-goers, and when she stood by the side of her tall dark Romeo the contrast was piquante, if too marked for the ideal pair of lovers. The nurse looked picturesque and spirited, Mercutio had made immense strides since the days of Haldon Castle, and all led smoothly up to the great scene between the lovers. There was no *spectacle* and no advantage of situation, nothing but their own personal beauty and personal skill. Juliet played with an intense earnestness, a serious eagerness, that yet was not quite passion; but the sweetness and refinement of her aspect, the fresh youth of her voice, her simple confidence, came very near

the ideal English maiden plighting her troth, if it did not touch the ideal or 'real' Juliet of Shakespere, while he played with a force and fervour that some of his hearers never forgot.

It was a most incongruous performance. After the beautiful love-scene, the fight in the market-place, the crowds and confusion, was all confusion indeed, and hardly carried through by the efforts of Romeo and Mercutio. Juliet's first scene with the nurse was most successful. It was well done by Miss Anne, and Juliet's coaxing was charming; but the despair and agony, when her brief joy was over, were beyond her mark, and she felt herself to be stiff and inadequate. Her parting with Romeo hardly rose above what some of the ladies truly called 'so pretty'; but afterwards the emotion came more within her scope. She was resolute and defiant, her bewildered surprise at her nurse's treachery was powerfully given, and when she stood alone to fight her own hard battle, there was a forlorn simplicity in the little girlish figure which moved many to tears; while Romeo, as he worked on towards the climax, put more and more emotion into his play. The same feeling of the pathetic loneliness of this childish creature hung round the scene of drinking the potion. Her resolute tones,

'My dismal scene I needs must act alone,'

her timid confidence in the friar's good faith,

'For he has still been tried a holy man,'

were full of point, and, as the great speech concluded, she rose to something like real tragic power, as with the last wild cry, half agony, half rapture, on Romeo's name, she drank the fatal draught and fell back on her bed unconscious.

With an interesting Romeo and Juliet, an amusing nurse, and a spirited Mercutio, British play-goers are usually content. The audience was enthusiastic, Mr. Farquharson triumphant, Lewis gratified, spite of all defects, and the curtain drew up on the banished Romeo in the fifth act with all the company in good spirits. Perhaps the Clarebridge audience hardly knew how powerfully Clarence rendered the rapid changes of Romeo's feelings, but they followed him intently till the scene drew up on a pleasant, cheerful-looking English church, recently restored, with a rural landscape appearing behind the wall of the churchyard. The door of the Capulets' tomb—by which only the congregation could possibly have entered—was defended by realistic bars, which might have represented either an iron grating or a trellis on which to train creepers, and which Romeo proceeded

to apostrophise and attack with a vehemence thrown away on their tremulous supports. It was Clarence's view to play this scene fast, and with violent heart-broken passion, hurrying over his excuses to Balthazar as if hardly knowing their meaning, and making his appeal to Paris to leave him an outcry of deepest despair. He was no believer in 'inspirational acting,' especially in that of George Buckley, and had marked out his situation and action with the greatest exactitude. Buckley came upon him from the wrong side, and tried to lengthen out the duel, so spoiling the effect of Romeo's irresistible passion. Clarence flung him aside, astonished that he did not die at the proper moment, and, as he gave the final blow to the door of the tomb, at which the whole scene ought to have been pulled out of sight, revealing the interior, the whole fabric swayed, the wood and the iron-work on one side of the door was falling inwards. He could have sprung back and avoided it, but, quick as thought, he threw himself before it, and wrenched it back from where Juliet lay, giving it an impetus to one side. Save it he could not, it fell, with half the front scene, right upon him, and threw him forward with a violent effort to check himself right at Juliet's feet.

The other half of the scene drew back as it ought to have done, and the remains of the broken half being dragged out of sight, the audience hardly knew how much of the construction Romeo had intended to destroy, or whether the frightful crash was part of the effect intended.

Juliet, lying with her face turned towards the roof, could see nothing, and was only conscious of a great noise, and a longer pause than she expected before Romeo threw himself down beside her, not exactly in the attitude which she anticipated. He spoke in gasping, passionate whispers. Surely no one but herself would hear him? There were breaks and pauses, then sudden risings and swellings of the sobbing voice—

> 'Eyes look your last!
> Arms, take your last embrace!'

He should have hung over her, gazing into her face, but he only made one desperate effort to raise himself from the ground, and fell with his face against her arm, all the last words unspoken.

She could hardly keep still through the friar's speech, nor recollect the words of her own waking. She hurried on, not knowing what she said; he must, of course, lie still, and as if unconscious, till, as she flung herself upon him, the great black

eyes opened wide and looked into hers, then closed again, as for her ears only, the interrupted speech was finished—

'Thus with a kiss I die!'

Juliet was indeed brief in her conclusion, the dagger did its work, and the curtain fell (according to previous arrangement) as she sank on his breast. She sprang to her feet with a scream that she could no longer repress.

'He is killed—he is dead, really! Oh, what has happened?'

Lewis and the Major rushed forward; the audience outside were clapping and calling.

'Come, Miss Juliet,' said Mr. Farquharson; and, before she knew what he was doing, he had led her before the curtain, and she was receiving a real triumph, with unheeding eyes and ears, hardly able to smile and curtsey, as, in answer to the calls for Romeo, Mr. Farquharson explained that a slight accident prevented Mr. Clarence Burnet from personally thanking them for their kind reception; he hoped to do so on the next performance, which would take place on Monday night. She pulled herself away from the friar and ran back again.

All the lights available were illuminating the *débris* of the tomb of the Capulets. Clarence was lying, partly supported in Lewis's arms, and speaking faintly and confusedly.

'It was too late—was she hurt? Too late to save her——'

'My dear fellow, you did save her. No one is hurt but yourself. Keep still—here, take this. Can you tell us what is amiss?'

'I'm smashed—somehow,' said Clarence, indifferently. 'But you see, Mr. Merrifield showed me how to hold back the spars—oh, where is she?'

'I'm here, Mr. Burnet. Oh, I'm not hurt one bit! But, oh, what has happened to you?'

'Please, sir,' here Dolph interposed breathlessly, 'here's a gentleman in the audience says he's a doctor. Can he do anything?'

A sensible-looking young man, with all his wits about him, now appearing, and Clarence becoming rather more capable of giving an account of himself, it turned out that the heavy staples and woodwork had severely bruised his left shoulder and side, and that, in the effort to throw himself out of the way, he had wrenched his knee violently, and, half-stunned by the blow, had only just had the sense to endeavour to go on with his part. He

turned faint again at the first attempt to raise himself, and the doctor looked grave and said that he must be taken home carefully, when he could tell better what was the extent of the injury.

Dolph supplied the fact that Mr. Burnet's room was on the ground-floor, and close by the theatre; and, while means of conveyance were being arranged under the doctor's directions, Lewis told his ladies to go home, and he would send word as soon as possible how matters were going.

Juliet took off her bridal-dress, and in a maze of bewilderment, hardly knowing which was the play and which was real life, followed the others out into the cool fresh air, back to the Quaking Cottage.

'And what *did* happen?' said Agnes, as they found themselves at last in the little dining-room, with supper on the table, and little heart to eat it.

'What happened!' said Selva. 'Why, George somehow mismanaged the scenery there—it wasn't safe. I saw it happen. I was standing in the wings, and I screamed, though no one heard me, for I saw it all shake and *wobble*, and I thought it would come right down on Juliet, and I called to her to get up; but he gave it some sort of jerk and turned it aside, and it fell and threw him right down. There was an end, I thought, but he staggered up in a minute and flung himself across to Juliet, and went on somehow.'

'Then he saved Juliet's life?' said Agnes.

'Well, he saved her from being hurt, certainly,' said Selva; 'but there, a strong young fellow doesn't mind a few knocks and blows. Sure, he'll be none the worse for it.'

She made an imperative sign as she spoke.

'What do you mean, Selva?' said the obtuse Agnes, while Miss Dorset chimed in—'Oh, yes, I don't suppose it's anything very bad. Come, Jetty, have some wine, and try and eat some supper. You got on splendidly, and made me cry.'

'Oh, it was a grand performance, and we'll all be laughing at our fright to-morrow,' said Selva, when there was a ring, and they all started up as Ernley came in.

'Well,' he said, 'we have got Burnet to bed; he is badly hurt, but there are no bones broken, and the doctor says he can hardly tell yet how much the muscles are strained. It appears that he has had no food all day, which accounts for his state of exhaustion. His landlady seems a good sort of person, and Willingham is

going to stay with him. He's in terrible pain, poor fellow, and hardly yet come to himself.'

'He won't be able to act on Monday,' said Selva.

'Act? No; it's a bad look-out. He'll be laid up for the present. If the tomb had fallen on that fellow Buckley's own head, instead of on Burnet's, it would have served him right, and been less of a public misfortune.'

At this moment there was another arrival—George Buckley, voluble and full of excuses.

'I assure you, Lady Willingham, the front of the tomb was perfectly safe with a little care, and if Rigg had not been such a sulky brute, keeping out of the way because I called him to order—but Burnet's style of acting is so violent, one would think he expected to break down real stonework; and to fight with him is quite dangerous. I've been investigating the causes of the accident, and I'm perfectly certain it's not owing to the support I removed to fix up the canvas with Tybalt's corpse on it, for I replaced that.'

'Oh, now it's accounted for,' said Ernley, bluntly. 'But you'd better go to bed, Buckley; you'll see it differently to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said Selva; 'and if Mr. Burnet is killed, and there's a coroner's inquest upon him, it's you that will have to answer for manslaughter, for I saw the tomb fall on him.'

Juliet had hardly spoken a word. There was no possibility of solitude for her. She could only hurry into bed and hide her face on the pillow, so that her aunt's anxious glances saw nothing but her rippling hair and motionless figure. But her heart beat as if it would burst. In any case, it must have been for her an evening of intense excitement; and now all the passion of the play came over her as if she had never seen or heard it before. Clarence's eyes, in their sudden momentary gaze, had revealed—what? Juliet—himself—herself? She could not think, she could only feel a more intense emotion than she had ever known that all the emotional words which she loved to speak could imply.

'You had better stay in bed, Jetty,' said her aunt the next morning; 'you must be worn out.'

But Juliet sprang up and dressed hurriedly. She must hear the first possible news of him. She came downstairs as Lewis entered, to be assailed at once by eager inquiries.

'Well, no worse, I hope. He is a plucky, unselfish fellow as ever I saw—used to take his luck, and expecting no one to

trouble about him. The first consecutive thing he said was to ask how we could manage; and he says I had better go up at once to town and see Clarke and Musgrave, who might find us some fellow ready for any start. It's the most confounded ill-luck, but it's all we can do.'

'But aren't you going to write to Mr. Burnet's friends?' said Selva.

'He begged me not to tell his uncle till he could say how long he should be laid up. I'm afraid it's a serious matter for him just now. He said there was no occasion to alarm anybody; and when I suggested Lambourne, he looked a little doubtful, but said he thought to-morrow he could write himself. But I shall write; some of his people ought to know. He seems only to want not to give trouble; and said the landlady was a good sort, and had a son who could help him a bit.'

'But you won't,' burst out Juliet.

'Not exactly, Jetty. The Major will look after him while I'm away, or Armytage.'

Here George, who had come in while Lewis was speaking, and to whom nobody had spoken, said—

'I'm sure, Willingham, it was Burnet's own fault.'

'How do you make that out?' said Lewis, shortly, as he began his breakfast.

George began a very long and voluble account of all he had done to the scenery, and how judicious he had been about it, which culminated in the statement that his one and only desire had been to make an effective background for Juliet with the corpse of Tybalt.

'You nearly made a foreground for her with the corpse of Burnet,' said Ernley Armytage, who had just come in.

Juliet burst out laughing. Something in George's face or voice struck her as ludicrous, and her suppressed emotion took this shape. As she found laughter changing into sobs, and her self-command vanishing, she turned and fled upstairs, and locked herself in, while her relations looked at each other and said nothing.

(*To be continued.*)

# Church History Society.

## THE REFORMATION.

### IV.—Formularies and Confessions of Faith.

*Questions for November.*

37. State severally under what influence each of the following were drawn up:—

α. The Ten Articles.
β. The Institution of a Christian Man.
γ. The Six Articles' Law.
δ. The Erudition.

38. Analyse the Ten Articles.

39. Mention any Versions of Holy Scripture in use in this century in England, previous to 1540, with half-a-dozen lines on each, and a longer account of one.

40. Say very shortly what Office-books were in use in England at this time.

Books recommended: Hardwick's *History of the Articles* (George Bell & Sons); Dixon's, Aubrey Moore's, and Perry's *Histories;* and Bishop Barry's *Teachers' Prayer-Book.*

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

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As there are no papers to criticise this month, Bog-Oak has space to say a word to the Members who generally find their names low down on the Class List. She wants them to take courage, and also to feel a little comfort. As far as she knows (where no one's age is asked) they are all younger Members, and very much younger than several of those whose names head the list. This is, of course, a steadily decreasing disadvantage. They will grow older every year, and it may encourage them to know that a prize was gained last year by quite a young Member. Some of the newer Members, perhaps, make their answers a little too short. There is generally enough matter in hand to fill at least three-and-a-half pages of foolscap, even if the six pages are too much to expect. It is very comforting to notice that, without exception, every one who perseveres for a second year is improved—every one, that is, who began with very weak and inadequate papers. The few cases of growing careless and doing worse come from the cleverer Members. It is very seldom, too, that there is nothing good in an answer, though want of space often compels Bog-Oak to appear as a severe and hard critic, pointing out only faults, and not good points. Where an answer is unnoticed it is generally correct as far as it goes, though it may leave something to be desired. The number of really wrong answers is very small, and the number of ridiculously wrong ones so scarce, that Bog-Oak makes the most of them, and thinks new Members really courageous for forgiving the amusement they have caused and going on. 'Let knowledge grow from more to more.'

# The China Cupboard.

## ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 600.)

### *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

### DEBATABLE GROUND.

**Are clubs and evening-classes for working girls desirable in country towns and in the suburbs of London?**

Only two papers, by *Gretchen* and *Mother Carey*, have been sent in on Girls' Clubs, rather to Chelsea China's disappointment, as she thought it would prove a popular discussion. Both are thoroughly in favour of them. *Mother Carey's* is printed. Neither of them, however, touch the point that was in Chelsea China's mind, of places where there are no factories, and where the majority of girls have not altogether unhome-like homes. There will be always a certain number who need the club, but it often proves a great attraction to those who otherwise would stay at any rate about their own street, and leads to a great deal of making acquaintance with amusing girls rather less respectable than themselves, who belong to other parts of the town. Nevertheless, they all want teaching, and amusements, and interests in life, which classes or a club can give them.

The experience of one such club established in a country town has proved so far successful. We had a number of factory girls in their leisure time tearing, rough and hoydenish, through the streets, frequenting public-houses, leading, many of them, disorderly lives—at best, noisy and disagreeable to meet, and untidy to look at. The club was formed, and met at first in a schoolroom lent in the evening. It was thinly attended, and for some time it was most difficult to fix the attention, or to awaken the interest of the girls in any pursuit. They quarrelled over games; they did not care for self-improvement. Sometimes they almost deserted, but there was always a remnant that hung together, and a little ground was gained through personal influence. Later on the energetic lady at the head of the club determined to engage a room specially for the girls, altered the name from 'Factory Girls',' to 'Young Women's Club,' collected subscriptions, and organised the whole on a more enduring basis. A club-room of their very own proved a great attraction. The girls began to take a pride in it, and every evening of the winter months is now planned out by Miss —— and her helpers. There are reading and writing classes, singing classes—always very popular—evenings for needlework, when the girls are shown how to cut out and make

their own garments, recreation evenings, when they have musical drill and dancing. Dancing has been found to answer better than games, as the movement is more orderly and less noisy, while exercise of some kind is very desirable for girls who have been sitting at work all day long.

From time to time entertainments are given by various friends, to which club members are admitted free, and a small fee is charged to outsiders, which has helped in the purchase of a piano. Last year the girls gave an entertainment themselves, which showed at any rate an advance in powers of thought and concentration, and the little discipline and occasional self-sacrifice involved in rehearsals for tableaux and concerts were certainly not without benefit. Perhaps all this may not seem to be of the highest aim, but consider the alternative for these poor girls—an aimless walking up and down the streets, probably in bad company, with the variety of sitting in a public-house drinking. At Christmas there was a Christmas-tree entertainment, and the gifts were generally pretty tasteful little things, such as please all girls, and would encourage them to make their homes attractive and bright. The cheery little mats and tea-cosies really proved a useful bit of training in self-respect. With some of the girls real good has been effected, and the strong bond of union between the 'helpers' and the club members have led to the best results—several girls have been confirmed, and have proved by their altered lives the benefit they have gained. As to the drawbacks. Of course a girl may occasionally spend an evening at the club which might be more kindly employed at home in helping her mother; but if she is well 'in touch' with the principal and her helpers, it would soon be pointed out to her. There is also a slight danger of the girls claiming too much as a right the amusement, instruction, and help that is given them, but of necessity it must be some time before the club can be self-governing.

MOTHER CAREY.

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SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

During the last two years articles on various professions open to women have appeared in the 'Monthly Packet.' Is the pursuit of all or any of such careers incompatible with true womanliness?

(Free discussion invited.)

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## *SECOND SHELF.*

### VARIETY SPECIMENS.

NINTH COMPETITION.

Find twenty-five prose quotations describing 'Happiness,' only one from each author, variety and interest to be considered.

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The selections are excellent, and as far as interest goes, there is not a pin to choose between the majority of them! Very few quotations occur more than twice, and the variety is wonderful. *Feu Follet*, *Honora Guest*, and *Clio* have classified and arranged, and the *dates* of the former and excellent arrangement, gain the prize. *Woodpecker's* is an extremely good selection. Twenty papers received.

Chelsea China offers, after all the great authors have tried, another definition.

'There are two factors in happiness.'

1. The power to *take interest* in something.
2. Something in which to take interest.

This definition seems to include the whole scale of feeling, from the

highest and deepest love, to a taste for poultry and lawn tennis. Of course the nobler the object, the nobler the happiness, but the content of quiet lives, and the joys of aspiring ones are both explained when we regard happiness as the relation of the soul to congenial objects. There are strings of little pearls, and single pearls of great price.

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SEPTEMBER—PRIZE WINNER.

*Feu Follet.*—Miss A. M. Mercer, East Court, Detling, Maidstone.

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## HAPPINESS.

'It is a happy world after all.'—PALEY.

*Solomon finds happiness in Wisdom and Understanding.*

1. 1000, B.C. 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

'For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.'—*Proverbs* iii. 13, 14.

2. 500, B.C. 'Knowledge produceth humility; from humility proceedeth worthiness; from worthiness riches are acquired; from riches religion, and thence happiness.'—*The Hitopadesa* ('Fables from the Sanskrit').

3. 470–524. 'He who is virtuous is wise; and he who is wise is good; and he who is good is happy.'—*Consolations of Philosophy* (BŒTHIUS).

*The Seed of Happiness.*

4. 1265–1321. 'Human nobility is no other than the seed of Happiness . . . . for God places that nobility in the Soul, which has a good foundation.'—*The Banquet* (Convito) DANTE ALIGHIERI.

'*Oh, what the joy and the glory will be,*' etc.

5. 1380–1471. 'Happy hour! when Jesus calleth from tears to spiritual joy.'—*The Imitation of Christ* (THOMAS À KEMPIS).

6. 1480–1535. 'They inquire likewise into the nature of virtue and pleasure; but their chief dispute is concerning the happiness of a man and wherein it consisteth. Whether in some one thing, or in a great many? They seem, indeed, more inclinable to that opinion, that place, if not the whole, yet the chief part of a man's happiness in pleasure; and what may seem more strange, they make use of arguments, even from religion, notwithstanding its severity and roughness, for the support of that opinion or indulgent to pleasure; for they never dispute concerning happiness without fetching some argument from the principles of religion, as well as from natural reasons, since without the former, they reckon that all our inquiries after happiness must be but conjectural and defective . . . . Yet they do not place happiness in all sorts of pleasures, but only in those that in themselves are good and honest . . . Thus upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of mind or body, in which Nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure.'—*Utopia* (SIR THOMAS MORE).

7. 1593–1683. 'In God and His Service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety.'—*Life of Mr. George Herbert* (IZAAK WALTON).

8. 1613–1680. 'Happiness lies in imagination, not in possession: we are made happy by obtaining not what others think desirable, but what we ourselves think so.—*Maximes* (LA ROCHEFOUCAULD).

'*Doe thy duty, that is best.*'

9. 1647–1733. 'La vraie félicité est dans la paix de l'âme, dans la raison, dans l'accomplissement de nos devoirs.'—*Avis d'une mère à sa fille* (MADAME DE LAMBERT).

'Le plus grand secret pour le bonheur, c'est d'être bien avec soi.'—*Entretien sur la pluralité des mondes* (FONTENELLE). 10. 1657–1757.

*Dr. Primrose's Sermon.*

'To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending, and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain.'—*The Vicar of Wakefield* (GOLDSMITH). 11. 1728–1774.

'Happiness ought to be your great object, and *it is to be found only in independence.*'—*Advice to Young Men* (WILLIAM COBBETT). 12. 1762–1835.

*What a discontented man said.*

'The happiness, or *patient endurance of human life,* depends more on the rectitude and devotion of thought and sentiment, than on the outward circumstances, which are called realities.'—*Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.* 13. 1762–1837.

'What most directly and above everything else makes us happy is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. A man may be young, rich, well-favoured, honoured, fortunate, but if we would ascertain whether or no he would be happy, we must first put the question, Is he cheerful? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not like other possessions, merely its letter of credit.'—*Wit and Wisdom of Schopenhauer.* 14. 1770–1838.

'Happiness—a necessary and essential instinct of our very nature—an inborn and inextinguishable desire.'—*Table-Talk* (S. T. COLERIDGE). 15. 1772–1834.

*Happiness—alias opium.*

'But I, who have taken happiness both in a solid and liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey, . . . and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of eight thousand drops of laudanum a day, I, it will be admitted, must surely know what happiness is, if anybody does.'—*Confessions of an Opium Eater* (DE QUINCEY). 16. 1786–1859.

*Which shows it to be past definition.*

'That undiscoverable talisman—happiness.'—*Vivian Grey* (DISRAELI). 17. 1805–1881.

*Mr. Micawber's receipt.*

'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds, nineteen and six; result—happiness.'—*David Copperfield* (CHARLES DICKENS). 18. 1812–1870.

*Call no man happy till he is dead* (*Solon*). 19.

'"Travelling would be all very well," said the student to himself, "if we had no bodies, or if the body could rest while the soul was flying. Wherever I go, I feel a want which oppresses me, for something better than presents itself at the moment; yes, something better which shall be best of all; but where is that to be found? In fact, I know what I want very well; I wish to attain perfect happiness."

'No sooner were the words spoken than he was again at home. Long white curtains shaded the windows, and in the middle of the room stood a black coffin. His wish was fulfilled, his body was at rest, and his soul travelling. . . . Two figures were moving about the room, one was Care and the other the messenger of Fortune. They bent over the dead.

'"Look," said Care, "What happiness have your goloshes brought to mankind?"

'"They have, at least, brought happiness to him who slumbers here," said the other.'—*The Goloshes of Fortune* (HANS C. ANDERSEN).

*Crawy's happiness.*

'A little more bacon—a little more beer—a little more tobacco.'—*Yeast* (CHARLES KINGSLEY). 20. 1819–1875.

*Lisbeth's Earthly Paradise.*

21. 1820–1880. 'The smell of the roast meat before the clear fire in the clean kitchen, the clock ticking in a peaceful Sunday manner, her darling Adam seated near her in his best clothes, doing nothing very important, so that she could go and stroke her hand across his hair if she liked, and see him look up at her and smile—all these things made poor Lisbeth's earthly paradise.'—*Adam Bede* (GEORGE ELIOT).

22. *The following authors are living.* 'To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray; these are the things that make men happy.'—*Ruskin* (quoted in Lubbock's 'Pleasures of Life').

*Sir Guy Morville's definition.*

23. 'Gleams from a brighter world, too soon eclipsed or forfeited.'—*The Heir of Redcliffe* (C. M. YONGE).

24. 'There is no mystery about Happiness whatever. Put in the right ingredients and it must come out. He that abideth in Him will bring forth much fruit; and bringing forth much fruit is Happiness. The infallible receipt for Happiness, then, is to do good; and the infallible receipt for doing good is to abide in Christ.'—*Pax Vobiscum* (PROFESSOR DRUMMOND).

*Private Ortheris's Idea of Happiness.*

25. '"No bloomin' guard-mountin', no bloomin' rotten-stone nor khaki, an' yourself your own master with a gal to take an' see the Humaners practisin' a hookin' dead corpses out of the Serpentine on Sundays."'—*The Madness of Private Ortheris* (R. KIPLING).

FEU-FOLLET.

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SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

Shakespeare, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. Find two quotations in each poet indicating his political views.

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## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Jane Bennett, in the opinion of Mr. Dacey. Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.*
2. Rosamond. Miss Edgeworth.
3. Will Ladislaw. George Eliot's *Middlemarch.*
4. Ho-ti's House. *Essays of Elia.*
5. Bailie Macwheeble at Baron Bradwardine's table. Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley.*
6. 'Chanticleer' made the fox who had caught him speak, and so escaped from his mouth. Chaucer's *Nonnes Priestes Tale.*

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### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

*Rule of Three*, 33; *W. M. P.*, 9; *Hedwig*, 18; *M. R. A.*, 12; *Helen*, 24; *Cedar*, 18; *Mumps*, 33; *Gareloch*, 33; *Sir Percival*, 18; *Clio*, 33; *K. Anstey*, 15; *Aspley Guise*, 21; *Mab*, 12; *Sintram*, 9; *L. Halliday*, 30; *Feu Follet*, 21; *Old Maid*, 30; *Greta*, 6; *G. G.*, 21; *Three Rod*, 27; *A. Thornley*, 6; *Swansey China*, 21; *Only Herself*, 6; *Sandford and Merton*, 15; *Honeylands*, 12; *The Cousins*, 12; *Partlet*, 27; *G. Festing*, 24; *H. L.*, 33; *Double Dummy*, 21.

There have been so many alternatives that Chelsea China has credited all the half marks possible; but *full* marks can only be given for the answer really intended. Otherwise the decisions would be too puzzling.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Who said he 'was a gentleman once'?
2. What county was once not to be found at sunset?
3. Who would not quarrel about a red Durham cow?
4. At what wedding did a curious accident happen to the boots of some of the guests?
5. Who wrote of 'brave translunary things'?
6. Who were Ladurlad, Mr. Van Brunt, Sybil Gray, Black Auster, Mary Collet, and Mdlle. Panache?

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

*Miss Keighley* would be very much obliged to any one who would lend her a story-book called 'The Hope of the Katzekopfs'; postage paid both ways.—Frithmans, South Woodford, Essex.

Authors asked for—

'Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who never in the midnight hours
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,
He knows you not, you Heavenly Powers.'

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'That life is not an idle ore,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom,
To shape and use.'

Would you say which are the colours attributed to Faith and Charity, and why Hope is always supposed to be blue? Are there any quotations to prove this statement?—FAITH.

Faith, white; Hope, blue; Charity, flame; Purity, Heaven, Fire of Love. —'Faery Queene,' Book I., Canto X., Stanzas 13, 14, and 30.

Will some correspondent understanding Danish kindly inform *P.* how to pronounce 'Ole Luk-Oie' (Andersen)?—Address 'P.,' Netley Abbey, Southampton.

*A Radical* asks for plays for girls to act.—Several have been published by A. D. Innes & Co. Also a play by Miss Bramston, written for the purpose, will appear in the Christmas number. Also 'Ragged Robin' (Allen).

*The Muffin Man* asks for the author of—

'Though it's only women know how a woman can be tried,
How the chimney always smoked, and the children always cried;
How there was no time for worship, for one had no decent shawl,
Yet one saw the ladies blamed me when they sometimes came to call.'

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[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

*The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.*]

## 'MONTHLY PACKET' COMPETITIONS, DISCUSSIONS, AND PRIZES.

### I.—ITALIAN LITERATURE.—*October to March.*

In October commenced a series of six papers on Italian Literature, specially prepared for intending Competitors in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. An examination paper will be set with each number, and Class Lists will be issued monthly.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) Competitors must send their answers on the 28th of each month to F. J. Snell, Esq., care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand. (2) The name and address of the Competitor must be written on her MS. each month. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for Class Lists. (3) The first paper must be accompanied by an ENTRANCE FEE of 2*s.* 6*d.* Competitors who desire to have their papers criticised must send an additional criticism fee of 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Prizes.*—Prizes in books to the value of the whole of the entrance fees will be given; but the First Prize will not in any case be less than £3.

[NOTE: Fresh Competitions under similar regulations commence regularly in April and October.]

### II.—CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.—*July to December*, 1892.

A. '*Variety Specimens.*'—A *prize* of 5*s.* is given each month for the best answer to the question set under this heading.

B. '*Who, When, and Where?*'—Questions set monthly. A *prize* of £1 1*s.* is given to the Competitor who gives the largest number of correct answers in the six months.

C. '*Debatable Ground.*'—A question, generally of an ethical or practical character, is started every month. *No prizes.* All readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to take part in these discussions.

*Conditions of Entry.*—(1) There are no fees for any China Cupboard competition. (2) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to Chelsea China, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. (3) Papers must be marked *outside* with their special subject, and must NOT be addressed to the Editors. (5) These competitions are open to all readers of the 'Monthly Packet.' (4) The name and address of the Competitor should be written on every paper. A *nom de plume* may be given as well, for the Lists.

### III.—CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

*Subjects for July—December.* July: The German Reformation to the Confession of Augsburg. August and September: Wolsey and Cranmer. October: Dissolution of Monasteries. November: The 'Ten Articles' and 'Six Articles.' December: Calvin and Zwingle.

# THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

*DECEMBER*, 1892.


## ELY CATHEDRAL.

THY calm, gray towers rise above the fen,
  Like hoary saints who watch, with quiet gaze,
The daily fret and toil of weary men,
  And speak of rest, of blessing, and of praise.

Within thy walls the solemn monuments
  Bear record of the fleeting human lives,
Which pass away, like merest accidents
  Mere shadows, in the world that lasts and strives.

But Faith, which lifted up those stones to rest,
  And Love, which prompted builders' toiling hands,
Live with us still imprisonëd—their best
  And noblest work, once given, changeless stands.

Such voices from the past can never die,
  But, praying as we pray, must surely lead
Our hearts on high, and mingle with the cry
  That breaks from out our longing and our need.

All thanks to those who reverently so wrought
  To quicken with immortal spirit's breath
Earth's product, thus by dedication brought
  To offer ceaseless praise through life and death.

F. W.

# CATHERINE.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSE GARDEN,' 'THE COUNTRY COUSIN,' 'MADEMOISELLE,' ETC.

## XII.

### 'I CANNOT, CANNOT FACE IT!'

POOR Catherine was no ideal heroine. She had been accustomed all her life to the sort of homage which such a charm as hers is sure to bring to its possessor, and the possibility of losing it had never troubled her mind; but now that the knowledge had been forced upon her, she exaggerated the change in herself, and shrank from contact with the outer world, seeing slights where they did not exist, and fancying that the people she passed turned their faces away to avoid looking at such an ugly creature. Mrs. Armstrong was almost at her wits' end. She tried scolding and persuasion by turns, and both were equally ineffectual; so that at last she felt as if nothing remained but to wait the results of time with what patience she could muster. There was no one at Plymouth with whom she could take counsel. She had never liked the place so well as Catherine, for hers was a sturdy rugged character, not very attractive to those who could not pierce below the surface, and she was as conscious of deficiencies of grace as Catherine of her lack of beauty. Had Mr. Wilmot come down, she might very possibly have let him know her difficulties; but Catherine was like a wounded animal, bent upon solitude and grief-nursing, and her mother had not the heart to oppose her. Lady Bloomfield was the only person to whom she at all opened her heart, and she counselled patience.

'Mark my words,' she said, 'Catherine's good looks will come back year by year. I don't say she can ever be as beautiful as she has been, because she will never be eighteen again, and her complexion has been injured, but she will find out that she is

still quite pretty enough. Leave her alone. If I were you, I dare say I should worry her and myself; as a looker-on, perhaps I can judge more dispassionately."

'I dare say you can,' said Mrs. Armstrong, smiling sadly, as she glanced at the comfortable smooth face, as yet all unfurrowed by trouble; 'but do you think the chance of growing pretty again is all the consolation which Catherine ought to feel in this trial?'

'My dear,' said Lady Bloomfield—and something in her voice showed her companion that the springs of her sympathy lay deeper than she had imagined—'I have found that God's ways teach better than our own preachings.'

She laid her hand upon Mrs. Armstrong's hand as she spoke, and looked into her eyes. And, as Mrs. Armstrong said to herself afterwards, 'It's a lesson not to take it for granted that the story of people's lives must be written in their faces, for that woman has had her troubles if ever woman had!'

She followed her friend's advice, and contented herself with contriving that Catherine should live as natural a life as possible, turning a deaf ear to her entreaties to be allowed to see no one, although she would not force her into company. Finding herself not encouraged to dwell on her own troubles, Catherine restrained herself when with her mother; making up for the reserve, it is true, by many an outburst of passionate grief when she was alone, but none the worse for the lesson of self-control which it forced upon her. She would have found it a difficult task if she had been called upon to define the exact cause of her sorrow, or how much belonged to the loss of Frank's love—she only knew that her heart was always sore and the burden very heavy; with all the egotism of the misery of the young, she was certain no one could enter into it. She shrank from the tenderest touch on the wound, and had implored her mother to suffer the news of her broken engagement to reach the Parsonage from the Hall, so as to have a respite from inevitable comments. And as Frank Leslie was in no hurry to make the rupture known, it was not until George Wilmot had been for two or three weeks at Brussels that his father and sisters heard what had happened; and, as we have seen, it was not passed on to George at all. Mr. Wilmot took for granted that the sisters had mentioned it, while Anne had extracted from the reluctant Mary a promise to say nothing. Mary argued that George must know in time, and it would seem to him very odd to have had it kept from him;

but Anne was strong in her conviction that he had just got over his old love, and that to stir it into flame again was the height of foolishness.

'It is not as if she had ever cared for him—then we should act differently,' she said. 'She made him believe she liked him, and all the while she was quite heartless.'

'Poor Catherine!' sighed Mary.

'Yes, poor Catherine indeed! I think it is dreadful for her. I am very, very sorry; only one must consider George too. I asked Harriet what she thought.'

'And what did she say?'

'Oh, she agreed with me.' She added, going on with her own train of reasoning, 'I know papa would say it would be a hundred pities if anything interfered with George's profession just now. He is only a subaltern, and it would be quite ridiculous for him to talk of marrying. You will be very foolish, Mary, if you lead his thoughts that way.'

'Well, if you are all against me,' Mary said, unwillingly; 'but I shall hate to write to George, keeping that at the back of my mind all the time.'

'Wait, only wait. If there is no fighting after all, George will come back to England before long, and then of course he must know. But every day is a gain. For myself, I must say I don't believe he'll fling her another thought. I know whom I should like him to marry.'

Mary knew too, and her common-sense was ready to acknowledge the justice of her sister's arguments, only somehow her heart yearned over poor pretty Catherine, and she would have liked comfort to have befallen her. But, having once promised, there was no fear, as Anne knew, that Mary would go from her word; and it has been already shown how completely George was kept in ignorance.

The news of the great battle, when it came, George's fresh wound, and the sudden departure of Mr. Wilmot and Anne, were the first events which forced Catherine's thoughts out of their groove, and set them running upon matters beyond herself. The triumph of the country was enthusiastic; bells rang, guns fired, and the poor were feasted, while the rich feasted themselves. To her mother's delight, Catherine was stirred to come out of her shell, and to walk with the crowds on the Hoe to see the rejoicings, and the vessels lying inside the new breakwater dressed with flags. Sheep and oxen were roasted whole, and

when evening came the whole town was lit by illuminations; not a house but had its candles in the windows, or its little rows of oil-lamps hung outside, while the Mayor gave a banquet at the Guildhall, and the next day there was a ball.

There was nothing wonderful in Catherine's agreeing to join the Bloomfields and drive through the streets after dark, but her mother had not expected that she would have had the fortitude to face the world in the full sunlight of a brilliant July day. She said nothing of her surprise, and the girl herself alluded to the subject as she tied on her bonnet.

'After Waterloo, mamma, I begin to be ashamed of my cowardice. If I'd been papa's son, I should certainly have been out there fighting; and though I'm only papa's daughter, it doesn't do to disgrace him. So there! I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I've had my day, if it wasn't a very long one, and I don't mean to mind when people look the other way.'

There was a tremor in her voice, and Mrs. Armstrong would not show her pity, lest the new courage might break down. She said quietly—

'That's right; that's a brave girl; and, if you'd only believe it, you're not the fright you fancy yourself.'

Catherine's smile was piteous.

'I wish I could find a glass as complimentary as you, mamma! But never mind, I'm going to think myself in one of the regiments that were attacked by the cavalry in the square, and then I sha'n't have the face to run away. Poor George! How unlucky he is! This wound is not very serious, I suppose?'

'No, I don't think they are at all alarmed.'

'Not like last time, when I was so heartless. I have been well punished for my vanity. I think I should quite serve to write a little moral story about. What do you say, mamma? The bad girl who cared only for her looks, so that the fairies changed her into an ugly toad which frightened everybody—will that do? But we won't talk of such things, and you needn't turn away your head; I'm going to forget all about myself. Do you know that old Mrs. Munro has insisted on hanging a flag out of her window with the others, because she says her son should have a part in the victory he laid down his life for? I wonder, oh, I wonder if we shall ever see the Duke!'

Catherine's first appearance in a crowd passed off very well. One or two injudicious congratulations made her wince, but she

stood them bravely, and there was so much to occupy people in the conflicting tidings which followed the news of the great battle, in the speculations as to the probable fate of Bonaparte, and in the stir of personal interests, that lesser matters were swallowed up. Then the day was brilliant, and the beautiful bay had never looked more beautiful, with an inspiriting breeze ruffling the blue waters, with the Mount Edgcumbe woods in their glory, and some half-a-dozen famous frigates anchored within the Breakwater. Bells pealed, guns banged, bands played, and people's hearts thrilled with the enthusiasm of victory. Now and then a regiment or a company would march down from the Citadel, the men's uniforms adding a point of vivid colour to the crowd, and the lookers-on cheering lustily, while all the young ladies who had any care for fashion affected military colours and a military cut, and would not fling a look upon poor modest civilians. A strong blue which had recently come out became suddenly all the rage after some milliner had the wit to call it Waterloo blue.

By the evening the rejoicings had become more violent, and the streets illuminated. Here was a change, indeed, from the darkness of the usual lamps, in which the dim light produced from train-oil filtered painfully through thick glass. Now, strings of coloured lamps festooned the streets, and so crowded were all the thoroughfares with noisy revellers, that, if Mrs. Armstrong had not been afraid of damping Catherine's newly-born courage, she would have insisted upon her staying at home. As it was, when she sent out to order a hackney coach, she found they were all taken up ; not a chair was to be had, and she was at her wits' end when Lady Bloomfield wrote to say they would come round for Catherine at dusk ; and with extreme satisfaction her mother saw her set off, the coachman in a fine three-cornered hat, with a great bunch of flowers in his coat, and ribbons streaming from the horses' heads.

At first they drove briskly along, admiring the night, and looking out for the fireworks, for, though the carriage was closed, all the windows were down, and the evening was sweet with the smell of new-mown hay. Sir Henry was at the banquet, and Lady Bloomfield, her two daughters, and Catherine filled the carriage.

'I should have preferred the carriage open,' said my lady; 'but, to tell the truth, with the streets in such a turmoil, I got frightened, and thought it would be better to be able to

shut ourselves up. Oh, look, Catherine; it's a pretty sight indeed!'

Almost before they knew where they were, they found themselves in the thick of a dense crowd. At this point, however, it was orderly; indeed, there were many ladies and gentlemen on foot, who held it more amusing to mingle with the throng, and one or two forced their way to the Bloomfields' carriage.

'Hope you're not in a hurry, my lady,' said one gentleman, with a laugh. ''Pon my soul, the wedge is so great, there's nothing for it but patience and an inch at a time!'

'Do you think we had better turn back, Sir James?' asked Lady Bloomfield, anxiously.

'Out of the question until you get to the next street. No, my lady; you must make up your mind to your fate, and amuse yourself as best you can; and, by George, the show is as entertaining as Ranelagh! Do you see that transparency of the Duke over the tobacconist's? Your coachman had better lift his hat as he passes, or he runs a chance of getting it knocked off.'

'Oh, tell him—pray tell him!'

Then they moved on a step or two, and found themselves the centre of quite another throng—a countryman and his wife from one of the villages near, agape with amazement; a cobbler contemptuously running down the victory, quoting the elevenpence three-farthings quartern loaf, and foretelling an increase of taxation; and a number of children pointing at the lights. The girls in the carriage smiled to hear the different remarks which reached them at the windows; it was a very kaleidoscope of sound, shifting, swelling, now distinct, and now lost in the general murmur. At intervals the long string of carriages moved forward a foot or two, and then began a fresh buzz of fresh voices.

'At this rate we shall never get on!' said Lady Bloomfield, impatiently. 'Maria, child, do look out and see whether there's no possibility of turning out of it. I'm so fearful that the horses may be frightened.'

'Let me look, ma'am,' said Catherine, who was by her side. She stretched her head out of the window, and a remark made by a gentleman close by fell clear and distinct on her ear.

'She is a wreck, indeed! By George, when I saw her on the Hoe to-day, I can tell you I scarcely recognised her!'

'Frank Leslie jilted her, didn't he?' asked another voice.

'At any rate, he took good care to get out of it,' said the other man, with an oath and a laugh.

'Well,' said Lady Bloomfield, cheerfully, as Catherine sank back on her seat, 'is there any hope? It may be all very amusing for you, my dear, but I'm getting quite bewildered with the noise and babel. Maria, tell Pratt to whip up the horses directly he has the chance.'

Poor Catherine, who had thought herself prepared for what she might read in people's eyes, lost all her newly-acquired courage under this cruel lash of words. When she reached home she fell sobbing on her mother's neck.

'Mamma, I have tried, but I cannot, cannot face it!'

'Hush!' said Mrs. Armstrong, perceiving that something had upset her. 'You have had a tiring day, and we won't talk it over now. I've got a little hot negus ready for you, and after that you shall go to bed. To-morrow I can hear all about the sights.'

But by to-morrow Catherine's newly-gained self-restraint had come to her aid, and she kept the little episode of the evening to herself, partly because it was painful to herself, but quite as much because she had an intuition of how greatly it would hurt her mother to hear the careless words. Mrs. Armstrong saw that something had happened, and perceived that Catherine shrank back into her shell; but she realised that the girl's worst danger lay in morbid introspection, and hoped the unusual reserve might prove a healthy symptom. She had herself acquired a new patience. Her blunt common-sense often acted as a tonic, but the tenderness she thought it wholesome to conceal was always there, and brought forward a sympathy which had often been too shy to show itself before. She seldom talked to Catherine about her feelings, yet kept herself keenly on the watch. When autumn came she took her into Cornwall to stay with an old friend, who had married a squire near Fowey, and had a large family of boys and girls. Catherine shrank from the ordeal, but the experiment turned out a success. Not one of the family had seen her before, or could make comparisons with the radiant beauty which had once taken men's hearts by storm. They found nothing to wonder at or remark upon; indeed, one or two of the boys looked at her with admiration, as far prettier than their own sisters. There was not really much change, the injured skin requiring time for its healing; but Mrs. Armstrong was not mistaken in believing

that, when they went back to Plymouth, something of the old light had returned to Catherine's eye and the old brightness to her manner.

## XIII.

### ANOTHER WAY.

WINTER stole in softly, as it does in the west country—softly, that is, so far as to its actual sting, for plenty of south-west gales churned up the waters of the bay, and knocked about the fishing-boats on their way after the herrings. But December arrived without any real sharpness of frost, and the beautiful woods of Cotele and Mount Edgcumbe had only just suffered their last leaves to be swept from them. The cobbler's words had come true. Taxes pressed heavily, and the Prince Regent's debts hung—to the weight of between three and four hundred thousand pounds—on the shoulders of the nation. And as there are always those to be found whose baser instincts cannot lift them above their pockets, there were many who openly said that the honour and glory of England were empty names, and that the best which can happen to a country is to grow rich and fat. And, though the voices which upheld this sordid doctrine were not the voices of those who had given their dearest with sorrowful but ungrudging tears, it spread as bad things do spread, so that when peace was proclaimed, and the brave men who had fought for it came back, they were met by the coldness of indifference and neglect, and sometimes with open insults. No more remembrance of what might have been the fate of England ; no more ringing of bells, no fireworks or illuminations. As a regiment on its way from the wars tramped up through Kent to London, wondering, no doubt, at the scantiness of their welcome, the people flung mud at them to make the matter clearer. The cobbler and his friends were uppermost.

So that Mrs. Armstrong, not being as yet able to credit the change, one day seeing a regiment marching uncheered towards the Citadel, had no conception that here were soldiers who had been in the very thick of the glorious fight at Waterloo, and had but just disembarked from France. But, as her heart always warmed towards soldiers, she asked the Miss Copplestones, whom she happened to meet, what the regiment was, and, to her amazement, heard that it was George Wilmot's. She went home

a good deal disturbed, for, though she longed to see George, she feared it would be a sad revival to Catherine of all that was beginning to fade, and she hardly knew what his own feelings towards them might be. However, for a straightforward woman like Mrs. Armstrong, there was nothing to be done but to tell her; and at once Catherine grew pale.

'I expected to hear that he was back in England, but not here. You will be glad, mamma,' she added, with an effort.

'I don't know whether I'm glad or not,' Mrs. Armstrong exclaimed, bluntly. 'Of course George has always been dear to me; at the same time, a great deal has happened since we met, and I don't suppose it will be pleasant for either of you to be constantly reminded of old days. Shall we go away?'

The girl's heart jumped at the suggestion; then she remembered that her mother had said but the night before that they must not run into further expense that winter. With a sigh she put the tempting opening on one side.

'No,' she said, 'we'll stay. I can bear it, and, as for George, you need not be afraid, mamma. If I treated him badly—worse than you know, for I didn't tell you the truth—he'll be very thankful I wasn't kinder after he's been here. And I suppose the Parsonage party will come down, and perhaps Harriet Leslie.'

'Harriet Leslie?'

'Don't you guess? Couldn't you see how glad they would be if George and she took a fancy to each other?'

'Tut, tut!' said Mrs. Armstrong, sharply.

'Oh, they would! And now that he has come back Captain Wilmot and a hero, it would be a very pretty marriage,' persisted Catherine, in a steady voice. 'We shall see!'

Nevertheless, in spite of her resolute bearing, her mother perceived that with the news of his return the heavy burden she carried grew heavier. She made excuses for not going out, and, if a ring was heard, crept away to her room. And after she had done this on the second day, the Parson and George walked in.

He was looking very well, bronzed and broadened, with only a slight stiffness in his shoulder. He was, as Mrs. Armstrong instantly felt, a different man from the impetuous boy of two or three years ago. And he bore nothing of the rejected lover in his cheery face and manner. Mrs. Armstrong greeted father and son with warmth.

'My dear George! I could hardly believe my ears when I heard what regiment it was!'

'I should have found you out yesterday, ma'am, but there was a good deal to be arranged, and the Colonel kept me hard at work looking after the canteen. I was just starting this afternoon when my father walked in.'

'But I'm ashamed that you should have had no better welcome in the town. Why, they let you land without a public reception or so much as a cheer!'

'I'd have compounded for the cheer, if only they'd given us something to eat,' said George, with a laugh. 'No. It's evident we poor soldiers are out of favour, though I doubt if the grumblers will care to fight their next battle without us. How's my cousin Catherine, ma'am?'

Not a pause, not an awkward look.

'You will see her sadly changed,' said Mrs. Armstrong, with a sigh. She did not offer to fetch her, thinking that the girl should decide for herself, as she would certainly learn from Peggy who was in the house; and, although she hoped, she scarcely expected her to appear. Mr. Wilmot began to ask questions as to Catherine's recovery, and she fancied that George looked expectantly at the door more than once; but no more was said, and the talk drifted back to George himself. He was going from her house to pay a visit to Mrs. Munro—the mother of that major in George's regiment who had fallen gloriously at Waterloo—an old lady whom Mrs. Armstrong knew by name, though she had never met her. It was, however, decided that the Parson should have a bed in his cousin's house for the one night he was to pass in Plymouth, and with this arrangement the two gentlemen took their leave, and walked to Mrs. Munro's house on the way to the Hoe.

The old lady—tall and erect in spite of her eighty years—had Miss Kitty Rosedew sitting with her, and another lady, young and in deep black, who rose up quickly, and caught George by both hands, and smiled at him, with her eyes full of tears.

'I have been in London, ill,' she said, 'but when I heard the old regiment was really ordered to Plymouth, I couldn't stay away. I've been to look at you on parade, and made a goose of myself over that smallest drummer-boy, who hasn't grown one bit since—since—— Are you well again? And Mr. Maguire—Peter—is he any thinner? Tell him to come and see us.

You don't know how my heart warms when I hear a word about any one of you. They haven't forgotten him yet?'

'We haven't forgotten anything,' said George, 'nor how his wife put her own troubles on one side to nurse his comrades. There's Corporal Smith always asking after you, and Bennett, and—— You'll have half the regiment swarming up to see you, and falling in love with the maids.'

'What's that?' put in the old lady briskly. 'I won't have my girls' heads turned, Captain Wilmot. You soldiers are all very well in your places——' Then her voice quavered and dropped. 'Heaven help me,' she said, under her breath, 'I'm an ill-tempered old woman! Let them come, and let me see them.'

Miss Kitty flung herself upon the Parson by way of making a diversion.

'Pray, sir, have you seen our friend Mrs. Armstrong?'

'We have but now come from her house, ma'am.'

'And Catherine, poor dear? Though she's ever so much better.'

'Is that the pretty girl who had her beauty spoiled?' asked old Mrs. Munro, recovering herself. 'Mrs. Copplestone declares there never was such a wreck, and that she's fretted herself quite ill.'

'Well, I think there's more made of it than need be. Mrs. Copplestone's granddaughters will never one of them be as sweet-looking as Catherine is now,' said Miss Kitty, drawing herself up. 'And as for beauty, I never was tried by being a beauty myself, or I've no doubt I should have felt it very hard to leave off. But she's never cross, and I'm sure, speaking for sister and myself, we love her all the better.'

'You're not a man, my dear,' said the old lady, shaking her head. 'Didn't some man she was engaged to throw her over?'

'His family, ma'am,' put in the Parson quickly, 'informed me that it was Catherine herself who broke the engagement.'

'One knows what that means. No doubt the girl saw he did not care for her any longer, and showed a very proper spirit in having nothing more to do with him. Bring her here some day, Miss Kitty. I should like to see whether the poor thing is still passable.'

George's face had darkened. To hear Catherine, the Catherine whose beauty had fixed itself so determinedly in his memory that he unconsciously made it a standard by which to decide the charms of all other faces, spoken of with the slight

of pity, sent the blood rushing to his head. Young Mrs. Munro saw that something had irritated him, but she had not caught the subject of the conversation, and determined to ask her mother-in-law when they were alone.

As George and his father walked away together, the young man reverted to it abruptly.

'What's this about my cousin, sir? Surely she's not so changed as to set all the spiteful tongues in the place wagging?'

'When last I saw her,' said the Parson, 'there was nothing in the least painful or unpleasant, and I hear from her mother that she's greatly improved since; but we must remember that two years ago her beauty was very remarkable, so that persons insist upon comparing then and now. And she has lost her ease and pretty security of manner. Doubtless, moreover, the breaking off her engagement has, as it were, emphasised her altered looks to the world.'

George muttered something, and changed the subject; but in the evening, when supper was over, Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. Wilmot chatting, and Catherine netting in the shade, there came a bell, and a quick step upon the stairs, and Peggy with much pomp announcing 'Captain Wilmot.' He came in with something of his old impetuosity, so tall and strong-looking that he seemed to fill the room; and he was at first so much taken up with making his apologies to Mrs. Armstrong, and explaining to her how, remembering something he had to say to his father, he had taken advantage of her old kindness and ventured to intrude at such an unreasonable hour, that he seemed to have no eyes for the shrinking white figure keeping back from the not too brilliant light of the candles. But he turned to her at last.

'Besides,' he said, advancing and holding out his hand, 'I had not seen my cousin Catherine.'

His eyes met hers with a simple friendly satisfaction which told her neither too much nor too little; she could not read in them either amazement or pity; and the dread with which she had anticipated this first meeting vanished so rapidly that only the beating of her heart reminded her of what it had been. George talked as he might have talked if there had been nothing between them and they were constantly in the habit of meeting; he took the burden of conversation on himself, yet from time to time she was deferred to, induced to express an opinion, and listened to with a flattering attention. Mrs. Armstrong sat in amazement. George had always been dear to her,

but this tact, this ease, were new; she could not understand how he had at once grasped the right line of treatment. The evening passed quickly, and the Parson afterwards said he had never before heard half so much of what had befallen the regiment. As he was going away, George asked leave to bring one or two of his fellow-officers to call.

'I shall particularly beg you to be kind to Peter Maguire,' he went on, turning to Catherine. 'The best fellow in the world, and my dearest friend. And there are a few junior subalterns whom it would be very good of you to admit. Only you mustn't laugh when you see Peter.'

'Is there anything strange about him?' asked Catherine, eagerly. 'Poor man! Don't be afraid. I'll not laugh.'

'If they'll put up with quiet people, we might invite a few friends one evening,' hazarded Mrs. Armstrong. He jumped at the suggestion. The very thing, if it were not too much trouble. It was of the greatest consequence to the young fellows to be asked to nice houses. At any rate, he would bring them for Mrs. Armstrong and Catherine to inspect, and leave it to their discretion.

He was as good as his word. Almost without any choice, it seemed to Catherine, she was drawn into a little bubble of society, free from the too painful associations of the old. George always spoke as if it were a privilege for his friends to come to them, and, watch as she would, she could not detect any shrinking as from a painful sight; on the contrary, she was obliged to own that there was an unmistakable eagerness to find themselves in her good graces. Peter's good-humour and fun, with his readiness to appreciate a joke even at his own expense, made morbid feelings almost impossible; and he had a trick of turning the prettiest compliments in the world, with an air of absolute sincerity. He and George came in one day full of a dance which was to be given in the neighbourhood, to which the officers were invited.

'And as half the regiment will be here by-and-by, asking for the honour of yer hand, Miss Catherine, I made George bring me along at once, that I might have the start of the boys.'

'I—I am not going,' said Catherine.

Peter's face fell.

'Not going? But—ye'll excuse me—there's a card lying before me eyes on the table.'

'Oh, yes, we're invited,' said the girl, quickly; 'but mamma

will decline it. I have not gone out of an evening since—since my accident.'

'Well, and sure now, ma'am,' said Peter, persuasively addressing Mrs. Armstrong, as if she were the stern promulgator of this decree, 'and wasn't that something like a year or a year and a half ago, and haven't ye paid a very handsome tribute of respect to Miss Catherine's health? She's as well as I am—not to say better, because she isn't suffering from a broken heart like me; at least I can't flatter meself she is—and ye wouldn't be sending us away without a morsel of hope between us? It's all very well for George, with six foot of himself and half-a-dozen mortal wounds to make him interesting, but what will I do with not so much as a scratch and no figure, without I can get some pretty young lady like Miss Catherine here to take compassion and stand up with me? Yer mother's coming round, Miss Catherine, I see it in her eye; and if ye'll only be joining yer entreaties to mine——'

'It isn't mamma—it's myself,' she interrupted, in a low hurried voice.

'Oh, then it's all right!' cried Peter, joyously; 'for I'd defy a tender-hearted young lady like yerself to stand out against a weeping regiment. Plenty of could shoulder they've shown us already, but this would be the unkindest cut of all. And see the luck! I was half afraid ye might have promised all yer dances already, instead of being allowed the pick. I'll give up the country dance to my superior officer, only because if I didn't he'd make me pay for it by-and-by, but—the first quadrille for me, and the first country dance for George, and as many more as we can get afterwards between the pair of us?'

'Come, Catherine,' said George, eagerly, 'you can't say "No!"'

And, extremely to her own surprise, she found herself committed to an acceptance of the invitation; nor, when she saw how much it pleased her mother, had she the heart to draw back. Never, in Catherine's most beautiful days, had Mrs. Armstrong taken so much pains about her dress. The pure outline of feature and the graceful swaying figure were as lovely as ever, and her mother chose a sprigged muslin over a pale green satin instead of a simple white, which might have thrown out the redness of the scars. As it was, although Catherine's own eyes were well aware of the difference from the radiant beauty of two winters back, Mrs. Armstrong was not wrong in thinking that her Catherine was still a pretty girl, and that what her face had

lost in colouring it had gained in expression. As for the regiment, it stood by her to a man, and she danced as much as any one, and could please other girls by providing them with partners. She was in the middle of a quadrille when there was a stir about the door, owing to the late arrival of the General commanding the Western District, who brought a brilliant party with him. Catherine turned a little pale as she recognised Harriet Leslie, and saw George advance and offer his arm. Peter Maguire, with whom she was dancing, saw it too.

'And who may it be that George has got hold of now?' he demanded.

'Miss Leslie,' said Catherine, steadily. 'The Wilmots and the Leslies are near neighbours.'

'Think of that, and that I should never have heard of her! She's not much to look at, to be sure,' went on Peter the crafty; 'but then George isn't the man to forget old friends.'

Catherine's eyes brightened.

'No, indeed!' she said.

'And I can speak, for I've heard a deal about most of them, first and last. George is no talker, yet there's minutes when a man, as close as ye please most times, can't help saying what's nearest his heart.'

She was silent—breathlessly silent.

'In that first wound of his, outside Bayonne, now, there was a lot of fever mixed up—fever, and delirium, and wild talk.'

'Did he—did he mention us?'

'I'm thinking I must have heard yer name middling often,' said Peter, significantly; 'but it was a lock of hair he was most taken up with. Shall we be having a turn round the room?'

It was while they were making this circuit that they came upon Miss Leslie and George, bent on the same object. Harriet started when she saw Catherine, but she dropped George's arm and hurried forward, though with evident embarrassment.

'I'm so glad to see you again, Catherine, and to find you looking so well!' she cried. 'I only came down yesterday, and I hope Mrs. Armstrong will allow me to call, and to give her my father's and mother's compliments?'

'Mamma will be very happy,' said Catherine, smiling. She had had time to prepare, and was more at her ease than the other. 'She is here to-night, but in such a crowd you might not find her.'

And then they passed on, each carrying a thorn in her heart.

'She has always liked him, and how happy she looked!' thought Catherine. Harriet was speaking.

'It was a terrible accident,' she said. 'I assure you, if you had seen her at first, you would never have believed that she could have recovered even as she has.'

George was silent. If Harriet had ventured to look at him she would have seen that his eyes were on fire; as it was, something made her hurriedly add—

'Don't think that I'm defending Frank. It has been a miserable affair, but perhaps it would be impossible for you to understand his nature, or how extraordinarily he is influenced by his love of beauty; and the shock—the change—poor girl, was so great!'

It cost George an effort to speak at all. What he abruptly said was, 'I have made no attempt to understand it.'

If Harriet Leslie had indulged in dreams, in that moment the whole airy fabric toppled over. It spoke well for her that its overthrow did not carry with it her true self.

'No,' she said, quietly, 'no. And you could not if you tried. Your liking would have deeper foundations. But forgive me if I say that some day you and Catherine may bless poor Frank's weakness. What a pretty dance they are giving us to-night! I suppose we had better take our places?'

When the dance was over, George met Peter Maguire hurrying across the room.

'Hallo, Peter,' he said, 'you look hot.'

'Hot? Me soul's on fire! I tell ye what, George, unless ye look out, I'll be carrying off Miss Catherine before yer eyes, in spite of yer being my superior officer. She's sitting in my heart as close and as natural as a bird on her nest.'

But George was gone.

He had come to the dance without any thought of asking his cousin to be his wife, for he was more than ever of opinion that he could serve his profession better by remaining unmarried, and reason told him that he should be able to carry out what his judgment advised. At times, moreover, he could think coldly of Catherine, and then these prudent considerations rose uppermost. But there were other times when the touch of her hand, or the mere lifting of her eyes, shook them out of place; and yet more, if anything, such as Harriet Leslie's allusion to her brother, or a certain shrinking expression in Catherine's face, recalled the slights from which she had suffered, George's blood

would boil, and judgment fell over with a crash. When he found Catherine sitting by her mother, he forgot all about his profession.

'Is this our waltz? I believe I am too tired to stand up again, George,' she said, trying to speak merrily. 'You must recollect that I'm not used to such gay doings.'

'You sha'n't dance if you're tired. Come with me,' he said, imperatively, 'and I'll find you a pleasanter seat out of the glare.'

'Well, mamma, will you wait for me a few minutes? Then off you and I will go, and leave these gay young people to their late hours.'

He took her into the supper-room, and placed her in a quiet corner where she was partially shaded by a curtain.

'There! Own that this is a pleasanter spot, out of the dust and the din of those scraping fiddles.'

'Out of the staring lights, you should say, if you want to excite my gratitude. You don't know what it is to be always longing for the merciful darkness to swallow one up. Here in the gloom I feel—like other people.'

'A good many other people might be glad to feel like you in the light, unless I'm much mistaken,' said George, bluntly. 'Catherine, I hate to hear you talk like that.'

'You haven't heard me before, have you? I don't go about bewailing myself,' she added, with more spirit. 'It's only just now and then—a sort of let-off which my friends have to put up with.'

'Haven't you enjoyed yourself to-night?'

'Oh, yes! You've all been as kind as possible. You mustn't think me ungrateful,' said Catherine, very sweetly. 'I never expected to be able to endure another ball, and this I have really liked.'

'So have I.'

'You? Yes, I daresay!' There was a touch of surprised inquiry in her tone.

'And why? Do you know why, Catherine? It was because you were here, because I danced with you; I felt the touch of your dear hand——'

She turned her troubled eyes upon him, and put up her hand.

'Do you know,' she said, 'I half feared you might think yourself bound to say this to me—not bound, of course, by anything except the generosity of your own heart, but led by that

and by pity. Ever since you came I have seen how sorry you were for me, and how completely you have set on one side the cruel wrong I did you. God bless you! You are a good man, George—good and brave, and I think I shall be the better all my life for having known you. And now'—standing up—'now will you take me to mamma?'

He stood up too, but in front of her; and, stretching out his hand, she saw lying in the palm a glass locket and a little curl of hair.

'No,' he said stoutly, 'I can't be put off like this, unless you're a crueller girl than I take you for. Tell me that you can't marry me because you hate me, and I'll not trouble you any more—I swear I'll not! Otherwise, here's my claim. Do you remember? Even when I thought I'd lost you I held on to the locket.'

She stared at him, trembling.

'Oh,' she stammered, 'you don't know what you're saying—it is you who forget——'

'Shall I say it again to make sure?' His voice changed. 'Don't you know my heart by this time? You should, for it's all your own.'

'No, no,' she cried, wildly; 'this is pity!'

'Is it?' George asked, with a laugh. 'I don't care what you call it, but, if thinking there's no girl like you in the world, if feeling my heart as heavy as lead when I fancy you loving another man, if not being quite sure at this moment whether I stand on my head or my heels—if it's any satisfaction to you to call that pity, won't it do as well as the other thing?'

He had her hands in his, and stood looking down upon her, and the force of his look made her lift her eyes at last.

'A poor disfigured vain thing'—she faltered.

'Oh, if that's all!' he cried.

(*Concluded.*)

## RESIGNATION.

(*In Memoriam, Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*)

'Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.'

FOR him the glad discharge has come,
Our Poet, and our eyes are dim
With tears; yet, though we weep for him,
This sorrow shall not strike us dumb.

Love's vassals sworn, Love's victims sealed,
To no blind fate resigned are we,
To no capricious destiny,
'Tis to Love's sovereignty we yield.

For Resignation is the sign
Of Christ, impressed and reimpressed
Upon the soul that, doubly blest,
Reiterates 'Not mine, but Thine'

To One Who is her Lord and King.
Loud is the voice, the message clear,
Wherewith the poet and the seer
Enforce Love's self-surrendering.

Ah, 'tis a truth that few confess,
That lovers only understand,
The heart must lift a wounded hand
Life's dearest treasures to possess.

But they alone whose hearts are pure,
As white as snow, as diamond bright,
They, only they, can read aright
The meaning of Christ's signature.

And what are we? how, self-betrayed,
  Can our unworthiness uplift
  Or hand or heart? Ah, 'tis the gift,
Dear Lord, by Thine acceptance made

Not all unworthy; we would be
  The victim-vassals of that Will,
  Which to obey is to fulfil
Our love-encompassed destiny.

Thy vassals sworn, Thy victims sealed,
  To no blind fate are we resigned;
  Love, love alone, is never blind,
And to the King of Love we yield,

The Lord of Life, Death's Vanquisher.
  Our Poet dies; there comes a sound
  Of weeping, and the grief profound
For one whose voice had gladdened her

Full fifty years, wherewith the heart
  Of England aches; so deep a grief,
  So proud, so chastened, what relief
Can soften? let it not depart,

But fructify and penetrate,
  Until of sorrow joy is born
  In hearts that, to His service sworn,
Love's victory anticipate.

Of that 'far-off divine event'
  He sang whose eyes in death are dim,
  And, though we needs must weep for him,
The heart of Love is well-content.

By Hope is Resignation crowned;
  Then Aspiration spreads her wings,
  The soul, uplifted, soars and sings,
Death's loss is lost, Life's fulness found.

ALFRED GURNEY.

# REFLECTED LIGHTS.

BY ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

## VI.—FLATTERY.

EVER since the days of Solomon the flatterer has had a bad name. He has been shown up alike by ancient and modern writers in a variety of garbs, but always with reprobation. Xerxes and Canute we know both had their flatterers, and most kings and great men have had theirs. People have been flattered even by imitation of their defects. Many of us remember the lines in which Pope has commemorated at once his own infirmities, and the adulation which must have been almost harder to bear:—

> 'There are who to my person pay their court.
> I cough, like Horace; and though lean, am short;
> Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
> Such Ovid's nose; and, sir, you have an eye. . . !
> Go on, obliging creatures, let me see
> All that disgraced my betters, met in me;
> Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
> "Just so immortal Maro held his head,"
> And, when I die, be sure you let me know
> Great Homer died three thousand years ago.'

Yet the fact remains that poets, however warmly they may protest against flattery, not only deal largely in it themselves, but have no objection to receiving it. 'Some people like it laid on with a trowel!' is the ejaculation we can hardly repress when we read the language in which the poets of his age addressed Augustus, or the fulsome strains in which the poets and preachers of France and England complimented the kings and great men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Take this, for instance, from Bossuet's 'Funeral Oration on Marie Thérèse d'Autriche' (wife of Louis XIV.), spoken in presence of her son.

'Pendant que ce grand roi la rendait la plus illustre de toutes les reines, vous la faisiez, MONSEIGNEUR, la plus illustre de toutes les mères. Vos respects l'ont consolée de la perte de ses autres enfans. Vous les lui avez

rendus; elle s'est vue renaître dans ce Prince qui fait vos délices et les nôtres; et elle a trouvé une fille digne d'elle dans cette auguste Princesse, qui par son rare mérite, autant que par les droits d'un nœud sacré, ne fait avec vous qu'un même cœur. Si nous l'avons admirée dès le moment qu'elle parut, le Roi a confirmé notre jugement; et maintenant devenue, malgré ses souhaits, la principale décoration d'une cour, dont un grand Roi fait le soutien, elle est la consolation de toute la France.'

One wonders how the Dauphine and others knew which way to look when such things were being said in their presence.

But England was not far behind. I take this dedication at random from an old *Spectator*, and I may observe in so doing that it is less offensive than most effusions of the kind, because it is, in the main, true, though hardly what it would now be considered good taste to say to a man's face in his own lifetime. It is to the great Lord 'Sommers' (*sic*) Baron Evesham. After some preliminaries it goes on—

'While Justice, Candor, Equanimity, a zeal for the good of your Country, and the most persuasive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Distinctions, you are not to expect that the Publick will so far comply with your Inclinations as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of Merit, in the many National services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your Virtues, though Posterity alone will do them justice. Other men pass through oppositions and contending Interest in the ways of Ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome;* as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the Interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add a certain Dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great Honours which have been conferred upon you.

'It is very well known how much the Church owed to you in the most dangerous day it ever saw—that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the late and present Reign, has been indebted to your Counsels and Wisdom.'

After praising his Lordship's admirable private qualities, taste, and manners, the writer winds up with—

'But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in

your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other Characters of Distinction.'

This is pretty well; even for so confessedly great a man as Lord Somers. It is, however, interesting in itself, and it raises the question—'If what we say be perfectly true, can it be called flattery? and if so, is flattery always blamable?'

When flattery is nothing more than a judicious selection of some truths and omission of others, are we to find fault with it? Of course we should all agree that the vulgarer forms of flattery, such as telling people they are handsome when they are ugly, or clever when they are stupid, and the like, must be wrong just *because* they are false. But where are we to draw the line in the other case? When are we justified in telling our neighbour that we or the world admire him?

Surely it is right to encourage people sometimes. After all, a great many of us are *too* diffident, too easily put out of conceit with ourselves. Our climate is sometimes depressing, so is the rheumatism and neuralgia that it very often produces. Our national character is that of a grim sense of duty rather than of that joyous *abandon*, to express which our language has no equivalent.

A clergyman preaches his carefully prepared Sunday's sermon; it rains, the church is stuffy, some people have yawned; it still rains. Life at the church-door becomes a struggle with mackintoshes and umbrellas. The flame of nobler thoughts and feelings evoked by the discourse seems at once extinguished by the drenching showers. Nobody is overheard saying, 'What a beautiful sermon!' The bits of conversation are—'George, *do* hail that cab'; 'Mary Anne, wrap Miss Ethel up in that shawl'; 'Did you see that woman, she nearly poked out my eye,' and so on. The clergyman goes back to cold beef—cold everything; not perhaps exactly disappointed, because he is not an enthusiastic young curate, who has still to learn what a stoutly resisting medium will be opposed to his ideas, but a father of a family who is used to being imperfectly understood. His wife hasn't thought it worth while to light the study fire, and is wondering whether he is vexed. Oh! how he *does* want a little encouragement, a little warming up. The family are total abstainers, and tea-time is a long, long way off, with a catechising first. Now, if any of us were a visitor at the house, should we not feel it not only allowable, but a positive duty, if the sermon had been reasonably good, to let the preacher see that it had interested us?

Of course this has to be done with taste and tact; perhaps by telling his wife or daughter, perhaps by taking advantage of a turn in the conversation, perhaps by judiciously letting him know how some one else, whose judgment he valued, had spoken of it, or of some previous effort. Much would obviously depend on the age and position of both parties; still it is easy to imagine instances where a little kindly appreciation would send the clergyman to his afternoon catechising with a pleasant glow, an agreeable stimulus, and give him an *aplomb* which would make his work quite a different thing.

It is likely to be said in reply that only little minds care for praise. We shall be told of the preacher who, when some one said his sermon was a fine one, replied that the devil had told him so before he got down the pulpit stairs. We shall be reminded of Milton, and Dante, and other great men who professed a lofty indifference to the opinion of their fellow-creatures, and soared along in stately solitude over the heads of the multitude.

Notwithstanding all this, we may beg leave to differ, and maintain that to like encouragement is no sign of a little mind. Curiously enough, while very small people have a never-failing sense of their own importance, very great ones are often easily disheartened and put out of conceit with themselves. Their standard is a high one; and besides that, many of them are so highly strung and so sensitive that they become conscious the moment they cease to interest others, and often fancy they do so when it is not the case. It was Prospero, the great magician, when he was telling a very momentous story, who fancied he was boring Miranda. The *real* bore of the play, good old Gonzalo, could never be induced to see that he was one!

It is only on this supposition that we can understand the frequent phenomenon of a man or woman of a really high order of intellect being gratified by the somewhat clumsy flattery of vastly inferior minds. 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' Many of us are rightly shy of telling a great actor or singer how much we admired and enjoyed his performance. *Cela va sans dire*, in our minds. We would not venture to take the liberty. Meanwhile, others who are not troubled with delicate scruples approach him with the banalities which we should have thought the stomach of his sense would have turned against, and, to our surprise, he receives them with an air of gratification. *Must* there be always people in any circle who will utter what most of

us deem too sacred for utterance? and is it only by means of the tasteless and vulgar that high merit can be made to feel how much it is valued? If so, there is a good word to be said for the fools of this world as well as the angels. Where, then, are we to draw the line? Clearly there are times when it is well to praise, and others when praise degenerates into flattery.

As a rule, praise comes well from superiors to inferiors. A headmaster may praise a boy; a boy would be an impudent young rascal if he praised his headmaster (luckily, the temptation to this is rare). A bishop may praise a curate, but it is as well for a curate (or even a curate's wife) not to praise a bishop; though the curate's wife may wring the bishop's wife's hand in private, and say what a very beautiful address that was this afternoon.

A man at the head of his profession may praise a beginner; but if the beginner praised a man at the head of his profession, it would look as if the junior barrister knew more than the Lord Chancellor. Again, it is usually in better taste to praise an isolated action or a production of genius, than a man's character as a whole. If you tell the President of the Royal Academy how beautiful you think one of his pictures—especially the girl's head to the left, or that delicious shimmer of opalesque light in the middle distance, it may be all very well; but if you walked up and told him he was the greatest artist of his day, he would be justified in being as deaf as old Sir Joshua.

The reason of this is that the end and aim of good society is to enable people to forget themselves. 'Sir, you have but two topics—yourself and me; and I am sick of both,' is exactly what we should *not* like to have said to us. But you may talk to a man if you really know and care (not otherwise) about his work, because that is impersonal, and when a man really cares for his work he never leaves off caring for it—unless he has a hobby or a chronic complaint to take its place.

Again, the language of compliment is often a sort of flag of truce—a sign that the other person wishes to be friendly. Perhaps relations have been somewhat strained between A. and B. A. has declined one or two of B.'s invitations, or B. has been told something A. said of him behind his back, or B. has refused to give a letter of recommendation to A.'s particularly stupid son. Anyhow, there is a little stiffness when they next meet. B. determines to take his keynote from A. (the offended party). If A. goes out of his way to admire B.'s dog, or his old china, or

tells him how delighted he was with his last book, it may be taken less as flattery for flattery's sake than as a holding out the right hand of fellowship, an indication of a desire to let bygones be bygones.

Again, flattery, or let us say compliment, between the sexes has its own well-understood rules. Old gentlemen are allowed to flatter young ladies ; middle-aged ladies are allowed to flatter any member of the opposite sex who seems to expect it—and they mostly do! Compliment is a woman's small change, and goes into the waistcoat pocket naturally like a porter's tip. One might as well call a threepenny bit thus administered, bribery, as the pretty speeches of a hostess, flattery. They just serve to lubricate the wheels and keep society going. What are women for but to put men into good humour with themselves? A woman by doing so often makes a man what she tells him he is. Of course, she is not to be insincere, but she may pick out the pleasantest thing she can think of to say, and say it in the pleasantest way, and if people choose to call it flattery, why they must! Only from the days of Abigail downwards a woman with a courteous way of putting things has often averted great evils, and kept men from saying and doing things they would be sorry for afterwards. I think, however, we need a caution here. 'Nabal is his name, and folly is with him,' is not quite the way a wife should speak even of a bad husband ; and women, in their desire to make things pleasant, should never let loose their tongues against the absent. This is, of course, the great drawback of a complimentary style of conversation. The least exaggeration or insincerity often lands us in the opposite difficulty. If your friend's boy is trying for a scholarship, and Smith major is running him very hard, it is better not to say you *hate* Smith major, or that you wish he would get scarlet fever ; first of all, because it is not true, and ought not to be true, and secondly, because a time may come when Smith major may be your brother-in-law or your son-in-law, or perhaps you may end in being Mrs. Smith yourself.

Another drawback of insincere compliment is that it so often produces a reaction. When we read the letters of Junius, for instance, we can see that they are a reaction against the over-strained and exaggerated flattery of the courtiers in prose and poetry which had preceded them. There is no rudeness so rude or so offensive as that which has been preceded by an excess of servility and over-courtliness. And reason good ; when once we

become insincere, we have no trustworthy standard of veracity to go by, our courtesy has not sprung from right motives, or been guided by right rules. We have lost our sense of fitness and proportion, and are always in extremes. There is no complexion so ghastly as a cheek that *has* been rouged, when the rouge is off.

Is not the true criterion, whereby to distinguish between kindly compliment and flattery, the criterion of *motive?* So long as we say pleasant things to encourage or give pleasure without any ulterior ends of our own to promote, we are probably right in so doing.

If we really seek the good of our neighbour we shall soon acquire a delicate intuition as to when it behoves us to praise him and when not. If we study children, for instance, we shall quickly see when and how encouragement ought to be given. And we shall never praise or sympathise with one person at another's expense. When you say Madame F—— sings very well, it is unnecessary to add, 'she sings far better than Signora G——.' Why compare two good things?

Again, we should never flatter people in order to gain advantage for ourselves. No one can be too scrupulous in withholding anything that could be possibly construed as flattery from those who have it in their power to confer advantages on them. This seems hard on both parties, but it cannot be helped; on the other hand, we should not pique ourselves in being rude to the rich, the prosperous, or the distinguished. Perhaps one might go so far as to add that they live in such an atmosphere of consideration, that what seems over-civility to us, is only what they are accustomed to every day. If you had two guests to stay with you, one rich and the other poor, you would probably be justified in putting Crœsus into the best bedroom. Your best bedroom would not seem at all splendid to him, whereas your poorer visitor would find the attic in your house quite as comfortable as the three pair back in his own lodgings. We cannot alter people's worldly positions; it is hardly showing respect *of* persons to show respect *for* persons. At the same time one ought to more than make up for it to the poor man in other ways. He will probably need far more help and sympathy from us—more very likely of our time and thought than his richer neighbour, and may very well be content to forego a few external civilities for the real care and kindness which we should feel bound to give him. A little kindly flattery—or at least

compliment—may well be bestowed here ; as it may be on the aged or on those who for any other reason are out of heart and out of spirits.

How charming is Sir Walter Scott's description in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel':—

> 'His trembling hand had lost the ease
> Which marks security to please ;
> And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
> Came 'wildering o'er his aged brain—
> He tried to tune his harp in vain.
> The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
> And gave him heart, and gave him time,
> Till every string's according glee
> Was blended into harmony.'

How characteristic of Scott himself, with his wonderful power of appreciating the efforts of others, though far inferior to his own.

After all, is not much which cold and selfish men call flattery only the natural warmth and enthusiasm of some happy dispositions which really find material for admiration and approval where others would only criticise? Which of these classes, we wonder, has done most good to the world?

## 'ALL SMOKE.'

WE were going into Surrey for a month, Laura and I, by ourselves, to sketch.

'You will quarrel desperately before your month is up, if you never did before; in fact, I should not think you will keep the peace a fortnight!'

Uncle Nat's good-natured face smiled at us; his eyes twinkled as the eyes of one who knew, and wrath rose in our bosoms. Since the days of Ahab we have hated him who 'doth not prophesy good concerning us, but evil.'

'Now, Uncle Nat,' I cried, 'you are too bad! You *know* we *could* not quarrel!'

'We certainly sha'n't, if it's only to prove you wrong, you dear, wicked old uncle!' said that most impertinent Laura, giving him a kiss at the same moment.

'Well, well, we shall see. Honour bright, now! I'll give you this over again at the end of a month if you don't. Is it a bargain?'

Uncle Nat held out the promised cheque for our expenses; and with much laughter and many assurances that he was a rash man, and would be sadly out of pocket in four weeks' time, we finished our packing and departed.

We had a beautiful plan. A friend had lent us a tiny little 'sketching-box,' why not? You have a 'shooting-box,' in a lovely district of Surrey. Two bed-rooms, a kitchen, and a front parlour, all so nice and neat and pretty; and near it, but quite separate, was another cottage where lived a most respectable couple, who would do anything or make themselves scarce just as they were wanted. It was the latter quality we required in them chiefly, for we were bent on Arcadian living, and meant to do everything for ourselves. Laura was the artist; I was to be the housekeeper, and just dabble in art as I had time. I wanted

to look after insects, butterflies, beetles, and so on—tastes which suit very well if you are companion to an artist, for while she is intent on catching an effect, and hasn't a word to throw to a dog, you can be equally engrossed in the trail of a worm. So altogether, with proclivities that so neatly fitted in, we saw no chance of fulfilling the obnoxious prophecy.

It was the Jubilee summer—do you remember it? Day after day the sun shone with undimmed splendour. Never can we forget its beauty, and we were as happy as could be. Our little cottage was bowered in roses and honeysuckle; from the little garden in front we had a view over a straggling bit of common to soft green hills and blue downs, a red cottage, a distant poplar, a few firs, a clump of gorse, warm red earth, and yellow streaks where the sandy banks had given way. Geese, pigs, children with all coloured pinafores and hats, picturesque old women and smock-frocked men, made little pictures wherever we looked. Behind the cottage there was a real well, with a windlass for pulling up buckets of water; and from that the ground rose, after just a few apple-trees, into a beautiful wood-like copse, where pheasants stalked about and birds sang. But that well was our first trial of temper.

'Oh! is it not sweet?' cried Laura, the evening we arrived. We had been exploring the little house, and had dismissed the old woman who had wanted to get us our tea because we preferred to do it ourselves; and it was as we came out to fill the kettle that Laura made this remark.

'Charming!' was the only possible answer. The cover of the well was moss-grown; so was the little pent-house over it. A bush of lavender and another of lad's-love grew near, and all about flourished love-in-a-mist. Laura's blue cotton dress matched the flowers. I held the kettle, and she tackled the well. She held on to the handle, and, after putting the bucket over into the well, began carefully to let it down. There was a 'plop'; at last it touched the water. The 'plop' sounded echoingly; then she began to wind it up. I stood by to 'land' it. 'Now!'

'But it's empty!' I said, blankly.

'Truly it is,' answered Laura; 'the water is only outside it.'

So we sent it down again. Just as it got midway I saw a gorgeous moth spreading its wings on the cottage wall.

'Look, Laura—look!' I cried, excitedly.

And she flew to my side. The moth flew away before she got

to me, and we both turned to gaze at the handle of the windlass flying madly round by itself, till a splashing and rattle sounded up from the lowest depths of the well, and the handle stopped turning, but still quivered with excitement.

'Why *did* you let go?' I said.

'Why did you call me?'

'I didn't—at least, who would have thought you were going to let that thing go?'

'I—you——' Laura's eyes flashed, then we both laughed.

'Where has the thing gone, do you suppose?' she said.

'Into that bit of blue sky away over the wood,' I answered, thinking of the moth. 'It was a speci——'

'I should say it had gone into the bowels of the earth!' said Laura. 'But I'm going to bring it back if possible.' She sprang back to the windlass and wound gaily away; there was a tightening and strain on the rope; it became heavy. 'Come and help me "yark" it up,' said my Yorkshire comrade; and together we 'yarked' it up, splashing, swinging, crashing first against one side, then against another. The bucket at last reached the top; we landed it with care, and stood gazing ruefully at the result of our labours—half a bucket of muddy liquid!

A friend in need appeared. Our neighbour's husband shuffled round the house to say that his missus's kettle was just 'bilin'' —should she 'wet the tea' for us? We thankfully accepted the offer, and took a lesson from him in the art of drawing water steadily; but it was many hours before the mud we had stirred up from the depths settled down again.

I was not quite so sure that night as to Uncle Nat being a false prophet. The flash of Laura's eyes, and my own readiness to blame her for what was but a natural forgetfulness, seemed to point to a dreadful possibility. But the days that followed were dreams of delight—we felt we should never be cross again. We had only one thing to complain of, and that was our kitchen fire—it was such a bore to have to keep the thing up.

'It requires as much attention as a baby,' said Laura, as I came back to her and her easel in a delightful lane, after a toil to the cottage to 'put coals on' because I had a nice little dinner on hand.

'A baby! A baby would not go out if you left it to itself for ten minutes!'

'Well, no, perhaps it wouldn't,' said Laura, laying on her sky; 'and you wouldn't have to light it again.' She seemed to be

absorbed once more in the sky; but after a moment she turned brightly to me and said, 'Let's have one.'

I was fanning myself with a big bracken, trying to get cool after my walk; insects even were as nothing to me when I was too hot to breathe.

'A baby?' I gasped.

'Good gracious, no! but a very delightful thing for cooking. You just blow it out or light it as you like, and it's hot oven and all in ten minutes—an oil stove!'

'Paraffin?' I asked, waveringly.

But it was all right, Laura said—they had them at home, and they were most useful. She seemed to know all about it, and we made a plan there and then to go and buy one. It was three miles to the nearest town, but there was a little cart and a donkey we could hire. We packed away insects and paintings, and, full of our new idea, began to arrange for our afternoon's drive. Laura managed all about the cart, while I hurried on the little dinner. I was so proud of my cooking and of my nice table, bright with vases of flowers on its glistening damask in our dear little sitting-room. And when Laura came in announcing 'The carriage at two o'clock,' I do not think two happier people ever sat down to a good dinner. The roses peeping in at the window almost drooped with the heat, and as we looked out from our shady coolness we saw the shimmer of intense heat rising out of the common. It was really too hot to paint, Laura said, so that a drive would be just the thing. It sounded well—a drive; but you need not think of us bowling along the road with our parasols over our heads. No, a donkey-cart is different, quite; but it is a most amusing way of getting about if you have plenty of time, as we had. How we laughed and enjoyed it! Downhill the beast would joggle along at a good pace; uphill he crawled; on level ground he sauntered. We were powerless to alter his pace, so gave ourselves up to the delights of the way. Through deep lanes where huge trees held desperately on to the steep banks with their naked grasping roots, and the checkered light played through their closely-meeting green tops on the sandy road, by cool woods and heathery hills, in the sweet, hot sunshine. Amid all this loveliness of colour and form, what did the pace of our mildewed-looking animal matter? At last we reached the town—a wide street with houses new and houses old, put down anyhow on each side, and a town hall aggressively stuck in the middle—a

delightful place apparently fast asleep; but we found our ironmonger and our oil stoves. I was charmed with the bright dainty thing, and we invested in one eighteen inches by eleven, with an oven, two lamps, and two places for pans or kettles; and the man brought it out and put it in our carriage for us as if we had been princesses; he gave us a bit of string, too, to tie up a place in the harness where a buckle seemed to be missing.

We jogged along home a little quicker at first, and talked about our purchase. I was anxious to get home and set it up.

'I'm glad it's making a better pace now,' I said, referring to the donkey. 'Do not you think you might keep him up to it with the end of your sunshade, for it's getting rather late?' Indeed, it was six o'clock, and we had two more miles to go.

Suddenly, as we were going down a hill rather smartly, we heard a something coming behind; 'toot-a-toot' sounded; I turned. 'It's a coach and four horses, Laura!' I said nervously.

'Oh! and this creature is in the middle of the road! Whichever side will it go to?' She pulled the right rein with frantic effort.

'"Go to the left and you're sure to go right,"' I quoted.

'Which is left?' cried she, as the thundering behind came nearer.

But a metamorphosis suddenly took place in our mildewed animal; he pricked his ears, then, laying them down, he, regardless of Laura's tugs, set off galloping like a racehorse; his little heels flew up and down. We bounded in our seats, and had to clutch our large sun-hats to keep them on, while the little stove and pans at the back danced about as if alive.

'Stop him!' I cried.

'I can't!' said Laura through her teeth, pulling with might and main.

Then I began to laugh. I thought we should all be strewn about the road certainly, but I could not help laughing first.

'Don't be an idiot!' said Laura severely, as we flew on not yet overtaken by the coach, though we could hear unmistakable sounds of merriment behind us above the clatter of hoofs and wheels; the nearer the horses came the faster the donkey flew, and the more absurdly we were jogged about in our crazy little cart. Laura sat as erect as she could, hoping every one would believe that she had her animal in perfect control I believe, and at last the four horses dashed by. For one painful instant we kept by the side of the coach; the men on it, I am

sure, were doing their very best not to discomfort us by laughing aloud; even the servants inside were too well bred to smile in our sight; but I hope they made up for their politeness when they were only as a dust cloud in the distance and our donkey was bringing himself to his old pace.

'Oh, dear!' I said, wiping my eyes. 'I never laughed so much in my life. How funny it——'

But Laura looked heated and serious; she had not seen the joke.

'I wish——' she began, then stopped. 'You need not——' Another pause.

I began to feel that she was upset in her nerves, though not from her cart, and was trying to control herself and not say anything cross. So I stopped laughing; but it would out.

'I wish you had a little more dignity, dear.'

This was too much. I laughed again: dignity and that jolting cart did not seem compatible; but I made an effort to be serious, and luckily something in my strangled voice or her own sense of humour overcame the cloud, and, Laura's dignity giving way, we laughed in concert, and got back to our little nest in the best of spirits, much earlier than we should have done without the help of that wild race.

We set up the stove at once, and sent old Chap (short for *chap*eron, for in that light his wife was regarded) for some paraffin, and then we lit it. It was perfect. We studied the instructions—or rather, I did—cooked our supper on it, and then, carefully turning it out, wandered forth in the sweet evening air 'looking for sketches,' and finding more than a lifetime could finish. Then home through 'our own' copse, while nightingales sang to us, or rather to each other, and the air seemed to quiver as the long-drawn-out note sounded from the outskirts of the wood and was answered by a gush of rapture from a bush close by. Glow-worms shone forth beneath tall ghostly-looking foxgloves; the heat, the dust, even the fun and laughter of the day, seemed all far away and too commonplace to think of on this enchanted ground. As we came into our garden at last down by the well, where love-in-a-mist was hidden in darkness and shadow, I said—

'Uncle Nat will be wrong, I'm sure; no one could quarrel in this charming place.'

Laura was silent a while; then she answered—

'It takes two to quarrel, does it not?'

'Yes,' I said; 'but don't you feel too happy to be cross? I do.'

'Well, I don't want to "crow before I'm out of the wood,"' said Laura.

And at that moment—would you believe it?—I felt inclined to snap Laura's head off. The idea of her putting me down in that way when I only——. But after all, I really think now that she was not thinking of me at all, and before I could answer she started away, saying—

'There is old Chap smoking his pipe in his porch; let us go and ask about the coach.'

The weeks flew by; we could only realise how they were going as we looked about our little cottage. The parlour was getting well littered over with canvasses finished and unfinished, and setting boards, cases of caterpillars in process of turning into chrysalis, dried flowers, growing ferns, etc., were standing or hanging about on every available shelf or nail. When we reached our last week we could hardly stir without gathering our skirts about us, and sticking our elbows into our sides for fear of knocking some precious thing or other down.

We had to be back in town on Wednesday, and on the Saturday night before, Mrs. Chap—I hope you remember to pronounce as in chaperon—brought us in our Sunday dinner in the shape of a nice young fowl, all ready to pop into the wonderful 'Baby,' as we called our delightful cooking-range. Mrs. Chap was never tired of admiring 'Baby,' at a distance; she would not have touched it for her life! A fire on the hearth and one big pot was the only 'range' she meddled with. 'Baby' stood on a table in the kitchen, and it really was a pretty sight to see 'him' cooking our breakfast or dinner. He had two beautiful bright eyes which shone out, and when the kettle sang on 'his' top, and bacon or steak or chicken frizzled away in his oven, he was an infant to be proud of indeed, and Mrs. Chap said she was 'free to admit it.'

'But there,' she said, as she stood looking at it, her fingers twiddling her blue apron, 'it would never do for my master—them bits and sups; he likes his——'

If you do not know the dialect of rural Surrey, I had better not go on. She was a dear old woman, and before she trotted away she told us that she and 'her master' were going to be away from home all Sunday; they were going to spend the day with a married daughter in the next village.

Sunday dawned perfect in sweetness and beauty. 'Our last Sunday' was the one thought that gave us a pang; but we did not let it intrude. We got ready for church in good time, our whitest, coolest nainsooks, and our freshest hats, seemed best to suit the day. Laura was waiting for me when I came down ready. She looked so nice, and had stuck a great posy of love-in-a-mist, her favourite flower, in her dress.

'I must just give a look to "Baby,"' I said. And together we inspected the darling. The lamps were lit; the chicken was in the oven; the bread sauce, in a basin, was standing in a pan of water to be hot and ready when we came in, and another pan was full of water which would be boiling for the new potatoes; the wicks were all right; the eyes shone out at us without blinking. 'What a treasure he is!' we said, and, taking our best sunshades, we departed, locking the door and putting the key in Laura's pocket. Through the wild-rose-wreathed lanes we sauntered, as slowly as ever the mildewed donkey had crawled along talking of our work done, the Jubilee festivities we were returning to town for, and our regret in leaving. And then we began to make sure of Uncle Nat's promise, and settle how we should spend it. So we reached the little church guarded by a Doomsday yew, and entered. After service we walked briskly home. One is always so hungry after a sermon! But we loitered in the garden to smell the roses and admire a new clematis blossom.

'But dinner,' said Laura, putting the key in the door. She unlocked it, then turned and sniffed the air.

'Queer smell!' she said.

Horror seized me; I pushed past, and, flying to the kitchen, opened the door. Thick, black darkness was inside—not the darkness of any smoke I had encountered before. Whatever terrible thing had happened? I could see no window, no light; but at a distance two lurid eyes were faintly visible—'Baby!' 'Baby' had done this terrible thing!

At once, by some instinct not to be accounted for by heredity, I put my head down and 'went for' that 'Baby.' Behind me I heard a voice, 'Where have you gone? I can't see you—phew! phew!' But I could take no notice; open my mouth I could not. 'Baby' was belching forth smoke and fire. I turned out his lamps, opened the window—finding the fastenings with difficulty in the total darkness—unbolted the back door, and rushed out, dense black clouds of solid paraffin smoke following

me. I sat down coughing and choking. Laura rushed round the cottage from the front.

'What is it?' she asked, and was going in.

'Don't! don't!' I cried. 'Let it settle; you will be choked; it's only "Baby." I am afraid he has been smoking a little; but I have turned him out. Oh, Baby, Baby!' I cried, and then, as usual, in my thoughtless way, I began to laugh.

'It's no laughing matter,' said Laura, in a ferocious tone; and I looked up at her, a smear of black was all across her nose, and, standing there in her Sunday clothes, she looked so odd and so indignant that I laughed insanely.

'Stop this outrageous frivolity!' she said sternly; but I couldn't, though the echo of my merry peals came flatly back from the cottage wall, against which Laura stood, an upbraiding white angel (with a smudge).

'You are black from head to foot,' she went on severely, and with emphasis—'a most disreputable-looking object! Pictures ruined, beetles, caterpillars, collections, furniture, dinner spoiled, and you laugh! It's disgusting!'

'Black!' I echoed, regaining my voice—'black! and you with a smudge over your prominent feature—oh! I can't help it! I must laugh to think of "Baby" smoking!'

'Laugh by yourself then,' said Laura, striding away; and even then I did not realise that I had offended her, everything seemed to be so comic. 'Pictures, caterpillars, beetles!'—she could not be serious (I found afterwards that Laura spoke from knowledge). I gathered myself up, still weakly laughing, and, as the smoke had done pouring forth, I entered.

My 'outrageous frivolity' fled at the sight I beheld; laughter left me. A sober woman, indeed, I stood in horror gazing on black ruin; an inky shroud seemed to have fallen on my white kitchen tables, shelves, plates, tins, everything was covered with a thick soft covering of the smudgiest black; and in the midst stood 'Baby,' eighteen inches by eleven; surmounting him were two black pans where two bright tins ones had been left; the handle of one had fallen off with the heat, a few trickling tears of melted solder being the only bright thing about that 'Baby'; its little eyes were burnt and obscured.

I stood aghast in an atmosphere impossible to describe, and then I lifted up my voice, and—no, I did not weep, but called out in tones humble and serious enough—

'Dearest! Laura, dearest!' But answer came there none.

Something, I felt, must be done, and upon me, as housekeeper, rested the responsibility of doing. So I gingerly walked out of the kitchen, and ran upstairs to take off my Sunday frock.

Of course I went first to the looking-glass. Oh, horror! My face was streaked all about with black; my dress was covered all over with a dense peppering of black, as if someone had done me over in 'splash work,' forgetting to pin on the ferns! My hat was a black ruin.

No need to change, I restored my complexion to its usual tint, and went down in the 'splash-work' nainsook to see what I could do. I could not think what had become of Laura. The cremated remains of what should have been our dinner I carried out-of-doors with 'Baby.' Even old Master Chap's dog refused that chicken.

I then began to 'clear up.' Never had I experienced such a Sunday as this! Was I the same girl who had walked so happily from church, expecting to sit down in a flower-decked room to an appetising little meal with the friend of my bosom? I dry-dusted, and wet-dusted; I swept and rubbed; the more I dusted the more the horrid black smudged about, till I was worn out and miserable; for where was the friend of my bosom? Had we quarrelled? I began to feel hurt that she should have left me alone in this way.

I gave up cleaning, and went all over the house looking for Laura. I did not find her; but new revelations of 'blacks' met me; at every turn there was a peppering of soft blacks, much worse than their uncle and cousin blacks from coal smoke; and the intolerable odour was everywhere. I was nervous and frightened, and very hungry. Surely Laura had not gone off in smoke! What had become of her?

I looked from the window, and there she was coming in at the gate. My nervousness changed to hot anger. I was not going to stand such behaviour. I should be very cool and distant when she came in; so I went back to the kitchen and began my futile dusting again. I was not going to speak to one who had deserted me in my hour of need. It was not my fault that 'Baby' had smoked. She came to the door, and I kept my back to her.

'Well, how are you getting on?' she said, in an odd smothered sort of voice.

'Very well, thank you,' I answered, and turned to give her a

haughty, withering glance, intending to strike repentance to her soul.

She was holding her nose ; instead of wrath, there was laughter in her eyes, and to see her laughing at my distress broke my heart. I sat down on the nearest chair and cried. Well, Laura was very generous ; she did not go on laughing, nor did she say one single disagreeable thing, or seem to triumph over my discomfort. We soon were friends again.

When half an hour later I came downstairs clean and re-dressed, Laura had got a nice little meal ready in the garden. Bread, cake, jam, all having been under cover, were fit to use, and we had such a pleasant meal.

'I couldn't think what had become of you,' I said, rather shyly. 'Why did you go off like that? I looked all over the house for you and could but think you had gone off and left only smuts behind, like the old man in Dickens's book.' And I really could not help it ; I was obliged to add, 'You did blow up, you know, dear.'

'Yes, we have lost Uncle Nat's promise,' answered Laura, 'and it's all my fault.'

But I could not allow that, for if I had not been so dreadfully silly Laura would not have gone off.

We got up early the next day, and we cleaned that cottage ; we did not let even Mrs. Chap see what 'Baby' had done. I found out that he ought not to have been left with pans of water on the top, for when the water boiled it drew up the flame higher and higher till smoke—awful smoke—was the result. Laura's pictures, being mostly slanted face to the wall for Sunday, had luckily not suffered. One, indeed, we named 'View in the Black Country,' but she said it was one she had not cared about. The butterflies and beetles came all right after a few puffs from Mrs. Chap's bellows ; and we enjoyed our last two days all through. We were not so cock-a-hoop as we had meant to be when we met Uncle Nat. He saw at once that he had been right ; and how he did laugh at our account of 'Baby,' and our separation after nearly a month's perfect amity.

'Well, we *did* fall out ; for one sad moment I did not think anything would ever put us in again. But as you see, dear Uncle Nat, it was "All smoke," ' said Laura.

So she had the last word.

DOROTHY HIGGINSON.

# SIX STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

## III.

AT the conclusion of the last paper, the first great Italian romantic poem was considered—the *Morgante Maggiore*. Before we proceed to trace the development of this poetry, we must turn aside for a moment to an exquisite composition which is linked to it only by the metre. We refer to the *Stanze* of that great scholar, Agnolo Poliziano, better known perhaps as Politian. These *Stanze* were written on the occasion of a tournament, in which Giuliano, a brother of Lorenzo de' Medici, was the successful competitor. Poliziano, as might be expected, invests the poem with a mythological wrapping, and perhaps the most effective part of it is the luscious portrayal of the Isle of Cyprus and the brooding palace of its Queen. These octaves, very unlike the popular rough-hewn rhymes of Poliziano's contemporaries, were wrought with Petrarchian finish, and served as a model for Tasso, when he set his hand to the bodying forth of the *Gerusalemme*. The *Stanze*, however, as has been said, are a parenthesis—valuable as an experiment in art, but by reason of their subject, intercalar—a boulder in the stream of romantic tradition.

The caprices of the *Morgante Maggiore* have been already pointed out. It is doubtless this feature in the poem which has deprived Pulci of a title which might otherwise have been claimed for him in virtue of his priority. As it is, it would be plainly incongruous to style him 'the father of Italian romantic poetry,' or of anything else. The *Homer*—which is, we suppose, a parallel and synonymous term—the *Homer* of the Italian epopee is by common consent Count Matteo Boiardo of Scandiano (1434-1494), who, if he is not grand, is at least crabbed. Boiardo has this much in common with the volatile school-boy who preceded him—that he treats of the fortunes of Orlando, but he

ventures on a considerable innovation. Earlier writers, taking their cue from the pseudo-chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, had depicted Orlando as a wise and discerning prince, mighty in battle; Boiardo, with an audacity hardly to be looked for in an ancient, takes leave to present him in a new aspect—no longer as a sage warrior, but as a lover distract. In order to the accomplishment of this plan, he taxes his imagination for a fresh character, strange to the cycle of Charlemagne, but not strange to those arts which have given to lovely woman perpetually sovereignty over man. In thus speaking we have perhaps rather overstepped our limits, for Boiardo was careful to endow his Chinese princess—for he must e'en go to the ends of the world for her—with an excess of beauteousness rendering all arts superfluous. The valiant knights of the great Charles, accustomed to assail the Paynims with their strong arms and unquailing courage, are now in turn assailed by a new and mysterious warfare, before which the best of them go down; and Angelica scores her highest triumph when she detaches from his sphere and draws after her, through half Europe, the brightest star of Christendom—Orlando. Orlando, however, though he is consumed by gnawing flames within, and follows fatuously a 'wandering fire,' does not cease to be himself; he performs doughty deeds, whereby, if show of worth could have bought Angelica's smiles, he would surely have gained his end. It has been suggested, very aptly, I think, that this episode of Angelica is really an engrafting on the Carlovingian romance of the spirit of the Arthurian legends. Angelica, though she corresponds exactly with neither, reminds us both of Guinevere and of Vivien, all three, in their several stations, reproducing the sinful inclination of Mother Eve to *tempt*, to lure brave man from the path of duty.

The *Orlando Innamorato*, for whatever reason, was never completed by the author, and the extension which he proposed to give to it, doubtless accounts in part for the serious inperfections of the verse which he actually produced, and which, as it left his hands, stood badly in need of revision. This necessary work was accomplished for him by Berni—a Florentine of great talent, who had previously devoted himself to the scribbling of comic songs, and now, feeling some shame at his conduct, sought a real distinction in epic poetry. Berni, with the masterpiece of Ariosto before him, showed mankind how Boiardo's poem *ought* to have been written. He weeded out the provincialisms —Boiardo, of course, was a Lombard—toned down the rugged

versification, and, in fact, recast the poem. Certain persons, manifesting little gratitude to Berni for making this *Orlando* readable, have declared that he has carried this principle too far; that the language he employs is too familiar and redolent —much too redolent—of the *ci-devant* comic-writer. This is hard on Berni; but that the reader may form his own conclusions on the point, it may not be amiss to cite a random stanza in its original texture, and as transformed by Berni. The quotations, if they serve no other good, will at least show the extent of the variations.

*Boiardo.*

Ella sol Brandimarte va cercando,
  Che già di tutto l'altri non ha cura;
E mentre che va intorno rimirando,
  Vede 'l soletto sopra a la pianura.
Tratto s'era da parte allhora, quando
  Fu comenciata la battaglia dura,
Che a lui parve vergogna e cosa fella
Cotanta gente offender la dongiella.

*Berni.*

Ella sol Brandimarte va cercando
  Di tutto quanto il resto non si cura:
Mentre che intorno va di lui guardando
  Vedel soletto in mezzo la pianura
Che così ritirato s'era quando
  Fu cominciata la battaglia dura
Contra Marfisa, della qual gl'increbbe
Che tanta gente addosso a un tratto ebbe.

Ariosto advances another stage by picturing Orlando mad. Angelica, wooed by Orlando through all the forms, and the object of despairing admiration to peer and paladin, at length sinks her colours to a poor, nameless, but handsome Saracen; and Orlando, entering a wood, finds proof of the fact cut in the barks of trees. This fell discovery causes him to lose his reason: hence the title of the poem *Orlando Furioso.* Afterwards he regains his senses, and takes part in the triumph of the Christians over Agramante, King of Africa.

The *Orlando Furioso* is designed on a liberal scale and includes a great many episodes and secondary narratives, which serve to give it variety. This wealth of incident, however, has not found favour with all Ariosto's readers. There existed a school of critics, even now perhaps not quite extinct, who required that all

poets, forsaking their natural bent, should proceed by rule. One principle, to which they attached great importance, was unity, and as they did not find it sufficiently exemplified in the *Orlando Furioso*, they indulged in ungracious grunts. It is undeniable that adherence to this principle is not Ariosto's strong point. We are hurried from one set of facts to another with an abruptness which leaves us scarce time enough to take breath; and with such a method as Ariosto's, there really appears to be no reason why the poem should not go on for ever. But to harp on this defect with any degree of insistence is worse than trifling—it is to assume an equality with Ariosto. This the worthy critics seem to have forgotten, or perhaps they may have deemed the fineness of their judgments sufficient proof of their powers without subjecting them to the thankless test of performance. We all know, there *are* such people in the people; and common parlance, which discovers a name for most things, has found one for them also. They are everywhere known as 'superior persons.'

Ariosto is famous as a descriptive poet. His eminence in this respect has never been called in question, but the legitimacy of word-painting as a branch of the poetic art has been gravely impugned. It was Ariosto's sad lot, after being treated as an *écorché* by the experts and poised in invidious comparison with Tasso—both base uses enough—to be hung, drawn, and quartered for what he doubtless considered a highly meritorious practice. Instead of flashing pictures on the imagination—a trick not within the competence of every poet, and extraneous to his art—Ariosto trusted to the cumulative effect of a galaxy of details; and this made him a convenient shuttle-cock between those celebrated masters of æsthetic—Carlo Luigi Dolce and Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. In the seventh canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, in a passage beginning '*Di persona era tanto ben formata*,' Ariosto lays himself out to portray the incomparable beauty of Alcina. As these essays may perchance fall into the hands of some who are unacquainted with Italian, I quote the stanzas as they appear in the palmary version of the poem—that which was made by William Stewart Rose.

'Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.

Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered of the lily and the rose.
With ivory smooth, her forehead gay and round
Fills up the space and forms a fitting bound.

'Two black and slender arches rise above,
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant ight;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move
Round these appears, to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.
Hence through mid visage does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds no blemish to amend.

'As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show,
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

'Like milk the bosom and the neck like snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast,
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go,
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.'

'To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and some deal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.'

Commenting on this passage, which singularly aided his design and might almost have suggested his thesis, Dolce remarked, 'If painters would discover without difficulty a perfect example of feminine loveliness, let them peruse those stanzas of Ariosto in which he depicts so admirably the beauties of the witch Alcina; and they will likewise see to what an extent good poets can be good painters also.' To which observation Lessing replies, 'I counsel all poets, as a most instructive warning, not to attempt

yet more unhappily a thing which was bound to fail even in the hands of an Ariosto.' Granting, however, that this fondness for minute description is a defect, though the failure must be allowed to be magnificent, much remains that is of unquestioned excellence. If Ariosto is a descriptive poet, he is also, and *par excellence*, the poet of action. This, as is well known, was according to Lessing the true sphere of poetry, and Ariosto is great in narration, an adept, a past master in the art of story-telling. Ariosto, however, was not *merely* an epic writer. He was also a dramatist, one of the earliest whom Italy produced, and he was a fine scholar, resembling in this regard his predecessor Boiardo. Greek he seems not to have known, but as a Latinist he was more than competent, and is said—I know not with what truth—to have formed himself on the tender and amorous Tibullus. Nor must we forget his Satires, in which the delicate irony of the *Furioso*, transferred to its legitimate sphere, plays round the follies and fashions, the sins and shortcomings, of contemporary life.

Before parting from Ariosto, we may take a brief glance at his life. Ludovico Ariosto was born in 1474 at Reggio, being the son of Niccolò Ariosti and Daria Malaguzzi. After a brief spell of legal study—the almost invariable preface to the lives of Italian poets—he broke bounds and devoted himself with irrepressible ardour to the 'lofty rhyme.' The axiom that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire' has never altogether been deemed applicable to the poets; and Ariosto had to support, not only himself, but a bevy of brothers and sisters—the legacy of a dead father. Being in such a case he took service at the Court of Ferrara. In 1503 he was appointed secretary to Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, and it was whilst he was in the occupation of this post that he composed the *Orlando Furioso*. Ariosto, though his dependent condition affords him every excuse, cannot be acquitted of the most fulsome adulation towards the House of Este, in which conduct, it is but fair to add, he followed in the footsteps of Boiardo. Ancestry is a good thing, but it is scarcely a worthy employment of genius to illustrate an already famous stock by inventing or only registering an impossible descent from the heroes of Troy. To this venality Ariosto was not ashamed to stoop. So far as the Cardinal is concerned, he seems to have been little gratified by the compliment; and afterwards, when the sick poet declined to accompany him to his bishopric in Hungary, the offended dignitary washed his hands of him. Ariosto, however, was not to lose his reward. Duke Alfonso, a relative of

Ippolito, scandalised at the thought that one who had raised his house to the pinnacle of glory, should himself sink into poverty and contempt, gave him a place in his household and appointed him a commissioner of state. The post was not an easy one, for the Garfagnana, in which he was called to exercise his functions, had only recently been joined to Alfonso's dominion, and was in a most perturbed condition. But during his three years of authority Ariosto appears to have conducted matters with as much success as could have been expected from a man of his incurious and unbusinesslike habitudes. A more absent-minded person never was. It is said that on one occasion he set out from Carpi in his slippers with the intention of taking a stroll, and that having been seized with a fit of abstraction, he walked half way to Ferrara before recollecting himself. Finding that he had gone so far, he decided to prosecute his journey, and eventually arrived at Ferrara, though, prior to his departure, such an idea had never entered his thoughts. Ariosto's last days were spent in retirement, in circumstances of comparative affluence, and in the company of an affectionate wife. He died at Ferrara on the 6th June, 1533.

In Ariosto, what we may term the old school of epic poetry reached its culmination. Tasso's verse was of a very different order, and it is neither fanciful nor frivolous to describe the difference as similar in kind, though not perhaps in degree, to the difference between Dante and Petrarch. In both cases we are cognizant of the same phenomenon—that undefinable something we call genius and talent *at its best.* Compared with that of his predecessor, Tasso's art is more conscious, severe, and restrained. If we may venture on such language, Ariosto's stanzas are like the smiles of an unabashed court-dame; Tasso's, on the contrary, have somewhat of the gravity of a nunnery-bred maiden. Ariosto is pagan, exulting in the pleasures of sense, and drunk with the luxuriance of nature; Tasso, Christian and almost, indeed, morbidly devout. Before, however, I proceed to treat of his poetry more fully, it will be well to set down the main incidents of his life, the pathos of which is rendered more appreciable and acute by the contrasting, prosperous career of Ariosto.

Tasso's biography is a somewhat tangled skein, and has suggested many problems, for which it is idle to hope a complete and definite solution. Such particulars, however, as relate to his birth, his parentage, and his departure from a world which had

proved so fickle, are clear enough. He was the son of Bernardo Tasso, a distinguished poet, and Porzia de Rossi, and was born on 11th March, 1544, at Sorrento. Tasso's first studies would seem to have been made at Naples, in the schools of the Company of Jesus; when, later on, his father was obliged, for political reasons, to leave Naples and take up his abode at Rome, the boy was made over to Maurizio Cattaneo, a gentleman of Bergamo, for instruction in Greek and Latin. Thus, to the list of examples already given, is added one more instance of literary pre-eminence as achieved by a man of learning, showing how absurd is the notion that education is, in itself, unfavourable to the display of original gifts.

When Tasso was still quite a youth he wrote a romantic poem entitled *Rinaldo*, and composed of twelve cantos. Seeing at what an early age it was produced, we must not expect to find in it that perfection of form to which he afterwards attained as the fruit of incessant study and tireless patience. But, however immature, the poem gratified the taste of his contemporaries; and being dedicated to Cardinal Luigi d'Este, procured for him the favour of that powerful and distinguished family. Duke Alfonso II. assigned him rooms in his palace, and treated him, in other respects, with the utmost consideration and kindness. In these happy circumstances Tasso entered upon the composition of his work—the *Gerusalemme Liberata*—and, so far as a casual observation could detect, he was at the peak of earthly felicity. Notwithstanding, however, that Fortune had planned so admirably for him, there was that in Tasso which made it impossible that he could ever be content or a source of contentment to others. Setting his hopes on unattainable and unreasonable objects, ready at all times to place a sinister interpretation on the most innocent and well-meant expressions of interest, and harbouring foolish and unnecessary fears of what was to befall him through the craft and subtlety of those in authority, he moved to and fro in the Court of Ferrara like a reclaimed savage, and fairly courted misfortune. It was not long in coming to him. One root of bitterness to him was his love for the Princess Eleonora. It is said that on one occasion he so far forgot himself as to kiss her in the presence of the Duke. Alfonso does not appear to have greatly resented this conduct, merely remarking to his courtiers, 'See, to what a pitch of madness a great man can be reduced.' But, though he might not punish him for this particular act, Tasso's extravagances were fast becoming in-

supportable, and, as there seemed upon reflection to be only one possible explanation of them, the Duke ordered him to be confined in the Ospedal di S. Anna as a maniac. Writing materials were supplied to him, and everything was done to mitigate the horrors of his imprisonment. On the whole, it is difficult to see what other course could, with propriety, have been adopted. Tasso seems to have been one of those—not a large category probably—whom 'much learning has driven mad.' He was a Don Quixote in real life; and the recent case of a famous French novelist serves an additional warning against excessive application to a single pursuit. Tasso died on the 20th April, 1595, nine years after his liberation, at the monastery of S. Onofrio. The cause of his death is indicative of a state of mind which we can hardly describe as sane. It seems that he had been subject to a delusion that every day, as it appeared, would be his last; and, in order to stave off the inevitable hour, he had administered to himself treacle, aloes, cassia, antimony, and other drugs, by which he had completely burnt out his inside. This gloomy record cannot fail to remind us of the kindred case of Jacopone, and the resemblance becomes more striking when we recollect that Tasso at one time delivered himself with unthinking freedom on religious topics, and stood in danger o the Inquisition. Fortunately, the comparison holds good no further, since Tasso's literary compositions exhibit, not merely imagination, but calmness and equipoise; in fact, that sanity which we so sadly miss in his life.

Tasso's great poem is, as I have said, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, wherein he seeks to describe the crusade instigated by Peter the Hermit, and conducted by Godfrey of Bouillon. This is the principal *motif;* but there are two subordinate actions, one being concerned with the adventures of Rinaldo, a legendary personage introduced as a compliment to the House of Este, who traced their descent to him. The other digression has for its hero Tancred. This warrior, who appears to have had an historical prototype, becomes entangled in the meshes of Cupid, kills his lady and benefactress through a deplorable error, and fights and eventually slays the formidable tyrant, Argantè. It is not probable—at least, there is nothing in his work to suggest such a belief—that Ariosto had formed any precise ideas on the treatment and requisites of his art. Tasso, on the contrary, may fairly be termed a pedant in verse. He feverishly studied all that the ancients—especially Aristotle—had written

on the subject, and his conclusions may still be seen in three treatises entitled *Discorsi dell' Arte Poetica ed in particolare del Poema Eroico.* These theories were published about the year 1565, when the *Gerusalemme* was as yet unborn. The great poem, as completed and revised—for mutilated portions had already been disseminated, to Tasso's infinite disgust—first saw the light in 1575. It was at once fallen upon by the experts, and as Tasso did not combine with his rare talent a robust independence, he showed himself very susceptible to the censures of the learned, especially those in which he felt bound to coincide. The general public were well pleased to have the poem as it was; but some of Tasso's critics pointed out, among other defects, the want of unity in the action. To the author, with his academic prejudices, this was an objection of considerable moment, and he felt that it was in some measure deserved. The unity of place also was violated, inasmuch as Rinaldo is transported to the isle of Armida, situate in the uttermost parts of the earth. Lastly, the Dellacruscans, the self-constituted judges of good Italian, found fault with the language. This shower of reproofs was too much for Tasso, who gave up the poem as incurable, and, having written it anew, re-named it *La Gerusalemme Conquistata.* The transformation, however, has been approved neither by enlightened criticism nor by the popular taste. Amidst these miserable squabbles Tasso's inspiration became spent, and in the *Conquistata* are easily discernible the marks of premature old age.

One effect of the publication of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was a heated controversy as to whether was the better poet, Tasso or Ariosto. It is needless in this place to enter with any detail into the merits of the dispute. Nowadays most persons, who are at all qualified to form an opinion on the subject, will agree with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who declared: 'Well, I am for Ariosto against Tasso, though I would rather praise Ariosto's poetry than his poem.' It is just possible that Coleridge may allude to the voluptuous episodes of which there are too many in the *Orlando Furioso,* but it is more natural to understand the words as referring to the poor construction, the 'much admired disorder' of the poem. A more popular summing up is that of Doctor Cocchi, who observed: 'Ariosto's poem is like the fine habit of a harlequin, made up of the very best silks, and of the liveliest colours. The parts of it are many of them more beautiful than those in Tasso's poems; but the whole

in Tasso is without comparison more of a piece and better made.'

The splendour of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* must not cause us to overlook Tasso's other works, some of them notable enough in their way. Tragedy had fallen on evil days, when Tasso designed his *Torrismondo*, and the highest praise we can give to it is that it is the best of its class. Less qualified commendation is due to his pastoral drama, *Aminta*, which is pure delight. This was produced in Tasso's youth, and Guarini furnished it with a companion in the *Pastor Fido*. Tasso's lyrical poems, especially his sonnets on Princess Eleonora, are exquisite; and his letters and dialogues are worthy of the best ages of Italian prose.

In conclusion, I may say something of the people to whom these writings were addressed. To imagine that the grand poems which we have been studying had for their sole audience princes and courtiers, dames and damosels, would be a great mistake. They were perfectly familiar to the multitude. There is an amusing story (which may or may not be true) that Dante, as he was walking through the streets of Florence, heard a mule-driver singing some of his verses. In the midst of his melodising the man broke off to shout '*Arri!*' ('Gee-up!') to his mule. Whereupon the poet turned to him and said, '*I* didn't put in that Arri!' ('*Ma quel arri non ce lo posi io*')—a clear proof that the *Commedia*, in spite of its countless difficulties, found its way to the lowest strata of Italian society. Moreover, I have read somewhere of a Venetian gondolier who had the *Gerusalemme* by heart, and was accustomed to chant it to a tune called 'Passo Gallo,' a species of plain-song. As regards the *Orlando Furioso*, we could have no better proof of its popularity than is supplied in a letter of Bernardo Tasso to Varchi. He says: 'There is not a scholar, nor an artisan, not a boy, girl, nor old man, who is satisfied after more than one perusal of it. Are not his stanzas the refreshment of the weary pilgrim in a long journey, and does not his singing of them lighten the burden and heat of the way? Do you not hear them chanted everywhere in the fields and roads? It is my belief that in the space of time which has elapsed since that most learned gentleman put his poem into the hands of men, there have not been printed nor seen so many Homers or Virgils as there have *Furiosos*.'

F. J. SNELL.

## STUDIES IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.—III.

*Questions.*

DECEMBER.

9. Give an account of the Estensi as patrons of literature.

10. What are the principal dialects of Italy, and what noted works have been written in them?

11. With what celebrated artists would you compare Ariosto and Tasso respectively? Instance the points of resemblance.

12. Describe the sources of the Italian epopee.

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CLASS LIST FOR OCTOBER.

*Class I.*

Owl. A Science Student. Silverlocks. Tal. Ton.

*Class II.*

H. T. Iris. Distracted. Roman Laurel.

# WORK AND WORKERS
## BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

## XV.—THE LADY OF ALL WORK.

SHE is a modern production, though she includes among her varied functions many of those of the Ladies Bountiful of an earlier generation. She belongs, in her perfection, as much to the busy latter half of our century, as the Lady Doctors and trained nurses, the High School teachers and the journalists, who have let us into the secrets of their arduous lives in these pages. And the professional women owe a great deal to her. Mrs. Whitney says, in one of her charming books, that though it is quite true that women can knock round in the world, the men have made a world fit for them to knock round in. In the same way it is the lady of all work who picks up the odds and ends, and clears a way for the definite workers who have to confine their energies to one object.

These papers have all dealt with work outside the home, and therefore this one will not dwell specially on the domestic side of the lady of all work's vocation, varied and important as it is. She may have a house and family on her hands, or she may not. She may be married or single, young or old, rich or poor. She may be county or country town, smart or dowdy, in London society or buried in a tiny village; the point is, that she is responsible for a great variety of unpaid work, chiefly of a more or less philanthropic description, on the accurate performance of which other people's interests depend. The peculiar *crux* and difficulty of her position is, that while her amateur work is almost as important to other people as if it were professional, it does not and cannot stand in exactly the same relation to the rest of her life. Consequently, she has often to decide how far she is

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

justified in undertaking work which cannot have the first claim on her time and on her energies. The distinction is not exactly between paid and unpaid work, for there are nowadays various unpaid official positions held by ladies, such as guardian of the poor, the headships of great societies, or collecting of rents, which must be treated professionally or not at all; that is to say, they must hold the same place towards the other duties of life that a profession would, or be given up if this is impossible. Of course there are times of pressure in a woman's, or, indeed, in a man's life, when the profession must go to the wall, but everyone who has worked both professionally and as an amateur—and be it observed many women *do* try to do at once the work of bricks and mortar in this manner—knows the difference of the claim made on time that belongs partly to other people.

It is very usual to sneer at amateur work of all kinds, but this paper means to point out that such work can be done, should be done, and, indeed, must be done, or the world would be in a very bad way, and that the readiness and the power to lend a hand to it is as much a vocation as anything else.

The lady of all work, according to her age and her powers, may teach Sunday schools and Bible classes, or she may instil French, Scripture, or high art, into pupil teachers, or induce big boys to carve wood and beat out brass, or she may get up classes for cookery, nursing, or scientific dressmaking. She will have a 'district.' Orphans, idiots, incurables, and decayed gentlewomen will need vigorous canvassing for various institutions. She may, she probably will, sit on any number of councils and committees; may be responsible for various training homes and orphanages; may work for the G. F. S. or some other kindred society; may have Bands of Hope and Bands of Mercy on her hands. She will, if she is so minded, write books which she thinks are wanted, or put forward the claims of her special objects in magazine articles and appeals; she may sing, act, or recite for charities, or work for bazaars, or undertake to manage and arrange the performances and the work of others. She may be a Primrose Dame, or devoted to some other political organisation. She may be secretary or treasurer of many missions, Home or Foreign. In connection with politics or with philanthropy, she will very likely have to become accustomed to more or less public speaking. She may also be responsible for Church decorations and arrangements, and perhaps in a small place for Church music. In fact, she will be expected to do whatever is wanted.

It is perhaps incredible that any one woman should do *all* these things; but it is quite possible that she may be asked to do them, and that she will do a great many of them; and the skill with which so many conflicting claims are balanced by many ladies is something extraordinary. Some people can turn quickly from one thing to another and so make a mosaic of life. Others feel that they must have blank spaces. The molecules must not touch. The great problem of the modern lady's life is to know how far it is better to do useful things more or less imperfectly than to leave them undone. And this is a somewhat subtle question, for it is not only a matter of hours or minutes, but of the amount of vital energy which it is possible to spare for each piece of work. Every worker knows how much more perfection costs than mediocrity. To do the thing a little bit better is so much harder than to do it just well enough. It is also so very much more interesting.

Now there is so much work to do in the world, and on the whole half a loaf is so much better than no bread, that it cannot, we think, be said, in this imperfect state of being, that no one should undertake anything which she cannot do with all her might. It is very unsatisfactory, but perhaps, if there is no one else who can do the particular thing at all, a little piece of one's energy and oneself is better than nothing, immensely inferior as it is to the whole. But it is exceedingly important to *know* when one is only doing a thing in an external and makeshift manner. Work so done may be useful as far as it goes, but it can never be delightful to the worker. It may sometimes be impossible, it *may* not always be right, to give up a social engagement for a committee; but it is most necessary to know, when the meeting so depends upon us that our absence will throw everything into confusion. And as the theatrical critic said, 'We don't expect *grammar* at the Surrey, but you *might* jine your flats.' If we can only give an external attention to the outward organisation of the work in hand, that attention may be regular and careful. It is easier to be punctual than to be influential—at least for most people. If you cannot touch the soul of your scholar, you can perhaps come to your class in time and prepare your lesson properly. It is possible to be accurate when you cannot be thorough. Not that even perfect punctuality is compatible with a great pressure, and there are lives in which a dozen extra notes is an impossible demand on preoccupied energies.

If we realise what the work is that has to be done, we shall soon see how far we do it.

A rule would be delightfully simple: 'Never undertake anything which you have not time to do thoroughly well.' But life is apt to be very unruly, and when the water is running away one must hurry up and turn off the tap, if one is standing nearest. The life of the lady of all work is a series of questions: 'Can I undertake this?' 'Is there anybody else who can do it better?' 'Had it better be dropped than done superficially?' 'If I do it, shall I take too much out of myself to go on with that other thing?'

There is no general answer. To find the right one in each case is one of the high responsibilities for which a right judgment is needful. The highest motives do not settle the point, for however willing we are to spend and be spent for others, the question of possibility will still arise.

The woman who knows that she does not do all will probably do something, and will certainly welcome the fellow-labourer who can do more.

There may be a risk in recognising that work can be rightly done and not wholly. But what is there among life's problems that is not risky? And the answer to the important 'Shall I?' depends so much on how far other people's lives will depend upon our care, and also how far it is possible, if prevented, to find an efficient deputy. There is work, and there are times and crises in all work when it must take the first place, let what else will go. The other side of the question is so obvious that it seems barely worth while to insist upon it. Not needlessly to undertake what it is not likely we shall be able to do, considering health and other hindrances, not to rush after novelties, not to be futile and careless, and happy-go-lucky, and half ashamed of being really interested in what we are doing. We may rightly settle that we can only do a very small amount of a particular work ourselves, but if we think that it does not matter much whether anybody does it, we had far better give it up, and disconnect ourselves from an organisation or a set of people on whose energies our indifference can only have a chilling effect. There are a great many degrees of usefulness and perfection, for instance, in being a Sunday-school teacher; but the young lady who thinks Sunday schools old-fashioned bores, and that the poor dear little children had better be out at play, is quite out of place in one, even if she means to be good-natured in

going there. She will not be much good, if she pretends to think so, because she believes it the correct thing.

Two remarks, however, do not seem quite obvious. One is, that if we find we can do, however weakly, the more inward, the more difficult, the more spiritual work, we must not shirk it, and quiet our consciences by thinking what a quantity we do of external organisation. That is quite as real a temptation, and more difficult to resist for many people, than the opposite one of shirking drudgery because we like more exciting opportunities.

'Nine-tenths of the world's work is drudgery,' said Bishop Temple. Yes, but we must never forget that it is the tenth that makes the drudgery divine. The other point applies more, perhaps, to young workers. These are often far from realising that what is a bore when it is done carelessly, becomes an interest when it is done well. The higher the aim, the less wearisome the work, in spite of all its disappointments. We shall be much more vigorous amateurs if we aim at professional perfection. But we shall never find it easy to adjust all our interests to each other. It will always be difficult to decide if the visit should be given up for the class, or the dance for the meeting. Or again, whether the home school feast or the Diocesan committee has the first claim. No one can expect that the answer to the question shall be always comfortably the same. Those are the points the ladies of all work have to settle.

Now, in youth and early middle life, some of us may be called upon to decide whether we shall be ladies of all work, or professional workers. The point is decided for many by the need of money, the possession of some special faculty, or the calls of life. But where means are sufficient, and faculties are less marked, is it not a pity to think that the worth and interest of life depends upon having a *special* calling?

We say nothing against the desire to earn five pounds. Five pound notes are too desirable and too scarce not to be welcomed; but it is often said that 'If So and So could only get an article into a magazine, or sell her pictures now and then, it would be such an *outlet* for her, such an *interest* in life.'

Now, to be an author or an artist is quite worth trying for; but an occasional success does not, it really does not, make life worth living. An occasional appearance in print, or on the walls of an exhibition, does not make a very great difference between the interest of one life and another. Isn't it worth while to fill

up the holes of the world, and often to penetrate into new spheres of interest, to be able to try experiments for which specialists have no time—to run along the little bye-roads of life and see what is to be found there? If all the work enumerated above, and much that is omitted, is lying about waiting to be done, it is surely a very sufficient vocation to have leisure to do it. It has been said that general knowledge means particular ignorance. It is for the ladies of all work to see that general work does not mean particular inefficiency.

It is a good, hard, vigorous vocation to make it effectual.

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

# 'IL PRESEPIO.'

BY A. C. C.

'WHAT a weary year this has been!' I thought, one Christmas Eve, as I stood at the top of the stairs, holding the lamp to light my master and mistress down. 'What a weary year it has been, and what a dull Christmas to-morrow will be!'

This thought did not accord with the loud, cheerful pealing of all the bells in town. How bright that night was! I could hear the people hurrying along to the midnight Mass; everybody, even mourners, seemed happy that night. Only we three—the master, the mistress, and myself—had long gloomy faces, not because of any sorrow or sin, but simply because of wilfulness and pride.

'We have reached the bottom,' called the master.

I put the light on the hall-table, shut the door carefully—the master always hated bangs—and went downstairs in the dark. I remember everything very clearly. This was the only time in my life that I did anything without being ordered to do it, and the smallest events in those few hours are well impressed on my mind.

I was cold—fearfully cold. I wrapped my shawl close round me, and walked just behind my mistress. We were going, as we did every Christmas Eve, to the cathedral to hear the midnight Mass. The bells rang out louder as the happy hour drew near; the people as they passed each other called out merrily, 'A merry Christmas, and every blessing with it!' I peeped into every church we passed. How lovely they looked, all light! Gradually, and naturally too, I fell to thinking about that same night the year before; then the master and mistress had walked arm-in-arm in front of us, turning every two minutes to bid us stop giggling, or to beware of carriages. They never turned once this night that I speak of—and, indeed, why should they? Old Gigia was well able to take care of herself; and how *could*

she laugh, all alone as she was? Yes; the year before it had been quite different. My sweet young lady had walked with me, as she had done ever since her little feet first began to patter, and before that I used to carry her in my arms.

How well I remember the last time we went to the midnight Mass together! She walked by me. For a long time she fidgeted with her shawl and muff, making little angry noises at something that would not settle itself as she wanted. At last she gave a little satisfied shake, a contented sigh, and on she walked, smiling serenely. 'What was she up to?' I asked myself, for, though she was almost seventeen, and old enough to be married, she was still very childish and full of mischief.

'Are you cold, Gigia?' she asked at last.

'Of course I am. Whoever was warm while going to the midnight Mass?'

'I am,' she answered, laughing; then, as my curiosity would not be moved, 'Do you know why?' she asked at last.

'No.'

'Well, first of all I roasted—no, I first made two little woollen bags, then I roasted a lot of chestnuts and put them in the little woollen bags; then put one of the said little bags full of hot chestnuts in my muff, which is so large, to keep my hands warm; the other on my chest, under my shawl. There! do you not think me very clever?'

'I think you a naughty child!' was all I answered.

'Child,' she pouted indignantly—'*child!* I shall be married by next Christmas!'

'*Shall!*' I repeated. 'That is not the word for you to use on this subject.'

'But I shall, all the same—yes, *shall!*'

'So,' I said, 'you are going to be a good girl and marry that nice man your father has found for you?'

'Oh!' she answered hastily, 'there are more men than that one to marry.' And then she became silent.

'Anyway,' I began again, after a few minutes, 'you know very well that it is wrong of you to go on eating roast chestnuts just as you are going to hear Mass.'

'"Who steals, is afraid of being stolen,"' answered the saucy little thing. 'I have not eaten a morsel since that horrid cod-fish you gave us to-day, almost twelve hours ago, nor even drunk a drop of water. Gigia, do you really think me as bad as that, that I should be capable of going to Mass, munching?'

Her sweet clear voice shook as she nestled closer to me. No, of course, I thought no such thing, but that she was a pretty, coaxing pet. When we reached the cathedral there stood, as usual, the two blind beggars on each side of the door, mumbling and mixing together their prayers to the Blessed Virgin with those to the sinners that passed by—to these last for coppers, to the other for mercies to be showered on those few who gave; and as they murmured, they shook the coins inside their little tin mugs, making an angry, rattling noise that could be heard all over the church when the organ was not playing. When we passed these two beggars, the master gave them a *sou* each—the only time in the whole year that he did such a thing, for begging was not a thing that he encouraged. But I was astonished to see my little mistress stop too; she gave them each one of her flannel bags with the warm chestnuts. How those poor, cold, stiffened fingers closed tight over the warm bundles!

'Did you see,' she then whispered to me, 'what I did with my chestnuts? Oh, how beautiful!' she murmured, as we stopped just inside the door to give one glance at the whole church. Then she added quaintly, as she had unconsciously said every year, 'It makes one think of Paradise.'

But now, on this sad night, I was alone—no little mistress with me. I shook myself as I found myself dreaming, instead of behaving as I should do on entering the church.

The beggars and their tin mugs were there. I asked myself if they thought of the young creature who last year gave them the warm chestnuts. I was more full of her than I should have been at that time and in that place.

How very beautiful it was! We made our way to the chapel where the '*Presepio*' was, with great difficulty, so great was the crowd. There stood the same little hut I had seen ever since I could remember going to the midnight Mass; the same sweet waxen Baby smiled in the manger, and the same Blessed Virgin kneeled in adoration by her own Child. Above was the star, so much larger than the figures, and that yet shone dimly, compared with the lights gleaming and glistening on the high altar. At the star the three small kings gazed with their unnaturally large, fixed eyes. We left the '*Presepio*' and took our places in front of the altar. The organ was being played gaily; the music rose above the noise of the shuffling feet of the many worshippers that were still coming in. It was so pleasant there; the candles burned so brightly all over the church, and the burning wax filled

the air with sweet perfume; it was warm too. We could hear the deep full notes of the bells that seemed calling us on to our Bethlehem.

'Peace on earth, goodwill to men!' Was this the way peace and goodwill were fostered among *us?* I thought. Was it for this that the Blessed Babe had come into this cold world to bear our miseries and sorrows? I laid my face upon my hands as I knelt there, and cried heartily. Presently I reasoned how useless this was, and prayed instead—fervently, as I had never done before, nor, I fear, since. I find that I always pray best when I have some special grace to ask. Sometimes this does not seem to me quite fair; but then I never trouble myself with my own ideas; my feelings go further than my thoughts; and when I am in trouble, or puzzled about anything, I pray. My heart is stronger than my head, and my faith is stronger than my reason. I do not see very far, but that Christmas Eve I suddenly had the bold thought that perhaps I, poor old woman as I am, with heavenly help, might bring back God's peace amongst us; and I prayed to the Blessed Child and His Mother to show me the way to accomplish this, and my prayer was heard; for when I left the church I had it all planned out in my head, how I should set about to make my dear master and mistress happy again.

My mistress had brought up her daughter as everybody else does; she never had been out of her sight for more than two or three hours at a time. Her parents chose the books she was to read, and the company she was to keep. In the matter of her dresses, too, she had had no voice; she wore what they gave her to wear, without ever making a remark; but somehow she was different from the other young ladies we knew. She had a great amount of fun in her; she never disobeyed; but whenever she wanted her own way she invariably got it. She sang sweetly; but instead of singing the gentle songs her teacher taught her, or the Litanies she learned from me, she would go about the house singing out, in her silvery penetrating voice, all the street songs she heard. She sewed nicely—very well, in fact; her own things she cobbled up anyhow; but the little aprons, and dresses, and pretty presents she made for her poor and rich friends were masterpieces of needlework. We all three worshipped her, and in return she loved us passionately. I remember one day she sat on the kitchen table, cutting queer figures out of raw potatoes, and after having looked at me critically for some time she exclaimed—

'You are not pretty, Gigia, but I love you. I have only three people in the world to love—father, mother, and you—but I love you enough for three hundred thousand million people!'

But when it came to the choice of a proper husband for her, then began the trouble. All the other young ladies had married well, men chosen by their parents; all those girls were happy wives now; and yet ours, the prettiest, sweetest, and the best of them all, was not even betrothed!

I must say that I approve of this way of marrying, but my perverse young lady would not hear of it; one good match after another she threw away. The mother began to be ashamed that her child should have no prospect of marrying, and she seventeen! and the father was slowly getting angry, for the first time in his life, with his spoiled darling; for he had found a man that just suited him as a son-in-law—a man about thirty years old, with a comfortable fortune, and just enough business to keep him out of mischief; who neither smoked nor gambled, and who was ready to enter into his father-in-law's house rather than start an independent establishment; but though my master and mistress thought him the ideal husband for my young lady, the little thing did not think so by any means. Her parents became desperate; but despair and anger joined together when one fine day the child said calmly—

'Father, I have found the husband I want.'

We thought she was joking; but no, she was serious; her face, for a wonder, was grave, her large brown eyes fixed on those of her father.

It was dreadful, shocking! Where had she met the man? She never went out alone. Who was he? Her father sternly bade her tell everything. The poor thing was frightened; she never expected opposition; did they not want her to marry, and marry happily?

She told her simple story in a low voice, looking at us three with an expression of mingled astonishment, perplexity, and sorrow that went to my very heart.

The only house where my young lady was allowed to visit alone (and even there I used to accompany her to the door, and go to fetch her back) was her godmother's, an old invalid lady; and there my young mistress met a young doctor, who very often attended the old lady. They were young, beautiful, good, both of them, and they fell in love.

'He said that he was coming to see you to-day, father,

ended the child, looking up, her sweet eyes full of repressed tears.

'I will not see him!' shouted the master. 'Gigia,' turning to me, 'if this person comes to our door, refuse him entrance; and you,' turning to his now sobbing daughter, 'go to your room, and see that you get over this caprice quickly!'

'Father!' she exclaimed—her voice shook, it was the first time her father had spoken harshly to her—'father, I love him!'

My master did not answer, but looked at her as he had never done before, although often his wife and I had trembled under the angry glare that showed plainly how hard and unrelenting the good man could be at times. My young lady turned pale, and slowly left the room.

The young doctor came soon after this painful scene. He was very handsome. I liked him, not for this reason only, but because he never tried to bribe me. Also, did he not love my darling, and did she not love him? This was enough recommendation for me.

He kept on coming every day. I had to be hard on him; I could not let him enter. One month went by; it must have seemed very long to my young mistress; her father only spoke to her when it was absolutely necessary for him to do so; her mother cried the whole time; and I could not comfort my darling as I should have liked to do, for my duty to my old master forbade me.

After this one month she broached the subject again. This time I stood by her, for I could tell her parents a good deal about the young man—how I had found him, after much inquiry, as worthy of our jewel as a man could be. My young lady, though grateful for my help, was indignant that I or her parents should for one moment have doubted the worthiness of her choice.

But all this was of no avail; my master would see nothing but the presumption of the two young people, the foolishness of this match, and the advantages of the other.

However, matters were soon settled. One morning, in the first days of February, I went, as usual, to waken my young mistress, and found her room empty (but for the furniture, that is understood). She had lain down on her bed, but must have left it some time before I had gone to call her. This discovery took my breath away. *I* knew why and where she had gone. I never thought her capable of such a thing! Our pet, that had never been out alone, must have left the house before daybreak.

She had taken with her only her cloak and hat, nothing else—yes, she had carried away with her the little framed print of *Stella Magos duxit ad Presepium*, that hung above her bed, and also the little branch of blest olive.

As I looked around, breathing a prayer for her happiness and forgiveness, I saw two notes on the little table—one was for me, with no envelope; the other, closed, for her parents. I read mine; she had taught me how to read large print, and so, in it, had she written to me. All she said was, 'Come to St. Michael's Church at eight o'clock.'

It was already after seven! I rushed to my master and gave him his note, and before he and the mistress had recovered from their astonishment at my appearing in their room at such an hour with a note from their daughter, I was out of the house.

They were married (it was easy to get married in those days). I was the only representative of her family; she knew that I would come. Poor little thing! she cried a good deal; for the pain she was giving to her parents was a great sorrow to her, but they had been unjust to the man she loved. She begged me to come to her often, and to do my best to gain her pardon.

So she left her happy home, but she found one as happy and far brighter. Her husband loved her, and worked hard for her. I went every morning to see her, and was astonished to find what a clever, practical housekeeper my thoughtless young mistress had become. She had not as many fine dresses as the other young ladies; but they had not such bright happy faces, nor did they taste as much pure joy as she did in her little house, with only one little servant girl.

Ah me, but it was sad with us! Her room was locked (I soon discovered where the key was kept), and her dear name forbidden. My master became morose and fretful. He had never really understood his daughter; he thought that he could make her do anything he chose; the poor man thought that by marrying a poor young man whom she loved her happiness would be doubtful, and that it would have been secured if she had married a rich, elderly man whom her parents respected; she had left him and her mother for a stranger, and his pride would not allow him to forgive her. Once he gave me to understand that he might see his daughter in his house, but never her husband. When I told this to my young lady she was very angry; her husband had suffered great injustice, and if both had done wrong, both deserved to be forgiven.

Months went by with things in this state. At last my young mistress had her first baby, a baby boy. I brought the joyful tidings to my dear old master and mistress. They were much moved, but still pride interfered with peace. And now the baby was one month old, and this was the night that many years ago a Child was born to bring peace on earth, and still these two good persons were unjust to their son-in-law, and hard on their daughter.

But that same Christmas morning, as I left the church, long before dawn had begun to light the sky, I was determined to use all my poor energies and still poorer brains to bring about a reconciliation among those five people that made all the world for me.

When I got home I did not go to bed, but, after the master and mistress had retired for a few hours' rest, I took the key, opened my young lady's room, and set to work. I cleared it of all dust and cobwebs, and began to make a *presepio* in one corner. I took one of the deep drawers of my old bureau and made a manger of it; I took all the straw in the store-room, leaving the winter apples to roll about on the brick floor as they chose, and put it in the manger. I had no animals, no wax images; it would be a poor *presepio;* but what of that? Everything but one, I hoped, would be overlooked. I took from my room the picture my mother gave me when I made my first Communion. How long ago it seemed! I kissed it reverently before hanging it up above the manger. What a bright pretty picture it was, and so simple! There were only lovely angels in it, singing, "*In terra pax.*" I had other images, but this had been, and still is, my favourite, and it was just what I wanted then. I took a little oil-lamp, lit it, and put it on the top of a wardrobe that shut in my *presepio* on one side; then I put a soft white shade over the light, so that it looked like a large star, and threw just enough light into my corner.

By the time I had done, the sun was rising slowly; it seemed unwilling to disturb the world from this night of happiness. The bells had all resumed their happy song. I went out. People were going to the first Masses. It was very early, but I knew that my young lady would be up, and I wanted to do things quickly, so that no more of our Christmas should be spoiled.

I found the young father and mother presiding over their infant's toilet; in few words I told them my plan.

'Oh, Gigia, you are an angel!' exclaimed my young mistress,

beaming all over at the thought of her prayers fulfilled that her father and mother might forgive her and her husband and bless their little child.

We wrapped the baby up carefully, for it was the first time that it was taken out since its baptism, and the morning air was cold. An hour later I went to my master and mistress, who were in the dining-room waiting for breakfast; but instead of setting the table as they expected, I asked them to come and see my *presepio*.

The room was dark, for I had shut the windows; the little oil-lamp threw a soft pale light on the drawer and the straw, but above all on the child that lay asleep there, its little round hairless head in full light, the little mouth a little open, as its sweet breath came and went regularly, the little hands tight clenched, one on each side of his face.

For a few minutes all were silent in the room; my angels smiled down on the child; I seemed to hear their voices singing, 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men!'

'It is her child!' exclaimed my mistress. She knelt down by the baby. The master clasped his hands over his face and leaned heavily against the wall. At the noise the child gently opened its large blue eyes and looked around in astonishment.

The young lady glided softly from behind the bed-curtains where she had hidden, and, leading her husband, she went up to her father, who had neither seen nor heard her, and put her arm round his neck, murmuring, 'Father, forgive us!'

I went away to prepare breakfast. It was cold, but I opened the kitchen window wide, that my thanksgiving might mingle with the sound of the joyful bells that rang on hailing that ever-blessed day.

# CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

## CAMEO CCCII.

### 1746.

### THE WANDERER.

So in bloodshed and mist, like Arthur's final battle, had closed the struggle between Stewart and Brunswick, but the sad effects still had to be worked out.

England had murmured, for it did not love the two first Georges; but it felt secure, tranquil, and prosperous, and dreaded the return of Romanism too much to stir on behalf of the old line. Scotland had more of the fire of loyalty, and regarded the Stewarts as a national possession, forgetting all their tyrannical persecutions in hatred to England. Yet even there the enthusiasm was confined to a small number, and all the prosperous middle class either sat still or joined the English party. There is a terrible record to be given of all the sufferings of the devoted partizans of the Stewarts, but we will give the present Cameo to the personal adventures of Charles Edward. A man named Edward Burke, of an Irish family long settled in South Uist, who had been servant to various gentlemen at different times, with his master Alexander M'Leod, as aide-de-camp, chanced to be near the Prince when all was lost. The Prince's horse had just been killed, and he was mounted on another, when Burke came up, and the Prince said, 'If you be a true friend, pray endeavour to lead us safe off.'

Burke then became guide to a party consisting of Charles, Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, his own master, and a footman, and soon after they met with O'Sullivan. He guided them and about sixty horse to the water of Nairn, whence the Prince dismissed the horse to shift for themselves, and with the four gentlemen went on under Ned Burke's guidance to one house after another, but found no admittance until they reached Gortuleg, where they found old Lord Lovat, who had sent his son

and his clan into the fray, but kept out of it himself. He was afraid even to offer the Prince a bed, and after drinking three glasses of wine they went on, and at two o'clock at night reached Glengarry's desolate castle of Invergarry, so weary and worn out that they all dropped on the floor. There was no one there, and nothing to eat; but Burke went down to the river, spied a fishing net, and pulling it in, found two salmon. But after a hasty meal and rest till three the next afternoon, they went on to Glen An, and stayed there all night.

Thence separating, they went on step by step, chiefly by night, to Borradale, whence one Donald M'Leod of Gualergill, in Skye, an old man, who had had a little coasting trade in the Hebrides, met the Prince by orders from Eneas Macdonald, to whom Lord Elcho had fled. Charles was almost alone in a wood. 'Are you Donald M'Leod of Gualergill, in Skye?'

'Aye, sir,' said Donald. 'I am the same man, may it please your majesty, at your service. What is your pleasure with me?'

'Then,' said the Prince, 'you see, Donald, I am in distress. I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and to be trusted.'

When Donald related this long after to Bishop Forbes of St. Andrews, who preserved many of these stories, 'he grat sore.'

The piece of service first required was to take letters to Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod. But to this Donald replied, 'What! Does not your Excellency know that these men have played the rogue altogether, and will you trust them for a' that? Na; ye mauna do it.'

These two chiefs were actually with some troops in search of the Prince, only about ten or twelve miles off by sea, though farther by land, and therefore it would be best to leave this place at once.

In truth, the Prince owed his safety at that moment to a report that he was hidden in St. Kilda, that lonely isle beyond the Orkneys. General Campbell and all the fleet went thither, and greatly terrified the natives, who had never even heard of 'that man,' as they called the Prince, and only knew that their lord had gone to war with a great woman beyond the sea, probably Maria Theresa.

Meantime Donald procured a stout eight-oared boat, the property of a man killed at Culloden, found some boatmen, and obtained a pot for boiling pottage, and a 'firlot' of meal. They

embarked at Lochannua, in the very place where the Prince had landed so full of hope a year before. The party were the Prince, O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Allan Macdonald of the Clan Ranald family, and a Roman Catholic priest, his namesake. Besides these, the faithful Ned Burke was among the rowers, and Donald M'Leod's own son, Murdoch, a boy of fifteen, who had run away from the grammar school at Inverness, been present at the battle, and then followed the Prince from place to place, thus meeting his father.

A storm was coming up, the tokens of which the Prince disregarded; but when it came on violently, with furious wind and rain, he begged to run ashore, for he said he had rather face cannons and muskets than such a storm. Donald, however, entirely refused, for the coast for three miles was rock, the sea was dashing furiously against it, and it would have been certain death to all on board. He could only put out to sea; for, said he, 'Is it not as good for us to be drowned in clean water as to be dashed to pieces on a rock and drowned too?'

It was soon pitch dark, and they were driven before the storm for many hours, not knowing where they were; but in the morning they found themselves off Benbecula, one of the little flat islets into which Long Island is divided. Here they found an empty hut, and made a fire to dry their clothes, while a sail was spread on the ground, on which the Prince slept. A cow was found, which they killed, and boiled the beef there. They stayed for two days, and then got to the isle of Scalpa, where one Donald Campbell housed the Prince for four nights, while Donald M'Leod went to Stornoway, in Lewis, to obtain a vessel fit to reach France, under colour of a trade in meal with the Orkneys, which he had long exercised. He obtained the vessel, and sent word to the Prince, who set out for Stornoway; but while he was still on his way thither a report reached the place that he was going to attack it with five hundred men.

Donald, leaving him in the house of the good old Lady Killdun, went to deal with the Mackenzies, who had risen in arms. They declared that they would not betray the Prince; but in spite of all the offers Donald could make, no one would undertake to pilot the ship; and as two of the boatmen had run away, it was judged unsafe to wait there. So they took leave of Lady Killdun, carrying with them some pieces of a cow that had been killed for them, and for which she was scrupulously paid; also some brandy and sugar; and she finally called Ned Burke

aside and gave him 'a junt of butter, between two fardels of bread.'

They put off in a boat for the Isle of Eurin, twelve miles off, uninhabited, but used for drying fish, and with a hut in it which served for shelter. The dried fish were to be dressed, and Ned remembered the butter. It proved to be full of crumbs of the bread, and Ned was disgusted at it. 'Was it not clean when put there?' said the Prince. 'Clean enough,' answered Ned. 'Then you are a child, Ned,' said the Prince, who was the best cook in the party, and later contrived a wonderfully good bannock with the cow's brains mixed with meal. He used to drink to the health of 'The Black Eye,' by which his followers understood him to mean the second daughter of France—probably Anne Henriette, who died in 1752. Their table was a large stone, but the Prince ate alone. When asked whether the others ate with him, Donald answered, 'Na; good faith! They! Set them up wi' that, indeed—the fallows—to eat wi' the Prince and the shentlemen! We even kept up the part of the Prince upon the desert islands, and kept twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, and one for the boatmen.'

For four days they stayed here, and then went on, taking two dozen fish with them, for which Charles wanted to leave payment, but his attendants did not think this prudent; and they went on, revisiting Scalpa and Benbecula, and getting reduced so low for provisions that they were forced to make 'drammick' with salt water, and to lick it up; but the Prince, who never complained, gave everyone a glass of spirits.

Off the Isle of Harris they were chased by a King's ship, but they got into water too shallow for the pursuers, who gave up, little suspecting who was in the boat, while the Prince declared that no one should take him alive.

They went on to an islet in Lochuiski Bay, in Uist, where they slept at a poor grasskeeper's bothy, the doorway of which was so low that the faithful followers dug below it to make an entrance for the Prince, and laid heather on the bottom for him to creep upon.

Here, and in the mountain of Coradale, in South Uist, they spent three weeks; and the Prince shot a deer, which was being cut up, and the collops cooked, when a half-clothed boy came by, and without a word thrust in his hand to seize some of the meat. Ned Burke gave him a blow to drive him off. 'Oh, man!' said the Prince, 'you don't remember the Scripture, that we ought to

feed the hungry and clothe the naked.' He actually not only gave the boy a meal, but caused some clothes to be procured for him; but the lad was one of the very few would-be traitors, for he went and gave information to the Campbells where the Prince was; but, happily, was not believed, and only laughed at.

Meantime Donald M'Leod went in the boat to the mainland, and saw Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, coming back with letters and such brandy as he had been able to procure. The party then got into the country of the Laird of Boisdale, in Uist; but, to their great disappointment, heard that Boisdale was a prisoner, though he had never taken up arms. His wife, however, sent all the supplies she could; but militia were pouring into the island, and ships of war were in the bay, so that the Prince decided on breaking up his party, which could no longer keep together.

On the 24th of June, then, they parted, Ned Burke and the faithful Donald M'Leod 'grat sore' when they spoke of the Prince's warm parting and endeavour to reward them. Burke was unnoticed, and spent the rest of his days as a sedan-chair man at Edinburgh; Donald was apprehended in Benbecula by a kinsman of his own, and brought before General Campbell, who examined him closely. When it came to asking him why he had not accepted the £30,000, which would have made him and his children happy for life, the answer was, 'What then! Though I had gotten it, I could not enjoy it eight and forty hours. Conscience would have gotten up upon me. I could not have kept it down. And though I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touched!'

'I will not say that you are in the wrong,' returned the General, who, nevertheless, threatened him with a machine used to torture thieves.

Donald told all that related to himself, knowing that it could not hurt the Prince. He was sent off by sea to Tilbury Fort, where, like other prisoners, he suffered horrid cruelties and indignities from the sailors. Many died, but he survived; and after his release there was a subscription for him at Edinburgh, and a London Jacobite, Mr. Walkingshaw, sent him a silver snuff-box, ornamented with engravings of the places, and the inscription of his name, and the words, 'The faithful Palinurus, ætat 68, 1746.' When Donald showed the box to Bishop Forbes, he was asked why he had no snuff in it. 'Sneeshin in that box!' he said. 'Na; the de'il a pickle sneeshin shall go into

it till the King be restored; and then (I trust in God) I'll go to London; and then will I put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, "Sir, will you tak' a sneeshin out of my box?"'

Poor Donald! The hope was never realised.

Charles remained alone with Captain O'Neil, and knowing that the royal troops were within a mile of him, they walked towards Benbecula, which is only divided from Uist by a ferry, and by-and-by came to a shieling, or hut, belonging to Mr. Macdonald of Milton, and there they met the sister of the owner, Flora Macdonald, whom O'Neil already knew, and who was on a visit to her brother, and to the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Clanranald, who had never taken up arms, and was now absent. O'Neil asked Flora to contrive to assist the Prince, as her stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, was captain of an independent company, and could give her a pass. She hesitated at first, lest she should bring Clanranald into danger; but at last she consented. On her way from Milton to Clanranald she was arrested by one of the Militia guards at the fords which divide the island; but she desired to see her stepfather, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, and he actually gave her a pass for herself, her man-servant, and her maid, Betty Burke, writing a letter at the same time to his wife at Armadale, in Skye, telling her that he had sent her an Irish girl to assist in the spinning. Therewith she repaired to Lady Macdonald, and tidings were sent to the Prince, 'All's well.' They were to meet at Rossinish, in Benbecula. But when the Prince set forth to walk thither he found that both the fords were watched by parties of militia. A man lent a boat, and he safely took them to Rossinish, where the Prince was hidden in a hut.

The Lady of Clanranald provided a flowered linen gown, white apron, and cap, and went down with Flora to the hut, attended by O'Neil, and Neal M'Eachan, Flora's servant. They found Charles cooking his dinner—the heart, liver, and kidneys of a bullock—on a wooden spit at a peat fire. The ladies shed tears; but he laughed, and said it was a good lesson for princes, and invited the ladies to share his meal. They stayed all night; but in the morning the Lady of Clanranald was hastily summoned home, for the Militia were actually in the house. She had to go, and Captain O'Neil had likewise to leave the Prince, as Flora's pass was only for four persons.

That same evening, the 28th of June, the four sailed, the Prince taking the utmost chivalrous care of Flora, whom he

always called 'our Lady.' She was small in stature, and a perfect gentlewoman. Two days after a French cutter arrived to fetch the Prince. O'Neil and Sullivan went on board, and O'Neil set forth to find the Prince; but Sullivan was in such alarm that he persuaded the captain to set sail at once!

They rested in a narrow creek some way off, for the boatmen had been rowing all night, and were quite exhausted; but they durst not remain longer, as the Waternish camp might have sent up to alarm the town; and twelve miles further on they landed at Kilbride, near Trotternish. Here Flora left the Prince, and went up to Mongetol, the house of another Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was actually in the camp of the Duke of Cumberland; but his wife, Lady Margaret, a daughter of the house of Eglinton, was at home, and one of the South Uist ladies had prepared her. The house was full of Militia, and she could not act in person. However, her husband's agent, another Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was at the house, and to him she committed the charge.

He took some wine and food with him and set out in search of the Prince, but could not find him till he saw some sheep running as if in alarm; and a worn and wretched figure rose to meet them. 'Sir,' he said to Kingsburgh, 'my life is in your hands to dispose of as you will. For two nights I have had no food nor sleep, but have been sitting on a rock, either beat upon by rains, or devoured by flies. Show me compassion but for one night and I will be gone.'

Kingsburgh, deeply touched, set out with him, and before long were overtaken by Flora, Neal M'Eachan, Mrs. Macdonald, and her maid and man. These last two were not in the secret, and were very curious about Betty Burke, observing that she was the most impudent-looking woman they had ever seen, and remarking how high she held her petticoats over one brook and draggled them in another.

'They call you a Pretender,' said Kingsburgh. 'You are the worst pretender I ever saw.'

The ladies and the dangerous servants had ponies, so Flora took them on in front, while Kingsburgh and the rest went across the hills to his own house, where they arrived at twelve o'clock on the light July night.

The Leddy of Kingsburgh was in bed when her little girl of seven years old rushed into the room, crying out that her papa had brought home the most odd, muckle, unshapen wife she

had ever seen. Kingsburgh himself followed, telling her to get up and come down to receive his guests. She soon appeared, when the muckle wife rose, and, bowing low, saluted her on the cheek, so that she felt the bristles of his beard; and, drawing her husband aside, she asked if he were one of the unfortunate gentlemen escaped from Culloden. Then, on hearing he was, she added, 'Does he bring any news of the Prince?'

'My dear, he is the Prince himself.'

'The Prince!' she cried. 'We are ruined; we shall all be hanged!'

'Never mind,' was Kingsburgh's answer; 'we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this, it will be in a good cause —for an act of mercy and humanity.'

He told her to send up supper; but there was nothing in the house but eggs, butter, and cheese. However, they were a feast; and the Prince would not hear of sitting down to supper without the ladies. After the two ladies retired, Charles and his host sat over the fire with a punch bowl till three o'clock in the morning, the Prince smoking a pipe, reduced to a stump, and black as ink. He insisted on another bowl being brewed; but Kingsburgh refused to consent, so great was the danger; and there was a struggle, in which the bowl was broken.

He then went to bed, saying he had almost forgotten what a bed was like, and slept till one o'clock next day, when he had to set out again in his female garb; and while Flora was putting on the cap, Leddy Kingsburgh begged, in Gaelic, for a lock of his hair.

He laid down his head in Flora's lap, and told her to cut as much as she pleased. A new pair of shoes were given to him by Kingsburgh, who hung up the old ones, saying that he should bring them to St. James's and shake them at the Prince by way of introduction.

When the party had reached a wood, Charles changed his Betty Burke costume for a Highland dress, and took leave of Kingsburgh, walking on to Portree, where Flora gave him up to another Macdonald, Donald—commonly called 'Roy'—who was still lame in the foot from a wound at Culloden.

When they parted, Charles held the brave maiden's hand without speaking, then took off his cap, and kissed her twice on the brow. After he was seated in the boat, he turned and said, 'For all that has happened, madam, I trust we shall meet at St. James's.'

She sat on a rock and watched the boat, rowed by two young M'Leods, as it crossed to the isle of Rasay, whose young chief had come for him with Donald Roy. After staying there a few days, they went back again to Troternish, in Skye, hoping to hear tidings of the French vessel, which, it seems, Sullivan had gone away in.

After sleeping a night in a cow-house, Charles, who passed as a certain Lewis Caw, was taken to a family of Mackinnons, by whom he was conducted back to the mainland, and, on Loch Nevis, had the narrowest of all his escapes. He was lying at the bottom of the boat, with a Mackinnon plaid over him, when, rounding a little promontory, the boat fouled against another; and five Militiamen, so marked by the red cross in their bonnets, were seen on the shore, and ordered the little crew to come ashore for examination.

'Pull for your lives!' cried the old chief of Mackinnon.

For a quarter of an hour there was a desperate chase; but at last they reached an inlet where the wood grew close down to the water. Charles leaped ashore and ran up into the brushwood till he could see the pursuers turn back.

He was in the country of the elder Clanranald; but no help could be got from him, nor from the Macdonald of Moran, though his wife was Lochiel's sister. All that could be got from them was that they would not betray him. But the old chief of Mackinnon was staunch, and swore that he would hold to him and go through the world with him. At Borrodale they found Angus Macdonald and his wife burnt out of house and home, and living in a little hut. Charles shed tears as he saw them, for they had not only been ruined, but had lost a son at Culloden. He asked the lady whether she could bear the sight of him after all she had lost in his service.

'Yes,' she said, 'even though all my sons died for your highness.'

For three days he stayed with these loyal hosts, but then found that the enemy were on his track. But there he learnt that he was between two lines of sentinels, so that he could only crouch in the heather, and dared not even light a fire. However, Donald Cameron of Nepean, who knew every pass, led him, crawling along the bed of a burn, and decided on seeking shelter for him among the M'Kenzies, who had not joined his army, and, therefore, were not watched by the soldiery.

With a few followers, especially Macdonald of Glenaladale, he

set out to cross the braes of Kintoul, inhabited by the Macraws, a very wild race. They were in great want of food ; and when, as travellers, they asked a lodging in the house of one of the clan, their host uttered invectives against all who had risen in arms, or who concealed the young Pretender, declaring that he ought to be given up at once, and the reward set on his head be claimed. However, one of the Macdonalds who had escaped from Culloden arrived, and, instantly recognising the Prince, contrived to get him safely out of the house, and then warned him that troops were in Ross-shire, but said that there was a much safer place, where he himself had spent the last night—namely, a cave in the great mountain of Corado—where lived seven men, who could be absolutely relied on as brave and faithful, and who had not been with the army.

They were, in fact, seven outlaws, and when Charles arrived, under the guidance of Macdonald, he found them dining on a sheep which they had 'lifted' the day before! They welcomed him most affectionately, went down on their knees, and swore to guard him, and they became his most devoted hosts. Their cave was only eight miles from Fort Augustus, and they pounced on the baggage of an English officer to provide him with clothes, obtained sheep by 'lifting' from the flocks on the hills, and whiskey from the illicit stills, and even ventured into the village about Fort Augustus to make purchases. One brought him back, as a great delicacy, a piece of gingerbread. After five weeks, Charles grew very weary of such quarters, and begged Glenaladale to find some laird who would conceal him.

The outlaws much objected, representing that the £30,000 set upon his head was nothing to them, who could not use it, and would only be treated with scorn and horror if they betrayed the Prince ; but it was a great deal to a gentleman, who could escape from the sense of disgrace by going to some distant place. However, Peter Grant, the most cultivated of the seven, agreed to try what could be done, and went into Lochaber in search of some of the Camerons who were in hiding there. The first he met was Cameron of Clunes, who sent him back to bring the Prince to the head of Glencoich, to a little hut which was one of their lurking places. Charles took a grateful leave of the outlaws, and one of them, Hugh Chisholm, made a vow on the spot, and kept it all his life, that no other should ever shake his right hand—at least, till he saw the Prince again. Guided by Peter, Charles travelled by mountain-paths on a stormy night to the hovel,

where they found neither chief, food, nor fire. However, Peter contrived to kill a deer, and dress part of it, and Clunes arrived with his three sons.

The soldiers were, Clunes said, so much on the alert that it was unsafe to move any further, and the wanderer continued in this lonely ravine till he was traced out by Macdonald of Glengary and Dr. Cameron, brother to Lochiel. They contrived to take him to Badenoch, where, at Mellamuir, he found Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who were both in as much danger as himself, and Lochiel was still lame from his wound at Culloden.

He was about to kneel, but Charles cried, 'Oh no, my dear Lochiel; who knows who may be looking at us from the top of yonder hills.'

Lochiel ushered him into the hut, which, though outside wretched, had been made fairly comfortable within, and there was a good meal of beef sausages, mutton, bread, butter, and cheese, and plenty of whiskey. The Prince drank off a dram to the health of his friends, and when some minced collops were served up to him dressed in butter in a large silver saucepan, which Lochiel and Cluny carried about with them, he exclaimed, 'Now I live like a Prince.'

He asked Lochiel if he always lived so well.

'Yes, sir,' said the chief; 'for three months that I have been about with my cousin Cluny he has provided me well, as you see.'

Cluny was in the midst of his clan, who were absolutely devoted to him, and carried him all their dues, guarding him with entire fidelity. He had caused them to build up for him, three months before, an astonishing den, which he called the cage. It was on the slope of the mountain of Benalder, in the midst of rocks and loose stones, interspersed here and there with thickets. One of these thickets veiled the entrance, and a large tree, sloping across towards the precipice above, assisted to form the roof. Rows of trees were laid athwart so as to make a floor, and filled up between the trunks. The growing trees which formed the sides were interwoven with boughs and stakes, and filled up with heather and moss fastened with ropes, and the branches of the trees were thatched over and stuffed with moss. The cage would hold seven men, of whom one was always on the watch; two cooking, or making bread, and the rest playing at cards. Two stones in their natural position formed a hearth, and the grey rock concealed the thin curl of peat smoke. Here Cluny

was as much the chieftain as ever, and had full supplies from his clan ; and here Charles remained till the 14th of September, 1746, when tidings came that two French ships were at Loughnannam. Intelligence was sent to others of the men in hiding, and Charles, Lochiel, Clunes, and about a hundred more, embarked and landed at Morlaix, in Brittany. Cluny remained, and long reigned in his cage.

For five long months had Charles Edward wandered ; and though many and many had known where he was, only that one wild beggar boy had attempted to betray him ! No wonder he heartily loved Scotland through the piteous remainder of a life that had begun so nobly.

# AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

## DECEMBER.

DECEMBER sets in usually with mild weather, a prolongation of November fogs sparing all the plants that survived the October frost, and even encouraging a few to blossom. Primroses put out a few short-stemmed flowers, which cockneys in the country think wonderful enough to write to the papers about. Now and then a branch of pear-tree, if it has been nipped in the summer, attempts to blossom, but is considered 'unlucky.'

Chrysanthemums have just attained to their full beauty; they are at present the chief subjects of gardeners' transformations. The old yellow daisy-like flower has been persuaded into interminable shapes and shades, and the varieties have almost as long a list of names as the roses. Here they are white, and curled at the tips, forming perfect snowballs, or star-like and straggling, or delicate sulphur-coloured, or of every shade of crimson, sometimes yellow above and crimson beneath—pompon when small and compact, Japanese, when large and straggling—or with curled points, and lately with a tendency—by way of variety—to give up the central strap-shaped petals and revert to the daisy-like eye of the original flower. In all plants capable of variations, there is an original wild perfect adaptation and grace, there is a sort of civilised beauty, and there is a gardener's freak worked up into exaggeration for the sake of exhibition. Still we will not quarrel with the flower available for church decoration, lasting long, both gathered and ungathered, and brightening us up far into the winter.

Preferable, however, are the Christmas roses, which do not lend themselves to important varieties. Indeed, what we regard as the flower is only the bracts. The petals are odd little

horned things, almost mixed up with the stamens. They really are by their Latin name *Helleborus niger*, and belong to a poisonous race, whose name has none of the associations of the Christmas rose.

If it is an open winter, we have good hope of plenty of berries, but as to the belief that their number foretells hard weather, it rather points back to the absence of killing frosts at their blossoming time in the spring, when the holly ought to be threaded over with tiny white four-petalled, four-stamened flowers, to give place to the bright coral berries which nothing equals. 'Holly' is really 'holy.' The old people here used to call a bush without berries 'holm,' in contradistinction, and sometimes a fine branch is termed 'Christmas.' Southey made us remark how the prickly leaves cease, as the tree reaches a height beyond the reach of cattle. He breathes a wish that—

> 'So the calm temper of my age may be
> Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.'

One of the most simple as well as deep poems in the 'Lyra Innocentium' was prompted by the exclamation of a little girl, who, looking into the church before the decorations were put up, exclaimed in disappointment, 'No Christmas here!'—

> 'What if that little maiden's Lord,
> That awful Child on Mary's knee,
> Even now take up the accusing word,
> "No Christmas here I see.
>
> '"Where are the fruits I yearly seek,
> As holy seasons pass away;
> Eyes turned from ill, lips pure and meek,
> A heart that strives to pray?
>
> '"Where are the glad and artless smiles,
> Like clustering hollies, seen afar
> At eve along the o'ershadowed aisles,
> With the first twilight star?"'

Holly, even in berryless years, is to my mind better alone than with any sham imitations of berries, though a scarlet tie for the sprays may be effective and allowable. Variegated holly, especially where a few leaves are ivory-white, is a great assistance in brightening, but I do not love yellow-berried holly.

Eccremocarpus, though the corymbs of white blossoms are pretty against the wall, and the bunches of red, almost orange,

berries still more so, does not catch the light enough to be effective on these dark days, nor do the wreaths of dark cotoneaster berries, though looking brilliant out of doors, *tell* in church.

Ivy is the legitimate companion and rival of holly—*Hedera helix*—everywhere cheerful, even in decay, and putting out its green heads of blossom so late in the year that the blackberries are only ripe in time to keep the store which the birds have not gathered into barns. These heads only begin to be put forth after the ivy has ceased to climb, and puts forth branches and leaves of an unbroken pointed egg shape, entirely different from the many-coloured and wonderfully-varying leaves with which it climbs. To collect the different forms of ivy leaves to be met with in a walk is one of the diversions I should recommend to those who are unlucky enough to think a country walk in autumn or winter dull.

A berry larger than the holly and as beautiful, but seldom plentiful enough to be of much use, belongs to the butcher's broom, or kneeholm (*Ruscus aculeatus*)—a very curious plant, related, of all families in the world, to the asparagus. Only the little green flowers are divided into sexes on the same plant, and have no stems, lying flat on the dark green, pointed, spine-ended leaves, where the fertile ones leave a very handsome red berry. It grows wild upon heaths, and probably was once more common than now. The so-called Alexandrian laurel, which makes useful wreaths, is also a *Ruscus;* but it blossoms at the end of its sprays, and does not ripen fruit in this climate. Some say it is really the bay or laurel of which the wreath of successful poets was composed, and it is certainly more convenient for the purpose than the real bay.

The other peculiarly Christmas plant, mistletoe (*Viscum album*), is banished from our churches more on account of the associations, sometimes merely merry, but too often degenerating into vulgarity and rudeness, which make all the lads go about with a sprig of mistletoe in their hats. The tales of Druid worship are, as we all know, intimately connected with the mistletoe, especially with the oak-grown plant, probably from its extreme rarity; for though it is frequent upon ash and apple trees, it is hardly ever found on oaks. The Druid solemnity of cutting it down with a golden knife, and catching it in a white cloth, is well known. It used to be found on oaks at Norwood when that was a wood, and, being supposed to be medicinal when so growing, was sometimes cut down for apothecaries in London.

But the men who meddled with it were said always to fall lame or become blind of an eye! Its French name, *gui*, is probably Celtic.

Its place in Norse myths is equally noted. It was the exception when Freya charmed all minerals, plants, and animals from harming Baldur, and therefore Loki pointed with it the arrow which he persuaded blind Hodur to shoot at the white deity. Whether it was from some lingering connection with its being the means of Baldur's death, is not known, but there was a Christian legend that it had been a fine tree till it furnished the wood of the Cross, in expiation of which it became the strange imperfect plant that it now seems. In some parts of France it is called *l'herbe à la Croix*, and it was thought to be a spell against evil spirits, as well as a cure for epilepsy and many other diseases.

Scarcely noticed in the early part of the year, when the apple-trees are in full leaf, it comes into full prominence when they are stripped, hanging with its yellow-green clusters of branches from the limbs. The root is firmly embedded in the fibre of the tree; the stem is repeatedly forked, a thickened ring at each fork. The leaves are stemless and leathery, of the same uniform yellow-green; the flowers are also stemless, perched within the forks and monœcious—the female ones giving place to a soft white berry, which is said to missel or soil the toes of the missel thrush, thus naming both bird and bush, though the derivation is not very satisfactory.

It is not ornamental enough to be a loss to our church decorations. I remember many phases of these—the sticking by the clerk of holly boughs into the holes made on purpose in the ancient pews; and the gradual interference of the young ladies, who came timidly and felt it an exceeding honour and privilege to be allowed to assist, while old people doubted of the lawfulness and expedience of using flowers at all.

An honour and privilege it is still to work for the house of God and beautify the place of His sanctuary; but now that it has become a matter of course, how many clerical houses feel it a burden and perplexity, while among the workers there is danger of irreverence, and difficulties of temper, and clashing taste. Well, in this world, first it is a point to do the thing, next to do it in the right way.

St. Thomas's Day ushers in Christmas. 'Pray, sir,' asked a boy from a curate, 'did they give St. Thomas the shortest day

because he was not a very good saint?' That St. Thomas is compensated in the Antipodes had not occurred to him.

Here, as in some other Hampshire villages, St. Thomas's Day is spent by all the poorer women in what they call 'gooding' —going from house to house to receive something towards the Christmas dinner. A shilling to each widow, and sixpence to each wife, is the traditional amount; but hardly anyone keeps up the dole since modern changes have come in, and neither squires, farmers, nor peasants are in the old semi-feudal connections. In most places some other form of Christmas gift has been substituted, though nowhere can those questions which are the pain of almsgiving be avoided—who is too well-off, and, on the other hand, who ought not to be helped for fear of fostering evil and deceit. The traditional dole, however, carried no stigma of beggary.

Another ordinance of St. Thomas's Feast was the arrival of certain musical gipsies. 'It's the Lees!' has been the answer when asking the cause of an outbreak of drumming and the like; but this likewise has nearly come to an end, and the genuine gipsy is not a very frequent creature. Moreover, he travels no longer in a picturesque, ramshackle tilted cart, where the red-kerchiefed mother and bright-eyed, brown-faced children look out as from a bower, but in a yellow van, with a stove-pipe protruding from it. And he often has quarters in a town for the winter.

One genuine family was here some years ago, of thorough gipsy blood. A woman was very ill, and a kind gentleman let them remain in his field and sent broth and wine. They were strictly honest, and even refused offers of help from other quarters, saying that they were fully provided for. The woman died, and they lamented her with loud cries like Easterns. They talked of putting up a stone to her, but have never done so. Her name was Gerania.

This gipsy music is not connected with carols. Those carols, in the old time, had a flavour of wild beauty about them. I remember standing in the shrubbery in the dark, with stars overhead, and snatches of song floating on the wind from every quarter, giving a sense of Christmas joy.

But they needed to be heard at a distance. Near at hand the children, then utterly untrained in voice, sang like ballad-singers, generally—

'While shepherds watched their flocks by night;'

but sometimes that notable carol where Lazarus is described among the dogs—

> 'He had no strength to drive them off,
> And so—and so they licked his sores;'

and finally 'Divers' (as he was always called) sits on a serpent's knee!

The shrill thin voices of the children were only ignorantly irreverent, but there were parties of boisterous lads or idle men as ignorant, more profane, and sometimes half-tipsy and on the way to be entirely so.

The practice had to be reformed. Picturesqueness is apt not to bear close inspection, and propriety and reverence must be enforced even through primness and a little hard-heartedness. So now the children of a fit age are taught well-chosen carols, and go round under the surveillance of the master and mistress, and the money-box is divided at the end, and produces more than the chance pence thrown at haphazard and not at all after the change is exhausted; and the children, who do not remember the old days of license, greatly delight in their rounds.

The elders are, or ought to be, in the choir, and have a regular festival supper; and to the undesirable it is really best to turn a deaf ear.

Christmas, unless the salt of life be there, grows sadder as we grow older, and it is one of the stock moralisings of the worldly sort to murmur at being expected to be merry by rule, to make presents, pay bills, and partake of indigestible fare.

The conventional Christmas of illustrated papers and Christmas cards is only too apt to foster this more outward phase of the festival, of which the pudding wreathed with holly is the symbol. To keep the day primarily as the Birthday of the Lord, rejoicing evermore, because He is close at hand, is the only way to keep the rejoicing through life, and hinder the external festivities from becoming hollow and weary. So may the 'Outlook,' going beyond the pleasures around, and the delights of nature, illuminate them all with a brighter light than that which otherwise ever shone on sea or land.

# STROLLING PLAYERS.

## A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE RULING PASSION.

ON that same Sunday afternoon, Clarence, after a day of pain and feverish discomfort, roused himself from confused, moody fancies that were hardly sleep, and heard someone moving across the room.

'Armytage,' he said, 'is that you? Is there some water?'

No one spoke; but he was gently helped to raise himself, and the water held to his lips—held in long, slender, brown fingers, which were not those of Armytage. He looked up at the face that bent over him.

'Alaric!'

'Yes, dear old boy. I told you I should have to pull you out of the quagmire. There—is that easy for you? Is the pain bad?'

'But how—when—— Is it to-morrow?' said Clarence, confusedly.

'No, it's to-day,' said Alaric, smiling. 'Emily and I came to London yesterday for a day or two, on our way to Homesworth to see her mother. I looked in on Clarke, and heard that Willingham had come up to look for a Romeo, and all about it. Clarke had sent him on to Musgrave. So Emily and the kids will go on to-morrow to Homesworth, and I came off at once to see what was the matter.'

'You came to play Romeo? Oh, that's good!'

'No, indeed; I came to look after you. I've interviewed the

doctor, and a jolly old Irishman, who told me where to find you; and I'm going to see that you obey orders. My turn now to take care of you.'

'But, Alaric, they are in such a fix, all next week arranged for! Musgrave will send some duffer. There'll be a breakdown, and she will not have a fair chance. I—I don't know quite if I'm talking sense, my head's so queer. But with you, it won't matter about me. I spoiled all the last scene—her first performance. I mulled everything yesterday. *Raymond* won't be a success either.'

'Hush! I can't have any more talking. I'll go presently and see what is to be done.'

'I shall be easier if you will,' said Clarence, more sensibly 'Oh, I'm glad to see you! Anyhow, you'll understand——' Then he seemed to check himself, and added, 'You mustn't be anxious. I'm not very bad, it's only the inconvenience.'

Alaric soothed him as well as he could; and presently, seeing that he was still uneasy, took up his hat, and, calling the landlady to be at hand, went off to find Sir Lewis, hoping that a Romeo might have turned up from among Mr. Musgrave's 'stars;' for he was too anxious about Clarence to be in the humour to fall in with his suggestion.

He got the direction from the landlady; and as he came up to the Quaking Cottage the door opened, and a small, slight girl came out. She started as she saw him, and, after a moment's pause, said, 'Mr. Lambourne?' with half-uncertain recognition.

'Yes. Has Sir Lewis Willingham come back? I heard from Mr. Clarke of my cousin's accident, and came to see him. He is very anxious as to how his place is to be supplied.'

'Oh, do come in!' said Juliet. 'Lewis has come back; he can't find anyone suitable.'

She took him into the drawing-room, where the others sat disconsolately over their tea.

'I suppose I shall have to go to the agents and try for a professional to-morrow morning,' Lewis was saying. 'Good heavens! Burnet!'—as he caught the echo of Alaric's voice and a glimpse of his figure in the door.

'No, unluckily—Lambourne. I've come to look after him.'

He made some explanations as to how he had heard of the misfortune, and Lewis related his unavailing search for a Romeo on a Sunday afternoon.

'Well,' said Alaric, 'Clarence has sent me to offer myself in his place. I'm out of practice, and I never was good for much; but I have played Romeo with the "Stars," and as you have seen, I look something like Clarence, and I know his line, so I sha'n't put you out, perhaps, as much as a stranger.'

'You! Oh, but that would be capital! You are staying here, then?'

'Yes; I must look after Clarence, of course. The doctor tells me there's nothing to be alarmed at. The knee only wants rest; and though his shoulder is very much hurt and bruised, he thinks there is no permanent injury. But he is more knocked up than I should have expected. The doctor thinks he is overtired or overworked in some way, but I don't see why. He has had more holiday than usual, and he is very strong. He must be well nursed now, and I shall send for my own man-servant, who is a capital nurse, and knows him well too. Clarence would worry himself if he thought I had no one to help me, especially as he wants me to play his part for him. That seems most on his mind.'

'And the lodgings—are they comfortable enough?' asked Selva.

'Yes, I think so. Fortunately, there's been a disappointment about guests for the race week, so I've just taken all the rooms. I believe they meant to turn Clarence out if they wanted his room; but luckily the party isn't coming.'

'Well,' said Selva, 'as for being knocked up, it seems Mr. Burnet rehearsed all day in London, and had nothing to eat yesterday. And he has worked very hard for us, and done heaps of things which we couldn't have asked of him; and he was a magnificent Romeo. I'm sure no one would have believed he had ever been cheerful and comfortable in his life.'

'And besides,' said Miss Dorset, 'his presence of mind saved my niece from the accident that has happened to himself; but for his coming between, the scene must have fallen on her. We can't express enough gratitude.'

'I didn't understand that,' said Alaric. 'He has been reproaching himself for spoiling the end of her performance. Of course, if he saw the scene falling, what else could he do? Well, if you kindly accept my inefficient help, to-morrow morning I suppose we had better go through with it.'

'We are more grateful to you than we can say,' said Lewis.

'Shall I come and thank Burnet for sending you, or is he better left quiet?'

'I think so, just to-day; he seems nervous and feverish. He will rest, I think, now this matter is settled.'

'But,' said Miss Anne again, with rather formal insistence, 'you will tell him we are quite aware of what we owe to him. Juliet?'

Juliet looked at Alaric, her direct gaze showing him that she was more than a little, pale, insignificant girl.

'Tell him he didn't spoil the end of the piece,' she said, abruptly, and as if in spite of herself.

'Oh, Juliet,' said Selva, 'you think of nothing but the pieces!'

Alaric departed, after a little more theatrical consultation, with food for reflection. He went into the post-office and despatched his note to his servant in time to catch the Sunday post, also a few lines to his wife, explaining his intentions, and adding, 'There's something up, and I think it's as well I'm here to see him through.'

Then he went back to Clarence, and told him that he had undertaken to play both Romeo and Orlando through the week; and Clarence heard with relief, but with eyes still wistful and eager.

'And I hear you heroically sacrificed yourself for your Juliet, and, as far as I understand, held up a whole tomb on your shoulders. The whole family expressed the greatest gratitude.'

'Folly!' said Clarence.

'And Miss Juliet—her name *is* Juliet, isn't it?—desired me to tell you that you had not spoiled the end of the piece for her.'

'Did she say that?'

'Those were her very words.'

Clarence flushed up and gave a long sigh. But he obediently took the food on which Alaric insisted, and presently fell asleep quietly, had a fairly good night, and woke up the next morning entirely himself, and, though in much pain, and looking as if he had been ill for a fortnight, was bent on giving Alaric every possible instruction, and warning him impartially as to Juliet's weak points.

'Now,' said Alaric, 'you can't sit up and look out of window, or you might see "Mr. Alaric Lambourne" being pasted up in blue letters across your pink bills, and extra notices about a slight accident, and my kindly consenting, etc. I had that done, or the public might have thought you had suddenly gone off in

your acting. You leave me to work it out. Where's the dress? I'll just put it on and see how I feel in it. Oh, this is Hamlet just going out of mourning. I believe Romeo was naturally a Veronese masher, and dressed himself up to catch the eye of Rosaline.'

'Perhaps you'd like to wear sky-blue satin, as I believe one of the Kembles did. You look quite masher enough for anything. I never made the scarf sit in that style. Yes, alter the belt—you're much slighter than I am.'

Perhaps the sight of the graceful Alaric in his Romeo dress could hardly be perfectly delightful to poor Clarence, either as player or as lover. But Alaric, his mind relieved as to his cousin, felt his spirits rise at the touch of the costume, like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet; though he laughed at himself when Markham, the solemn old servant, arrived, and, on hearing his plans, observed indulgently—

'Well, sir, and no doubt you'll enjoy it.'

Markham took the command of the whole house, including the landlady, whose ideas were entirely upset by the 'theatrical gentleman' (whom she had taken under protest) producing such an appendage, and proving so profitable a lodger.

Alaric left the old butler in charge and went off to the theatre, nervous enough as the critical moment approached.

The Wills felt themselves left to a new self-dependence, and Juliet dreaded the performance unspeakably. Alaric had no command of Clarence's methods, and played Romeo on lines of his own. He was much more love-sick and dreamy in the early part—really the moon-struck boy who fancied himself heart-broken—and all through he was tender and pathetic rather than passionate and fervent; most graceful, and with an indefinable personal charm that made the performance delightful, even though it was infinitely weaker than that of his cousin. It was very skilful in its recognition of the actor's own limitations, though unpractised, and with technical faults; and Agnes, Selva, and Miss Anne preferred it to Clarence's tragic intensity.

On Juliet, the effect was curious and unexpected. Her emotional power seemed to be set free. She was as much stronger and more intense than Alaric as Juliet is than Romeo. Whether in some subtle way Clarence had overpowered her, or whether last night had really touched her with a new fire, she played with twice her former force. Alaric was amazed at her; there was no lack now of passion. Now she parted from her

Romeo with a wife's devotion, and wept for his banishment with adequate despair.

The performance was triumphantly carried through, the last scene (properly repaired, it need hardly be said), came to no mishap, and this time Romeo led Juliet before the curtain to receive applause without stint.

Alaric hurried back to give his report to Clarence, knowing that he would not sleep without it.

'All well—all jolly!' he said eagerly, as he stood beside the bed. 'Glorious old humbug that it is! How I did enjoy it! Tired? Not at all.'

'And—and what did you think of—the Juliet?'

'Why, I don't think you do her half justice! You should have Uncle Dick down to see her. She's a splendid child—a child with a soul. She'd carry any fellow through.'

'Now, sir, begging your pardon, it's half past twelve. Mr. Burnet should be asleep,' said Markham, sternly, and turning his master out of the room.

'I suppose, Jetty,' said Agnes at the same moment, 'that you found Mr. Lambourne much easier to play with than Mr. Burnet? You did act so well to-night.'

'Did I?' said Juliet. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Agnes, than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy. Mr. Lambourne acts very nicely.'

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A BENEFICENT IMP.

'AUNT NANCY,' said Selva, the next morning, as they sat at work, while some of the party were at the theatre, going through such scenes in 'As You Like It' as were affected by the new Orlando—'Aunt Nancy, I want to know what you think of everything. We've got ten days more here; and then——'

'Then?' echoed Miss Anne, who was making an alteration in Rosalind's doublet. 'Has Lewis any more offers?'

'Nothing very definite. And—well, Aunt Nance, we sha'n't have Ernley any longer. We won't have George, and I should think the Major was sick of it.'

'Oh, the Major will always stick to us. He has told me so,' said Miss Anne.

'Well,' replied Selva, 'I suppose it isn't likely that anything would happen to upset *him*. *He* isn't likely to be falling in love.'

'Most improbable,' assented Miss Dorset. 'But Ernley Armytage has been different ever since we met at Rotherwood. Agnes doesn't mean, I see, to have him. And you know the "clergy boy" has got a living. His people all made up to Agnes, and that's what it'll come to.'

'He seemed rather a foolish youth,' said Miss Anne. 'But if that's what Agnes is looking to, of course she can't go on acting with us.'

'And Lewis won't be content with the old ways either. Clarence Burnet has made him too critical. I'm not sure that he wouldn't like to go regularly on the stage himself. But he'll not be content with *us* much longer. And Juliet——'

'I don't see how Jetty is to settle down again at the Wharf House.'

'She never will, Aunt Nance—never. And how either you or Lewis can refuse to let her take to the profession I can't see, after all this. Besides, she is of age, and you couldn't really stop her. And she's in deadly earnest.'

'It seemed just a little temporary amusement or occupation,' said Miss Anne, rather weakly. 'Perhaps we ought to have remembered that George Buckley might lose sight of his position in such intimate intercourse. But I never thought of it.'

'George is in a bad way, and he *is* just mad about Juliet, poor fellow! But she'll never think of George.'

'Oh, Selva, nor of the other one,' exclaimed Miss Anne. 'So—so—so out of the question.'

'Whether Juliet is in love with Clarence Burnet I can't say,' replied Selva, who belonged to a more plain-spoken generation than her aunt. 'But at least she has found out that he is in love with her.'

'But is he?'

'Yes, that he is! I've seen him look at her. But I don't believe she found it out till the accident. It has only just struck me. And now, you see, unfortunately he has saved her life. I wish he had not.'

'So do I,' said Miss Anne, quite unconscious of the ghastly nature of the sentiment she was echoing.

'For it was her life. It was a horrible weight that fell on him. No wonder he's so badly hurt, poor fellow.'

'It's very unfortunate; but it's quite impossible,' said Miss Anne. 'An actor, and a man of no origin at all! Because, you know, his being Mr. Lambourne's cousin has nothing to do with it. I allow it's confusing; but Alaric Lambourne's mother was *nobody*—a gipsy dancer. And I'm sure I remember hearing, not so many years ago, that those excellent Martin Lambournes had a great deal of trouble about Alaric taking up with a cousin who led him into mischief. I remember now thinking at Homesworth that Mrs. Martin Lambourne didn't seem to think much of Clarence Burnet. But at least Jetty can't see anything of him now.'

'He'd better be acting with her every night than lying there like a wounded hero,' said Selva. 'However, he doesn't—at least, he didn't—know that she guesses, and I don't think he means to tell her—not while he is here, at any rate.'

'Perhaps he sees the unsuitability of it,' said Miss Dorset. 'He certainly is very nice in all his ways.'

Selva thought the attachment a great misfortune; but she laughed a little at this way of putting it.

'Oh, Aunt Nance,' she said, 'they may resolve, but they always let it out! What's this?'

'This' was a basket of peaches for Lady Willingham, which had been brought, the messenger was desired to say, from Monkswarren, by Mr. Lambourne's servant when he came to wait on Mr. Burnet.

Dolph, who brought it into the room, added, 'If you please, my lady, might I have one for Mr. Rigg. He is so dreadful thirsty that we ought to

> '"Feed him with apricocks and mulberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and dewberries."'

'Indeed!' was the exclamation, as Selva looked for the ripest peach. 'What is the matter with him?'

'Well, my lady, I can't tell, but I think if Miss Anne would be so good as to come and see him, it would be mercy that droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven. He's been ill, I believe, ever since he came here, and only just kept about of late. And, says he, if he'd had all his wits he'd have known the scene wasn't safe before Mr. Burnet came back—not that he supposed Mr. Buckley would have minded him. His landlady's as hard as a nether millstone, and would like to send him to the workhouse.'

'Has he had no doctor?' asked Selva.

'No, my lady. I wanted him, but he has not the means; and he will not be beholden to nobody, but only wants to die there in peace if the Goneril of a woman would let him,' said Dolph, with a theatrical gesture, but genuine dew on his eyes.

'Poor dear, dear fellow!' cried Selva, jumping up. 'We must go and see him directly, Aunt Nance,' and she caught up the whole basket of peaches.

Just at the door, however, they met Lewis and the Major, and on her incoherent explanation of the errand, Lewis declared that he would not have Selva running into such places; and he wanted her, besides, to come and rehearse 'Audrey.' Do anything for the poor chap that was wanted, but she was not to go to some horrid lodging-house.

'There's no reason that I should not go,' said Miss Anne.

'With me, then,' said the Major. 'I'm just released, and am twenty times at your service.'

So off they set, with a cavalier look of courtesy from the old soldier, and a comical little bridle of the lady, which made the husband and wife glance at each other and laugh.

'Really I shouldn't wonder,' said Selva.

Lewis exploded. 'Old Aunt Nance! That's good! And we will finish "As You Like It" properly, with couples going to the ark!'

'You won't catch any of the others,' said Selva. 'Certainly not Agnes and Ernley.'

'No; I'm afraid not. Poor old chap! I suppose it will have to be that young ass of a cleric, now he seems to have got the provender he held out to her. Every man to his taste. But why could she not like a good fellow like Armytage, who has stuck by us like a brick for pure love of her?'

By-and-by Miss Anne reappeared at the theatre, when the rehearsal was just going on, saying that the poor man seemed to be very ill, and the Major had gone to inquire about admission to the infirmary, since the place was perfectly unfit for a sick man, or, indeed, a healthy one, and the only person who had attempted to attend to the patient was Dolph.

'What a mixture that boy is,' she said. 'I was uneasy at his not going to church yesterday evening, and it seems he was reading the Bible to this poor man, and trying to persuade him to let him write to his friends.'

'Imp and celestial chorister compounded,' said Lewis.

The Major tumbled in uttering Irish imprecations against the doctors for being all out; but Alaric, who was just departing, said—

'I'll ask Dr. Webb to go. I hope he'll look in again to see Clarence; he had such a bad night, and I don't like his look to-day at all.'

Miss Anne expressed regrets, and thanks for the peaches.

'Oh, Clarence sent them,' he said. 'I'm afraid I made a mess of it, Miss Juliet. I enjoy it of all things; but—— However, he would scold me for being so anxious.'

He went off in a hurry; and Juliet, vaguely uneasy, wondered what people would say if *she* made a mess of it because she was anxious about Clarence Burnet; while Miss Anne, in spite of the logic of her argument to Selva, felt that the close affection between the cousins, to say nothing of their unusual likeness to each other, did confuse the situation.

'How did "Orlando" go?' was Clarence's first question when his cousin came in.

'Villainously. But I've fallen so low, I should enjoy "Hamlet" at a week's notice in a back drawing-room. I'm very trying to Rosalind. Not that she has attained to all the delicate graces of high comedy herself. But there's a purpose about the little sprite. How are you—feeling bad still?'

'I don't know how bad I ought to feel,' said Clarence, ruefully. 'I feel good for nothing. And there's *Raymond Rivers*——'

'Oh, hang *Raymond Rivers!* I'm sure he deserved it. Here's the paper. I'll read you to sleep with the "Agricultural Outlook."'

Whether the subject or Alaric's soft voice might have soothed Clarence's fretted nerves was never proved, for it was interrupted by a railway cab dashing up to the door in a violent hurry, then a thundering knock, and a voice, at the sound of which Clarence started up from his pillows, exclaiming—

'There's Uncle Dick!'

'Oh! confound him! And I wrote so judiciously. Keep quiet! I'll calm his anxiety.'

Mr. Richard Burnet, otherwise Mr. Belville, of the Planet Theatre, was a fine big man of the same type as his two nephews, but though perhaps conventionally handsomer, without the distinction which, in different ways, they both possessed. He was, as Alaric had once put it, exactly what outsiders would expect

of a melodramatic actor, conspicuous and dashing, with a hearty, noisy manner—in fact, stagey in private life.

'Well, Alaric, my dear fellow, and what's all this? Didn't I tell Clarence no good would come of all this tomfoolery? If he's laid up now it'll be the ruin of me! There's that infernal piece on my mind day and night——'

'Hush! uncle—Clarence will hear you, and he musn't be agitated on any account. He'll be all right with proper rest and care. It's very unlucky, but he has made a tremendous hit here. It hasn't been time thrown away—crowded houses, and quite a sensation!'

'Why—why, you don't mean to say these Wills of the Wisp are any good? Well, well, well!—I tell you what I'll do. I'll stay and have a chat with Clarence, and go and see them to-night. You're playing, ar'n't you? Ah, my dear boy, Providence spoiled a fine actor in making you a country squire. I played in this theatre some five-and-thirty years ago. I was the wounded soldier in "Macbeth"—

'"But I am faint; my gashes cry for help."

Oh'—with an appropriate groan—'fine part in its way! And then one tumbled into bed and slept like a top. But now—

'"Uneasy lies the head that wear a crown."

I'm in that state of nervous anxiety that I declare——'

'Yes, Uncle Dick,' said Alaric, who by no means agreed with King Duncan as to the becomingness of his uncle's words on this occasion; 'we shall all feel immensely honoured. Now let me order dinner for you at the hotel. I'll ask Sir Lewis Willingham to meet you at supper afterwards. If I let you see Clarence for one minute you must promise not to talk about the play.'

'No, no, I won't. Poor lad!—I wouldn't reproach him for the world!' And when Alaric, thinking it best for both parties to admit him, allowed the interview, Uncle Dick, who was very fond of his nephew, and very soft-hearted, was quite overcome at the sight of his white face, and remarked, in a broken voice and a stage aside to Alaric, that he was afraid the dear boy was quite done for.

'Not quite, uncle,' said Clarence, laughing a little. 'I'll mend up, I hope, in time for our first rehearsal.'

'Forbidden topic—forbidden topic,' said the uncle, with a wink

at Alaric. 'I'm going to see your friends here to-night. Promising *débutante*, I'm told. What d'ye think of her?'

Clarence would have found it far less exciting to discuss the prospects of *Raymond Rivers* for an hour than to face the idea of Juliet exposed to his uncle's criticism without his help. He flushed up and hesitated, while Alaric interposed—

'I'll tell you all about her, uncle, if you'll just go on to the hotel; I'll be with you in a minute.'

What would Mr. Belville think of the Wills of the Wisp, and oh! what would the Wills of the Wisp think of Mr. Belville? Words failed Clarence as he looked piteously up at Alaric with eyes that told more than he knew. He had had some hard moments in his life, but to be helpless and incapable in an emergency was altogether new to him. 'Help her,' he said at last; 'don't frighten her about it.'

Alaric, more and more uneasy at the evident increase of suffering, promised, and said everything comforting he could imagine. But before the dinner had been ordered, the presence of the great man had spread through the theatrical world of Clarebridge. Dolph had carried the news to the Quaking Cottage. Mr. Farquharson had rushed up to call at the hotel, and every soul in the theatre was in the state of mind described once for all when another London manager appeared in the audience of the immortal Vincent Crummles.

Lily Farquharson spent an extra half hour in making herself up for Phœbe. Her father congratulated himself on the luck which showed him off in his beloved part of Jaques. Juliet somehow felt that she did *not* feel all the importance of the occasion as it deserved, and Alaric, when he made his appearance, looked as nervous as anyone. He looked down at Juliet with an odd sort of smile.

'Look here,' he said, 'we have got to do Clarence credit. He is half wild with anxiety. Mind you pull through.'

'I will,' said Juliet; and with that power of rising to the occasion which is in itself talent, she determined not to lose her chance. Nervous anxiety, secret misery, the wrong Orlando, should not spoil her play. She showed at her very best, and conquered the situation.

'So, my dear,' said Mr. Belville afterwards, when he honoured the little theatre by asking for admission behind the scenes, 'you're fond of the theatre. Going to take to the profession in serious earnest?'

As Uncle Dick, laying his hand affectionately on Juliet's shoulder, asked her this question in a loud voice in the midst of her assembled family, the stage effect could hardly have been surpassed.

'That, sir,' said Juliet, looking him straight in the face, and speaking in her clearest voice, 'depends partly on your opinion of me.'

'H'm—h'm! Get some good technical training and come to me again in six months.'

Alaric knew that this was as conclusive as a manager would be, and if Juliet had hoped for something more, she did not show it.

'Thank you, Mr. Belville,' she said. 'I'll follow your advice exactly.'

'And here, you boy'—turning to Dolph—'you shouldn't be aiming at parts fit for your betters. Come up with Mr. Burnet, and if you choose to take your luck, and tumble about in my theatre, doing what comes handy, I'll let you see a little of real work. That's the best training for a lad—to make himself generally useful.'

'Thank you, sir—thank you, sir! I ain't a bit particular,' said Dolph, radiantly. 'Oh, Miss Juliet,' he said afterwards, 'we've learned a lot of experience, haven't we? I'd rather be a super in the Planet Company than play Puck or Prince Arthur all about—anywhere. My fortune's made!'

'Well, Dolph,' said Juliet, gravely, 'I suppose we have the chance of making it; we've made the plunge.'

But Miss Lily Farquharson said that Juliet was a viper, and Mr. Clinton told Dolph that he'd be nothing but a call-boy, while all the Willinghams were so taken aback by the offer, and her prompt acceptance of it, that they decided that night among themselves to say nothing at all to her till there was time to discuss it in peace.

'She sha'n't do it,' said Lewis.

'She will,' said Selva to her husband; 'she has meant it for long enough. There's only one person who could stop her.'

'Aunt Minnie?'

'No; Clarence Burnet.'

Then Lewis, when he understood the course of his wife's thoughts, flew into a passion, and swore at himself, and the Wills o' the Wisp, and the theatre, and Clarence Burnet.

He had to suppress his wrath for the present, for Dolph came running after them as they reached the Quaking Cottage.

'Mr. Burnet's much worse, my lady. A message came to hurry Mr. Lambourne, and the doctor says as how he can't say now that there's no danger.'

Dolph's eyes were full of tears; and on this scanty intelligence Juliet had to sleep. It blotted out Mr. Belville's encouragement. The next morning brought a hurried, anxious note from Alaric, saying that the doctor had come early after a night of high fever, and pain so violent as to indicate possible cause for great uneasiness. He was very sorry to upset their plans once more, but he could not manage to play the two great parts properly in such anxiety, nor endure to leave his cousin for so long. Mr. Belville, who was obliged to go back to town, would send down Clarence's 'under-study' to take his place till the end of the week.

Sir Lewis, though inclined to think the anxiety rather over-strung, could only be thankful to get anybody in the emergency, and expressed a proper amount of regret and sympathy.

Clarence had not suggested this plan in the first instance, partly because he did not wish his uncle to know he was incapacitated, and partly because he did not think that his 'under-study' would prove acceptable to the Willinghams—that is to say, to Juliet.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE SWALLOW'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

I KNOW that your England lies cold and white
In this desolate winter-time;
Yet I grieve that I may not wing my flight
Within sound of your Christmas chime.

When I left you the autumn mists hung chill,
While the dead leaves, in rustling showers,
Were swept by the bitter blast's fierce will
To the earth that was bare of flowers.

That I 'dare' not come when the wind is east,
Full wisely your Shakspere sang;
He knew that no swallow could build a nest
'Neath eaves where the icicles hang.

Yet it is not for love I linger here,
Nor shall ever my heart beguile
This land that has summer through all its year,
These skies with their southern smile.

The robin is left till I come once more,
With his brown coat and vest of red;
Take heed that each morning about your door
The crumbs for his breakfast are spread.

And ye, though your dull skies are cold to-day,
Wait in patience a few weeks more,
Till I flash like a sunbeam on your way
As a token that Winter is o'er.

ISA. J. POSTGATE.

# CHRISTMAS BOOK NOTICES.

We should like to premise these book notices by remarking, that the usefulness of prizes and parochial libraries is increased tenfold if any one will take the trouble to suit the books carefully to the readers, instead of either ordering theme *en masse* from a 'safe source,' or finding them out by chance by the pictures on the back. The publications of the great Societies require sorting out for different kinds of readers, if they are to do their proper work, and it is not half enough considered that many other publishers bring out books of the same kind quite as cheaply, which only need to be known to be appreciated, and which would make a great variety in the parochial *menu*.

## National Society.

*The Cross Roads*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, 3*s*. 6*d*.—This is a most lifelike little story of domestic service of the higher classes, suitable for the G. F. S. library, or for a prize for elder girls Emmeline is a real working girl of the present day of the best sort—religious, refined, and conscientious, though faulty, of course, and making many mistakes. Elizabeth is delightful, and the whole story is pleasant and natural, and of a most useful kind.

*Not One of Us*, by the Author of 'Mademoiselle Mori,' 3*s*. 6*d*.—A modern young schoolmistress, full of examinations and certificates, in the dress of an Italian peasant, is a novelty. It is a little difficult to realise her, and certainly her English contemporaries have no cause to envy her. The descriptions are beautiful, and the book opens a new side of life to English readers.

*The Golden Buckle*, by the Author of 'Starwood Hall,' 3*s*. 6*d*.—This is a tale on the less original topic of the Great Plague. It is well written and well put together. A very good book for a parish library.

*Max, Fritz, and Hob*, by C. R. Coleridge, 3*s*.—Hob is a bear, Fritz a boy with an affinity for bears and other beasts, and Max, his cousin and friend. The loves and sorrows of the three have a romantic setting, and their adventures are many and strange.

*St. Dunstan's Fair*, by M. and C. Lee, 2*s*. 6*d*., is perhaps a little over full of description for the readers for which it is intended. It is a very

pretty old-fashioned story; but we think the theme of a child keeping secrets from her family on behalf of her nurse's lover, even if he is a deserter, and in danger of his life, not quite a happy one. There is rather more plotting and planning than we like to think a child capable of, though the nurse knows nothing of it, and of course, the distant period and romantic surroundings take it quite out of the commonplace.

*Moor and Moss*, by Mary H. Debenham, *2s. 6d.*—This is not quite so fascinating as last year's 'Mistress Phil;' but it is a lively and spirited tale of the border, and will be liked, where the Scotch dialogue is not too great a drawback to the reader's enjoyment.

The *Adventures of Denis*, by M. Bramston, *2s. 6d.*—Here we find ourselves among our old friends of the 'Forty-Five,' treated in a pleasant and fresh manner. Denis is a nice and natural little boy, and Phillis the sensible, clear-headed girl, which this author likes to present to us. The 18th-century colouring is very well done.

*A Small Legacy*, by Esmé Stuart, *2s.*—We fancy this will be one of the most popular of the set among the readers for whom it is mainly intended. Little Peter is doubtless one of the many descendants of Little Lord Fauntleroy, but he is a very engaging one; the book is exciting and has real pathos, and would read aloud well.

*Lottie Levison.*—This is an excellent story with a fine and unhackneyed moral, sometimes forgotten by the givers as well as by the readers of prize books. In the struggle to make our Lotties rise, even into the first stage of keeping respectable, we ourselves often forget that it won't do for them to stop there. Lottie is a very real and very inspiring heroine.

*A Nest of Royalists*, by Esmé Stuart, *2s.*—These are French Royalists, followers of Charles X. It is a pretty and adventurous story; but we are afraid that the blank ignorance and indifference of most English people as to recent French history will make it a little bewildering.

All these National Society publications, as well as their predecessors, are suitable for filling parish libraries, and for presents to young people of various degrees. We think the story of the working-class child of modern days might be more largely represented among them; but, no doubt, the historical ones all help to give that background of cultivation which they require to be appreciated at all. 'Avoid the Great Rebellion if you *can*,' said a publisher once to an intending author; and we would add, the Forty-Five, the Great Plague, and the French Revolution.

NEW CHRISTMAS BOOKS OF A. D. INNES & CO.

*Brownies and Rose-leaves*, by Roma White, is a beautifully illustrated

and very attractive collection of fanciful tales and tuneful verses, some of which are already well known to readers of the MONTHLY PACKET. The poems have a swing and ring in their rhythm not often heard; and the tales are full of pretty fancies. We like the 'Story of the Gorse' best.

*A Ring of Rubies*, by L. T. Meade, 3*s.* 6*d.*—This is the most modern instance possible of our old acquaintance, the girl in her teens, whose spirit and sense save her family from poverty, and her brother from ruin. It is very lively and spirited, and where rubies flash fire, and rings have secret openings, we can't expect probabilities. But we must protest against a girl who was nursing two cases of scarlet fever going about in public conveyances and paying visits. No magic ring could make this otherwise than wrong and dangerous.

*Dear*, by the author of 'Tip-cat,' 3*s.* 6*d.*, has all the charm and pathos of its author. The incident of Patty and her master is beautiful, and beautifully told. The story is exceedingly painful and sad, and the fate of the poor young hero so miserable, that we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the fact that it finally led to Dear's happiness. But the writing is, as usual, charming.

*The Dainty Books*, 2*s.* 6*d.*—This little series is well named, both as to cover, illustrations, and contents. *For Grown-up Children*, by Mrs. Walford, contains four lively little stories. *Mum Fidgets*, by Constance Milman, has two excellent tales; and also very pretty pictures by Edith Elliman; while *Master Bartlemy* has justice done him by his get up, which is all that used to be said of him in these pages.

We are very glad to recognise in the 'Yonge' library our old Langley friends at 1*s.* 6*d.*, also F. M. Peard's dear old 'Tales of the South of France,' and others. The 'Tip-cat' series, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the 'Half Crown' series contain many old friends of the PACKET, all suitable for presents and libraries. There is a shilling set also, in which we are glad to see that excellent and too little known story, 'Pamela's Bequest.' Also reprints of Popular Novels in one volume. The set of 'Plays for Children' ought to answer the many questions on the subject. All these books are quite as cheap as those issued by the Societies, and are got up with great taste and care.

S. P. C. K.

*A Promising Boy*, by Annette Lyster, is a very good story of the contrasted plodding and dutiful brother, and the cleverer one who deserts his home and mother, at first for love of the invalid gentleman who notices him, afterwards because he is spoilt for home life. The really fatal incident in the matter is that the youth acquires a taste for gambling, which becomes his ruin; and, indeed, we are inclined to

think that this should have been far more dwelt on than the desertion of his home. In this case, the mother's difficulties were greatly increased, and it would have been a brave act of self-sacrifice to have staid at home for her sake; but in the present day it is better not to treat all aspirations beyond village life as crimes.

*Cecily's Mistake*, by E. Eubule Evans, is a specimen of the follies caused by an accession of wealth, not very considerable, but enough to turn the heads of the family, and nearly to lead to the ruin of the happiness of the daughter; but happily, reverses come soon enough to save her.

*Spitewinter* shows as usual Miss Shipton's power of writing for young men and lads, and is full of incident.

*The Witch's Den*, by Phœbe Allen, deals with fancied sorcery, and the foolish expedition of two boys against a harmless old man. We doubt its usefulness.

*Ray's Discovery*, by Cecilia Selby Lowndes, describes two little girls sent to stay with friends in their mother's absence, and who take an unreasonable dislike to one of their hostesses, chiefly from a sentence overheard and misunderstood.

But why, in most of these books, are not our village readers more considered?

*In the Crowd* is a good story for the workers in London missions; but scarcely one of the books of this season hitherto received is fit to be read to a Mother's Meeting or Sunday class. Even among the little square red and blue ones, whereof 'Our Picnic,' interrupted but not fatally by the sight of a bear, is the best; but every one who remembers lying awake trembling at imaginary burglars will agree in excluding *A Visit from Santa Klaus*, as more likely to terrify than to delight.

### Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Marshall is much beloved by young people. Her *Pat's Inheritance* (Nisbet) is his father's good name. This really is a village story; but Pat is rather too perfect to be likely to win the affections of boys. *New Relations* (Nisbet) are a family come home from India, and, oh joy! the nice people of the story. The pride and 'snobbishness' of some of their friends is well done, and it is just the book for the 'Friendly Work' class of the G. F. S. readers.

*Alston Crucis*, by Helen Shipton, 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—This romantic story, which has been running through 'Good Words' during the past year, has an ingenious, though rather perplexing plot, well-told adventures, and much character interest as well. The old gipsy grandmother, the old-fashioned parson, with his evangelical son and his daughter Elisabeth, and Harold, with his gipsy instincts (we confess that

we should always have felt a little doubtful what he might do next), are all excellent studies, the local colouring very picturesque, and, though we think the book would have gained by a little compression, it is full of interest in every way.

*Five Little Victims*, by Miss Bramston (Chambers).—A lively story of schoolroom life, full of character, and sure to be liked.

*A Council of Courtiers*, by Cora Layton (Blackie & Son).—A prettily written child's story, on the old topic of a thieving magpie causing suspicion to fall where it is not due.

*A Handbook of Nursing*, Catherine J. Wood.

*A Handbook for the Nursing of Sick Children*, C. D. Wood (Cassell & Company).

These are written by a lady of wide experience, and are quite simple and easy to understand. They would be found useful in every family.

*Old Miss Audrey*, by Evelyn Everett Green (R. T. S.), is a very good story of a sensible woman bringing new life into a rather narrow-minded parish, and rousing the good folks from their incessant discussions of their poorer neighbours, about whom they argue for ever in circles.

We have seldom been more diverted by a 'fabulous history,' as Mrs. Trimmer called it, than by '*Wild Pigs*,' by Gerard Young (Swan Sonneschien), evidently tales told to his children. We are sure few children will fail to be greatly diverted by the adventures of Snout and Chunk.

*Heroes of the Goodwin Sands* (R. T. S.), by the Rev. Thomas S. Treanor, is a noble book of grand achievements, drawing out the most undaunted courage and self-sacrifice, to save the lives of men unknown. It is written with thorough knowledge of the subject, and is a most spirit-stirring record. It should be in every library used by men and boys.

*Ida's Mistake*, by V. G. E. (Digby & Long), is a child's tale of some length, such as we own we prefer, containing many characters, each well developed, and full of interest, from the big schoolboy to the little nursery children and their autocratic nurse. They are the family of an Irish clergyman, and show their nationality in little unconscious turns of speech which we feel to be thoroughly genuine, though there is little distinctively Irish except the bold attempt of the priggish girl of the family to convert a Roman Catholic tramp, resulting of course in the disappearance of half a crown.

*Sam's Mission*, by Beatrice Marshall (Nisbet), is a small but very touching book, telling of a little boy whose soul was fired with the aspiration of being a missionary among the Kaffirs. His attempt to join the missionary whose words he had heard, came of course to an untimely end; but the seed that his example had sown took root, and produced fruit. The story is told with spirit and humour, and is quite worth reading.

*The Queen of the Goblins* (Wells Gardiner) is a very pretty fairy story, full of effort and self-sacrifice, a tale with a soul.

*Black and White*, by Geraldine Butt (Hogg), tells of Anglo-Indian children, and is wonderfully fresh, good, and delightful.

*Captain Geoff* (Wells Gardiner) continues Ismay Thorne's series of 'Quite Unexpected'; but why did that lady write anything so silly as '*Little Sisters of Pity*,' where the unknown sailor, whose grave the children have tended, turns out to be the son of a Countess who leaves them her fortune?

*The Little Doctor*, or Natural Magic, by Darley Dale (Wells Gardiner). A half Spanish gipsey, with a grandmother pretending to witchcraft, works on the imagination of a Swedish doctor's son into believing him to be possessed of wonderful secrets. They pledge themselves even to serve one another for a year; the little doctor, not believing the promise in earnest, till he is suddenly kidnapped, goes through a hard servitude, and is rescued by his father, at the Fair of Novgorod.

Miss Wilford's *Nigil Bartrum's Ideal* and Miss Ingelow's *Stories told to a Child*, are charming republications by Wells Gardiner.

*Cousin Isabel*, by Marion Andrews (Wells Gardiner), is a somewhat commonplace story of the Siege of Derry.

There are two very good historical stories published by Seeley, *The Siege of Norwich Castle*, by M. M. Blake, on the days of the Conqueror, and *St. Dunstan's Clock*, by M. E. Ward, on the Fire of London.

*Adrift*, by M. E. Winchester (Seeley), is just what all G. F. S. girls like, and has no harm in it.

We must also mention the capital Library of Penny Fiction for the G. F. S., edited by Mrs. Townsend: *Bessie's Engagement*, *Philly my Dimond*, *Gregory of the Foretop*, *Isabel Bray*, and others.

*Olgas' Dream*, by Norley Chester (Seeley), is a most comical vision of the Land of Learning with everything *à tort et à travers;* where History, with her pages most lively and gay, regales her votaries with leaves and dates, and complains lamentably that '*They*' have robbed her of her best groups, such as Alfred and the Cakes, handed them over to Fiction, and whitewashed her figures. The illustrations—as of the whitewashed Richard III.—are delicious.

Messrs. Mowbray's 'Oxford Series of Christmas Cards' are, as usual, excellent, and satisfactory to those who do not care to send about mere trivialities at the coming sacred season.

# Church History Society.

*Rules.*—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s*. II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume*. III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

*Prizes* of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

## THE REFORMATION.

### VI.—CALVIN AND ZWINGLE.

*Questions for December.*

41. A short history of Ulrich Zwingle.

42. An account of the Conference of Marburg.

43. Some account of Calvin up to the *Consensus Tigurinus*.

44. Give half a dozen lines on Calvin's 'Institutes'; and mention the teaching of the Swiss School of Reformers on—

(α) Free Will;
(β) Predestination;
(γ) The Atonement;
(δ) The Sacraments;

giving a short definition only of each, but examining one more fully.

Books recommended: Aubrey Moore's *Lectures*, Course IV.; Hardwick's *History of the Christian Church;* and Seebohm's *History of the Protestant Revolution*.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

*September Class List.*

*Class I.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Etheldreda<br>Hermione<br>Water Wagtail | 40 | Ierne | 36 | Honeysuckle<br>Laura | 30 |
| | | Λαμβδα | 32 | | |

*Class II.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fidelia | 29 | Veritas | 25 | Maidenhair | 23 |
| Gooseberry | 27 | Simple Simon | | Countess | |
| | | | | *Trudel | 20 |

*Class III.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Constans et Fidelis | 14 | †Verena | 11 |

* Three answers only. † Two answers only.

REMARKS.

29. Only *Water Wagtail* and *Fidelia* give the general course of events in England in contrast with the Lutheran. *Constans et Fidelis:* The Reformation Parliament began in 1529. *Veritas* speaks as if it were constantly employed in 'ratifying the Acts of Convocation.' Unluckily the reverse was generally the case. Parliament legislated and Convocation either received and strove to modify the Acts, or else their assent was not even asked. *Honeysuckle:* The Probate, Mortuaries, and Pluralities Acts were passed in 1529, just after Parliament met, not 1530. *Honeysuckle* omits the bringing the nation under *Præmunire*, and the King's pardon in 1531. Her order of events is confused. The three great Acts of Separation from Rome were as follows (all in 1534):—1. Restraint of Annates (March 16th); 2. Peter's Pence and Indulgences; 3. Submission of Clergy and Restraint of Appeals (March 30th). She scatters them through three years. These Statutes are in Perry, Gardiner, and quite small histories. *Verena:* When the Commons passed the Act of Supreme Head the clause *quantam per Christi leges licet*, inserted by the clergy, was omitted. This Act and the Succession Act were passed before the deaths of More and Fisher. The best answers are by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Fidelia*.

30. The most insight into character is shown by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Water Wagtail*. Gardiner, says Dixon, was eminently a man who knew his own mind, and stuck to it, at least till 1554. His face, clever and ascetic, was the index of his logical mind. 'Wily Winchester' may have been more a statesman even than an ecclesiastic, but in a 'Reign of Terror' he was fearless, and under Edward he would have been a martyr (as he was a confessor) if he had not been too well-liked for the Council to proceed to lengths. *Maidenhair* should not call him anti-reforming; he went along with most of Henry's reform, but had determined where to stop. He detested Cranmer, and this is probably the reason of his being thought to be anti-reforming. It is not enough brought out by the Members that Cromwell's great aim was to depress and spoil the Church, not so much from hatred, as because it was the only power which could stand up for the nation, and prevent Henry from being an absolute monarch. The influence of Italy and Machiavelli should have due weight in estimating his character, both as showing whence came his methods, and because his effort to centre all power in Henry was the same as his proverbial master's, to unite Italy under one Prince. Was Tyndale a great heretic or a true Reformer? is asked. Wishing to be the latter, he became the former, partly by impatience, partly by mismanagement. His version was forbidden, because almost always bound up with heretical tracts; also for its errors of translation. *Gooseberry* should not speak of Tyndale's and Coverdale's Bible as if they were one. Tyndale translated from Greek. Coverdale from the German or Latin.

31. The Court of Appeal is best answered by *Etheldreda*. *Maidenhair*, too, sends a good answer, pointing out that even the formal *congé d'élire* is an acknowledgment that the Church *ought* to choose her own Bishops, and

it affords an opportunity of protest. She ends by saying (but it is impossible to say whether she speaks of the Court of Delegates, or of the Privy Council): 'It has never been known to reverse a decision as to doctrine settled in Ecclesiastical Courts.' If she means the former, she is right; if the latter—remember Gorham. The supremacy question is exceedingly well worked out by *Hermione*, *Water-Wagtail*, *Ierne*, and Λαμβδα. *Hermione* points out that former studies show that Royal Supremacy (though the word was never used) was no new thing. The King was supreme in all causes, only he must work through the right machinery: secular courts and officers in 'the things that be Cæsar's'; spiritual courts and officers in 'the things that be God's.' *Gooseberry*, therefore, should not say 'Papal Supremacy' was now abrogated. It never existed. Papal *Jurisdiction* had been unjustly claimed and exercised, and this was abolished.

32. Wolsey is the favourite, only four having chosen Cranmer. The best papers are by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Water-Wagtail*. *Etheldreda:* It was Skelton, not Polydore Vergil, who reported that Wolsey's father was a butcher; this makes it very doubtful, as the latter would almost certainly have said so if he could. *Hermione* and others do not say that it is doubtful. Brewer says that, though unrivalled as a statesman, especially in foreign politics, he knew little of domestic politics, or of Church affairs, and was certain to fall into the background when these became all-important. He was, too, one of those very efficient people who cannot train subordinates or successors. 'He was,' says Brewer, 'too great and really superior to Kings, Popes, and Princes to show any trace of the ostentation of vulgar triumph of gratified vanity.' *Maidenhair:* He died 1530, not 31. *Constans et Fidelis:* It was Henry who desired the Papacy for him. His correspondence shows no signs of his working for it. *Ierne:* We cannot say Cranmer was always on the side of mercy, when we consider the burnings of such as John Frith, John Lambert, and Joan Bucher. Dixon gives a more sympathetic account of him than Aubrey Moore. To a mind so highly strung, we can hardly estimate the effect of living under a Terror, such as that of the Tudors. He was great in the more delicate virtues, rather than in the robust ones. If he was not 'fit to lead the Reformation,' no one else was. He had, as far as he himself was concerned, a single eye throughout, and his Archiepiscopate was one protracted torture. He was half-hearted even in his weakness and timidity, or he would have fled on Mary's accession. A desire to be courageous, that was almost sublime, animated him, and his terrible failures evoke more pity than blame.

'Fire hath passed upon his raiment: round his heart the red flames roll;
Lord, accept the body's anguish for the saving of his soul.'

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## SCHEME FOR 1893.

### THE REFORMATION AND THE COUNTER-REFORMATION.

*January.*—The Order of Jesuits.
*February.*—New Religious Orders and the Inquisition.
*March.*—The Council of Trent to the Peace of Augsburg.
*April.*—The Growth of the First Prayer-Book of King Edward.
*May.*—Foreign Reformers in England and the Second Prayer-Book.
*June.*—Progress of Reformation in Germany and the North.
*July.*—Calvinism in France and Scotland.
*August and September.*—The Days of Queen Mary.

*October.*—Queen Elizabeth and Archbishop Parker.

*November.*—End of the Council of Trent.

*ecember.*—History of the XXXIX. Articles.

Books recommended: Dixon's *History of the Church in England*, vols. II. to IV. (Routledge); Aubrey Moore's *Lectures on the Reformation* (Trench); Perry's *History of the English Church*, 2nd Series, 7*s.* 6*d.* (Murray); Miss Yonge's *Cameos from English History*, 4th Series, 5*s.* (Macmillan); Hardwick's *History of the Christian Church during the Reformation*, 10*s.* 6*d.* (Macmillan); Hardwick's *History of the Articles* (Bell); Littledale's *Short History of the Council of Trent*, 1*s.* 6*d.* (S. P. C. K.); Ward's *Counter-Reformation*, in Epochs of Church History Series, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Longmans).

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# The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 716.)

## *FIRST SHELF.*

### BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is humility compatible with ambition?

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## *SECOND SHELF.*

### VARIETY SPECIMENS.

SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER.

'As to the hidden wills, they are innumerable, and the world of fiction could hardly get on without them.'—'Hackneys,' by C. M. Yonge.

Given: A Hidden Will—consequent Complication and Solution. Inven an outline Plot on these lines. 500 words allowed.

*N.B.*—The Editors undertake to regard the plots as copyright, and not to steal them!

## WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

### QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. What 'fair college' was turned to a hospital?
2. What fair maiden had 'but few words of English speech
3. What exiled Prince was called Giles?
4. When was a Norfolk biffin offered as a consolation in trouble?
5. Where is the line the 'pilot of the Galilean Lake'?
6. What lover excused his melancholy by pleading the toothache?

Answers to the October Search Questions will appear, together with the November ones, in January.

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## *THIRD SHELF.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

In answer to the inquiry for Hartley Coleridge's sonnets, they have never yet been published separately. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, Fieldside, Weybridge, might be applied to on the subject.

*Mad Margaret.*—'Two Sides of the Shield' begins in the 'Monthly Packet' for 1889.

*H. G. B.*—'When something tiresome occurs, what is the reason of the instinct to blame somebody for it'?

Because we are hurt and want to hit back.

*Country Mouse.*—Recipé is the pronunciation marked in Webster. We should call it rather pedantic than vulgar. *Receipt* means an acknowledgment of a payment.

Author of—

'Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.'

L. D. P.

Please give me the author of the following verse, and the rest of the ballad—

'Though it's only women know how a woman can be tried;
How the chimney always smoked, and the children always cried;
How there was no time for worship, for one had no decent shawl,
Yet one saw the ladies blamed one, when they sometimes came to call.'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

What books of fiction are there other than Sir Walter Scott's and Miss Yonge's on the Elizabethan period.—M.

'Westward Ho'; 'Her Majesty's Bear,' by E. H. Mitchell (Masters); 'Cruise of the *Bonny Kate*' (Hayes).

'Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate?'

is from a sonnet of Goethe, beginning—

'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass.'

*Country Mouse* wants the context and author's name of this line—

'God granted most, denying all.'

*Spinning Jenny* will be glad if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' will tell her in which story of the Great Rebellion mention is made of Cromwell's troops being lodged in Aybury Church? Also whether the book 'Ladye Shakerley' is still in print?

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ANSWERS.

'A Bolt from the Blue.'—Cf. 'Horace,' Carm. I. 34, v. 5 *et seq.*—IDA.

In answer to *F. F.*—

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
'As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;'
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

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MEADOW-SWEET.

BY DAFFODIL.

Just beside the hedge-row green,
Fair as any high-born queen,
Forget-me-nots about her feet,
Grows the dainty Meadow-sweet.

Grass upspringing whispers near,
Insects join with chirpings clear,
Singing little flatteries meet
For the graceful Meadow-sweet.

Feathery heads of creamy bloom,
Generous with a rich perfume;
Butterflies on gay wings fleet,
Bring thy greetings, Meadow-sweet.

Sweeter in her lowly home
Than cossetted 'neath crystal dome;
Summer winds her name repeat,
Breathing softly, 'Meadow-sweet!'

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came to England all in a year,

is from Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler,' with a note referring to Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, dating the carp in 1523. Another version says—

Hops and turkeys, pickerel-carps and beer.

M. I. and other kind Correspondents.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

The letter of *Old-fashioned* is evidence that she does not quite understand the point at issue, which is this: Is it possible to give a young governess, belonging to one's own standing in life, a position in one's household which shall place her on the footing, not of an intruder in the family, but of a young friend who has no need to assert 'rights' which are not questioned? I can only say I know instances where it has been done with great success.

But it cannot be done where the employer looks upon the newcomer as an intruder; and, however the average governess may fail in tact or in knowledge of the world, the spirit expressed by *Old-fashioned's* letter seems to make it evident why she finds so many rubs, and why a cultured girl would rather make any sacrifice of income or comfort than accept such a position. The fact is, that if one takes a young girl into one's home, one ought not to expect the same family privacy which one can have without her. This seems to me a very fair reason for making arrangements to have a daily governess instead of a resident one; but if one decides on having a resident one, she ought to be made feel that she is one of the household, and not an intruder on its privacy. Indeed, the very fact of taking a stranger into one's household is incompatible with the privacy which one had before, and one has then to choose between generous friendliness to the newcomer or the selfishness *à deux*, which makes the newcomer perceive at once that though housed in the home, she is not recognised as belonging to it.

Of course arrangements could be made—and would be agreed to by any girl of good feeling—that she should as a rule leave the children alone with their parents for a part of the evening, but she ought to feel that her natural place is in the society of her employer, and the employer ought to put her as much on her level with visitors as if she were a young lady staying in the house. Necessarily, where the governess comes from a lower social grade there are difficulties in the way of doing this; but where the social level is the same, it seems the natural thing to do. Certainly, if it is not done it is

impossible to expect girls who have the *cachet* of a University education, to teach in families instead of in day-schools, however much to their moral advantage the former may be. DRAGON.

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DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

As I am merely a boy, I may be altogether out of order in writing to the 'Packet.' My only excuse is a certain *penchant* for astronomy, and the fact that I recently looked into your July number. Of course I am not so presumptuous as to dare to criticise an F.R.A.S., but simply wish to 'live and learn,' and to obtain, if not from Mr. Gore, at least from some other learned correspondent, a solution of my difficulties.

Some time ago I read with intense interest a paper by Sir Robert Ball of spectroscopic discoveries concerning Algol. It *seemed* to me that not only was the existence of a vast planet definitely proved, but even its dimensions and mass approximately 'decided by observation.' I would like, too, to ask if Proctor's arguments for the habitability of the great secondary systems of Jupiter and Saturn have been shown quite fallacious. I may say that it has always been my *impression* that an attempt by Clausius to estimate the temperature of interstellar space gave a result much above the absolute zero—460°·6 F.

Lastly, as experiments (e.g. 'Huxley on abiogenesis') have shown that certain germs can exist at 300° F., and others are known to live at temperatures far below zero, or in darkness, and not merely in water, the most plentiful *terrestrial* fluid, but in destructive acids, etc., is it not allowable to suppose that forms of life may develop, capable of living on almost any known planet, and, in their way, as advanced as any we know.

I trust that these questions are of sufficient interest to admit of solution in the 'Packet,' for it would much delight LEARNER.

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DEAR MADAM,—

A very interesting article about Taormina, in Sicily, appeared in your magazine (Vol. II. New Series) some time since.

I think that, perhaps, your readers may be interested to hear that, for the first time, there will be a *resident* English Chaplain there for the season, sent by the 'S. P. G.,' and licensed by the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar. It is proposed that the Services shall begin on Advent Sunday (November 27th), and continue until June, if necessary. They will be held at the Palazzo Corvaia, and the Chaplain will be resident at the Hôtel Bellevue. The Services will include an Early Celebration of Holy Communion every Sunday, with an additional late Celebration once a month, and on all great Festivals.

The Chaplain at Messina, Rev. J. J. Varnier, has kindly, for the last ten years, held occasional Services at Taormina; but, as Messina is more than two hours journey from Taormina, and as the latter place is rapidly becoming a favourite winter resort, it is time that there should be a resident Chaplain. I am,

Yours faithfully,

THE CHAPLAIN, M.A., Oxon.

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR ZINIA AND OTHERS.

1. Are not praises and prayers *in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ* as distinctly acts of Christian worship as the Eucharist? They are recommended, if not ordered, by our Lord and by His Apostles.

2. Though the use of the Prayer-book may not be enforced upon the laity as it is on the Clergy, it is in some measure. An officer in the Army or Navy, in the absence of the Chaplain, reads the Service with his men. The same regulation exists in some hospitals, a layman reads the prayers in the absence of the Chaplain.

3. At the least, may not private persons look upon the Prayer-book as a manual of devotion and instruction recommended by the Church, that is, not by a single individual, but by the consent of Divines for many generations or centuries.

4. When members of the English Church are unable to attend its public services, may they not feel, if they read them at home, they can hold communion with, and be present in spirit with those who are worshipping in its Churches, however distant they may be bodily.

5. But in many foreign Churches, there is nothing to prevent an English Churchman from taking his Prayer-book and reading the service quietly and undisturbed in the Church of the country dedicated to the worship of God, and there may be more communion than we think, for on many Sundays and holidays the same Collect, Epistle, and Gospel are read in the Roman Churches throughout Western Christendom as in our own. On many the Gospel or Collect may correspond; the Epistle differ. Those for the Sundays after Trinity are mostly the same, but read on different Sundays, as the Collect and Gospel we read on the 17th Sunday after Trinity is by them appointed for the 16th Sunday after Pentecost; the Epistle for the 17th. The Psalms are read in a different order, but may sometimes coincide; the Matins and evening Collects are nearly the same. The same Creeds are read; parts of the Litany are the same; the Gloria in Excelsis, Prefaces, and Sanctus the same; but more especially the Lord's Prayer occurs very frequently in their services as in ours. Now when all worshippers really join heart and soul in the petitions of that prayer, that His Kingdom may come, surely there is a unity effected by the Prince of Peace, in despite of the schismatic efforts of the prince of this world.

A CONSTANT READER.

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[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if all Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

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